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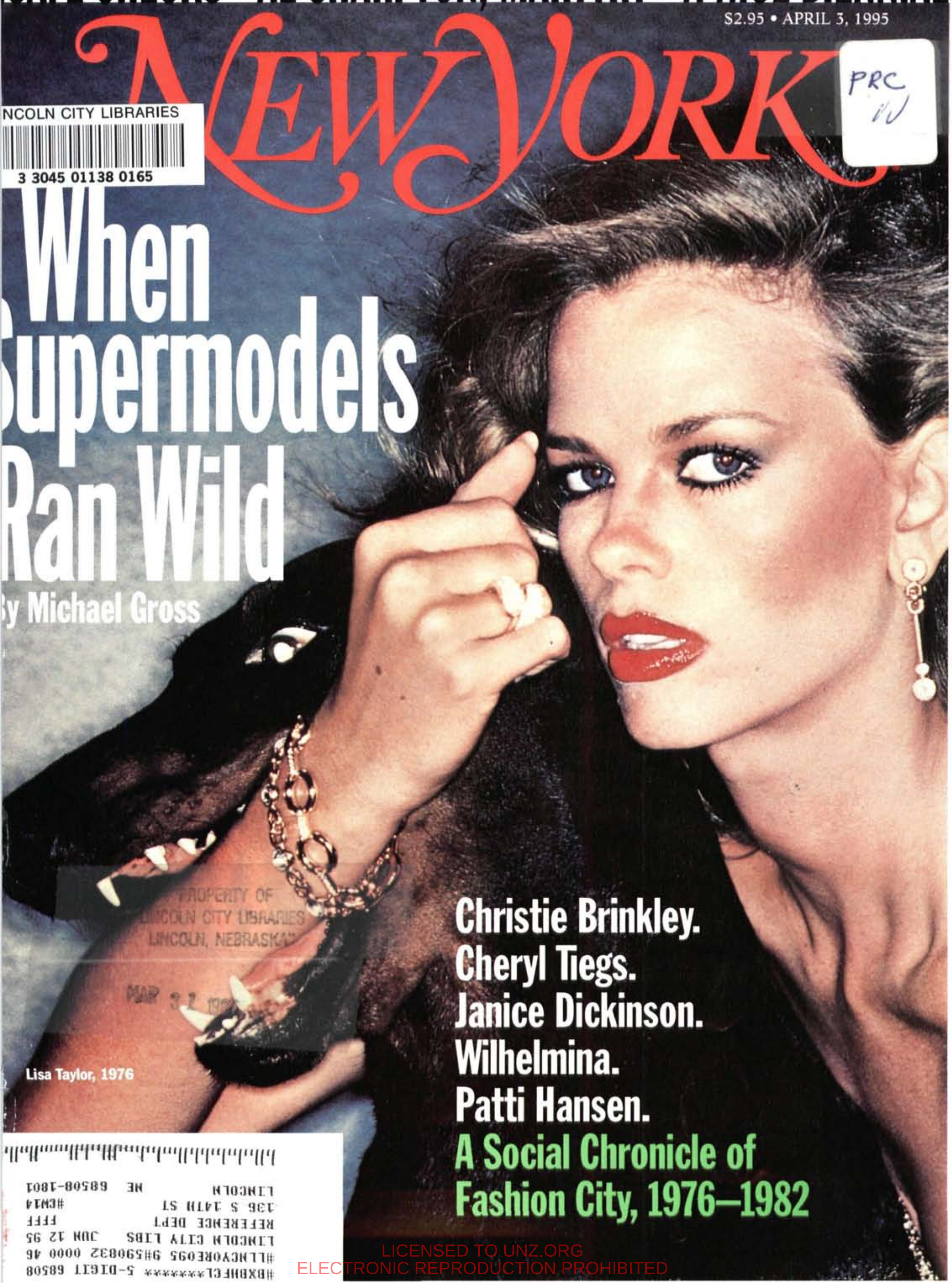

When Supermodels Ran Wild

y Michael Gross

Lisa Taylor, 1976

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A Social Chronicle of Fashion City, 1976–1982

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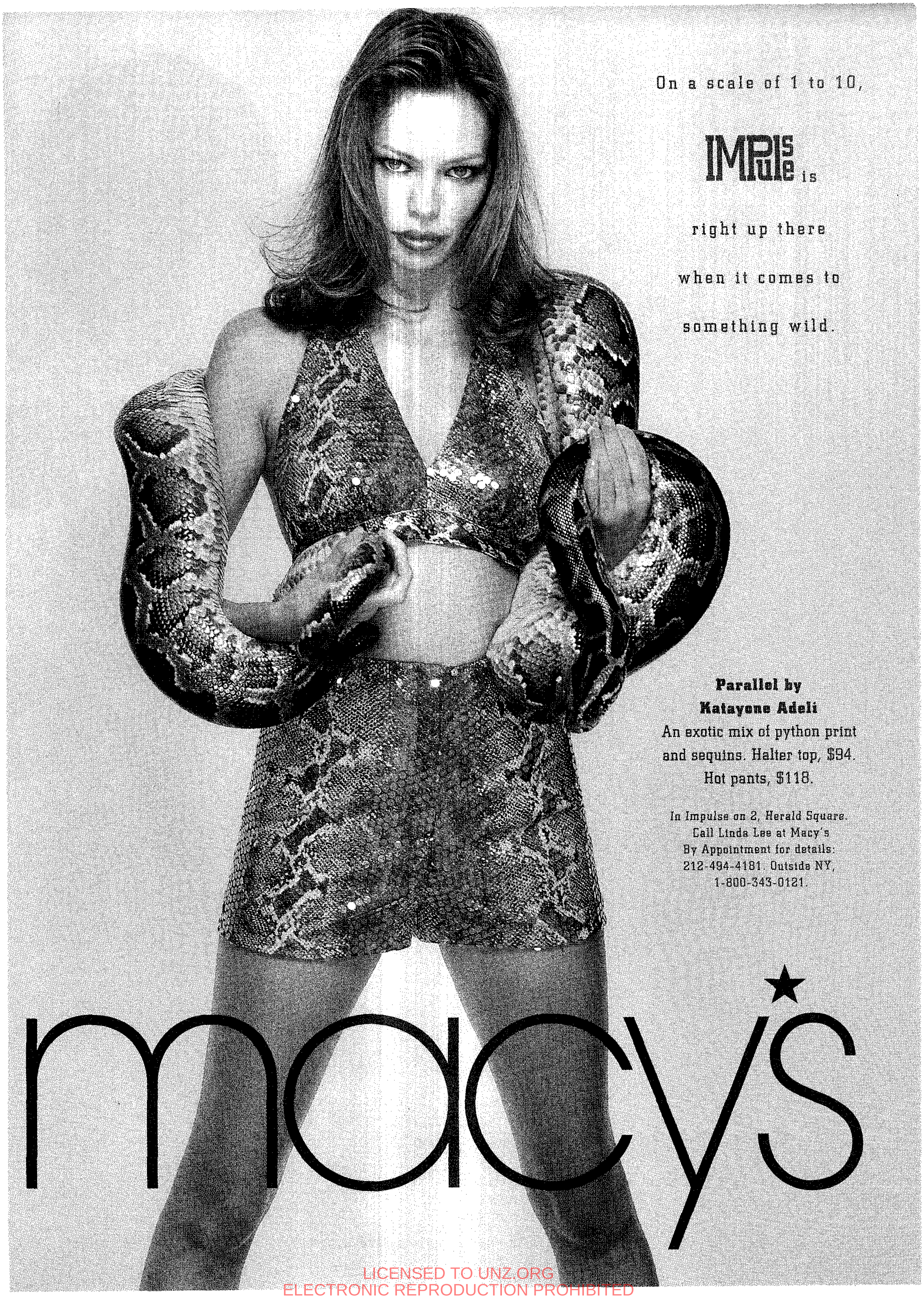
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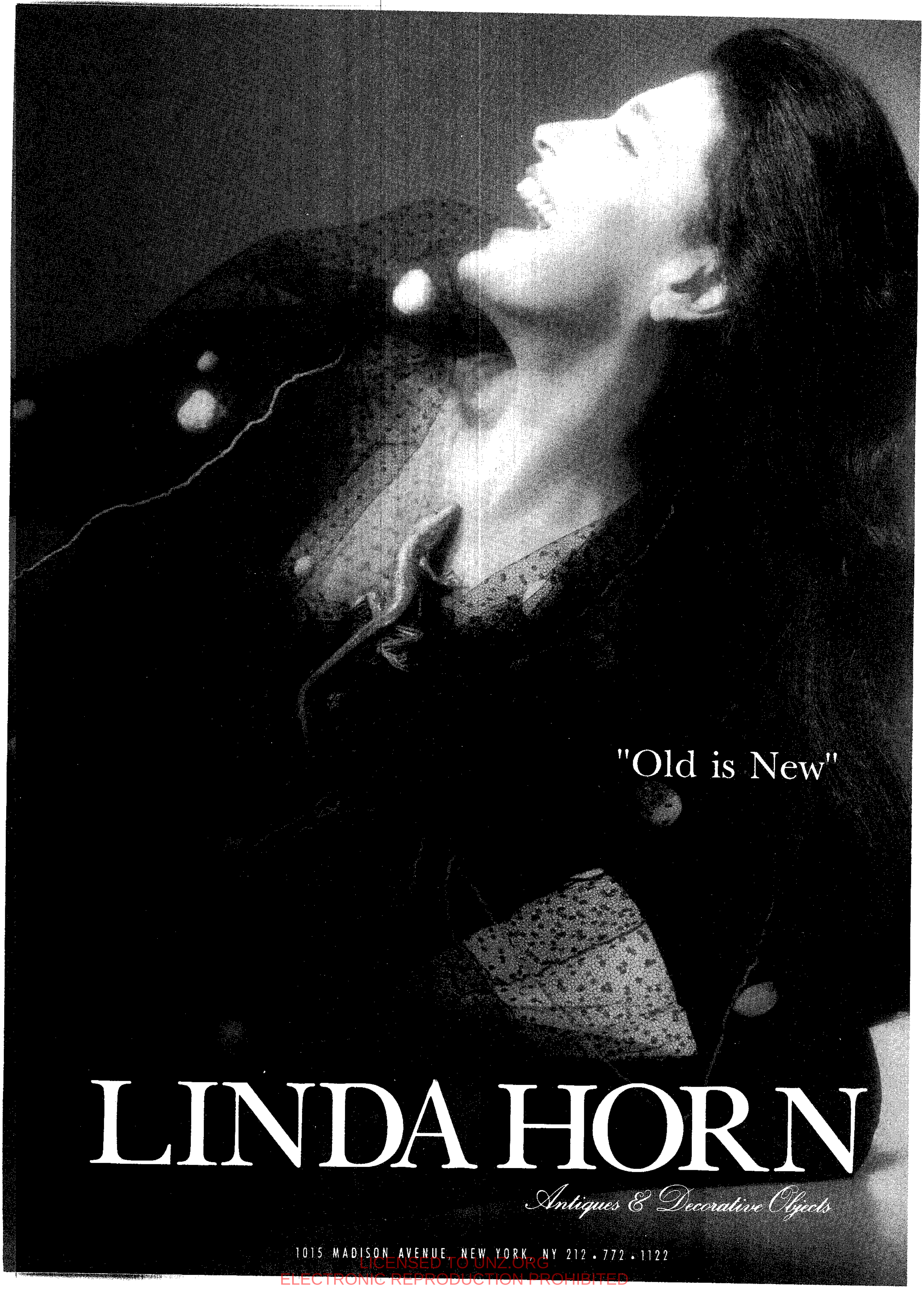
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> *"Food, booze, mounds of coke, people wasted all over. Nobody did anything in moderation. I saw sex in the open all the time, since I was little. You couldn't shock me as a child."*
>
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Andrew Lichtenstein/JB Pictures

30 Big Little Man

By Rick Stengal

The man who once fronted for Tawana Brawley is now the closest thing to a universally respected leader among New York's black community. *New York* accompanied Al Sharpton on his just-completed march from Harlem to Albany and found him part Malcolm, part Martin, part Don King.

36 The Sperm Mogul

By Amy Clyde

Dr. Joseph Feldschuh is one of New York's leading traffickers in semen. Although he's profited handsomely from sperm banking, Feldschuh describes his work as a public service. The Department of Health—citing reports that Feldschuh has neglected to perform important medical tests—has moved to revoke all of his licenses. The details.

Ted Thai/Sygma

40 Pretty Ugly

By Michael Gross

Generous infusions of drugs, money, and ambitious young models made the New York fashion world a *very* wild place to be in the late seventies and early eighties. In this excerpt from Michael Gross's new book, *Model,* the biggest names in the fashion business talk frankly about the mind-numbing fun and galloping sleaze of the Studio 54 era.

50 A Man of No Importance

By Randall Short

David Ives—who writes witty, wordy farces about things like Esperanto, or *Unamundo,* as he calls it—claims that his work has no particular style, says that he can't imagine how his Columbia playwriting students stay awake through his classes, and insists that he has no distinguishing characteristics at all. A meditation on the epistemological parallels between playwriting and *Gilligan's Island.*

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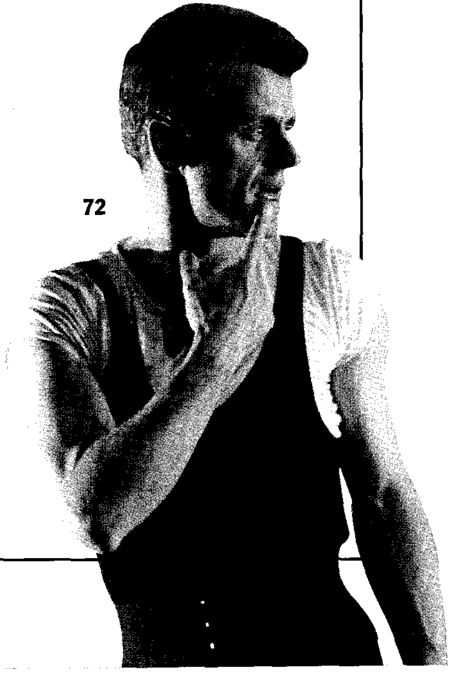
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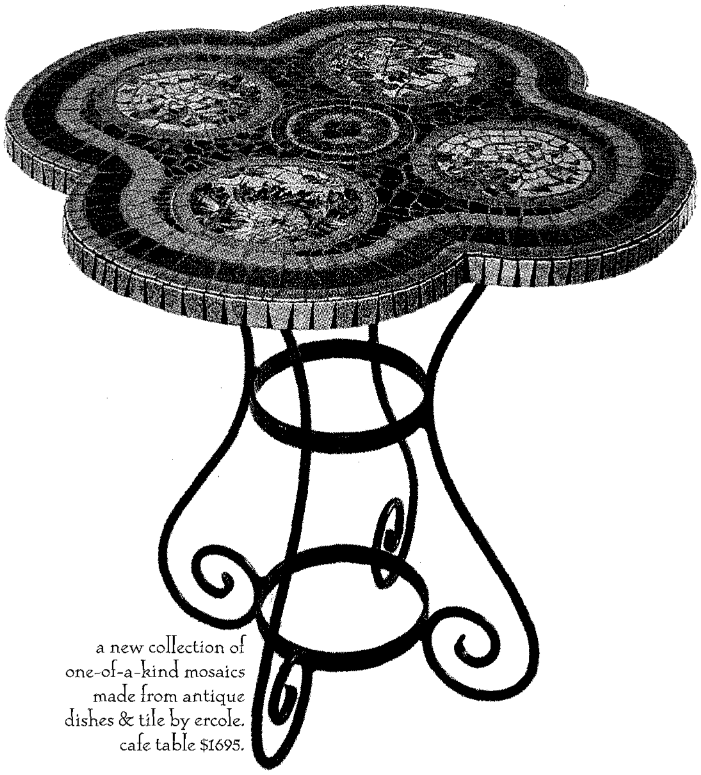

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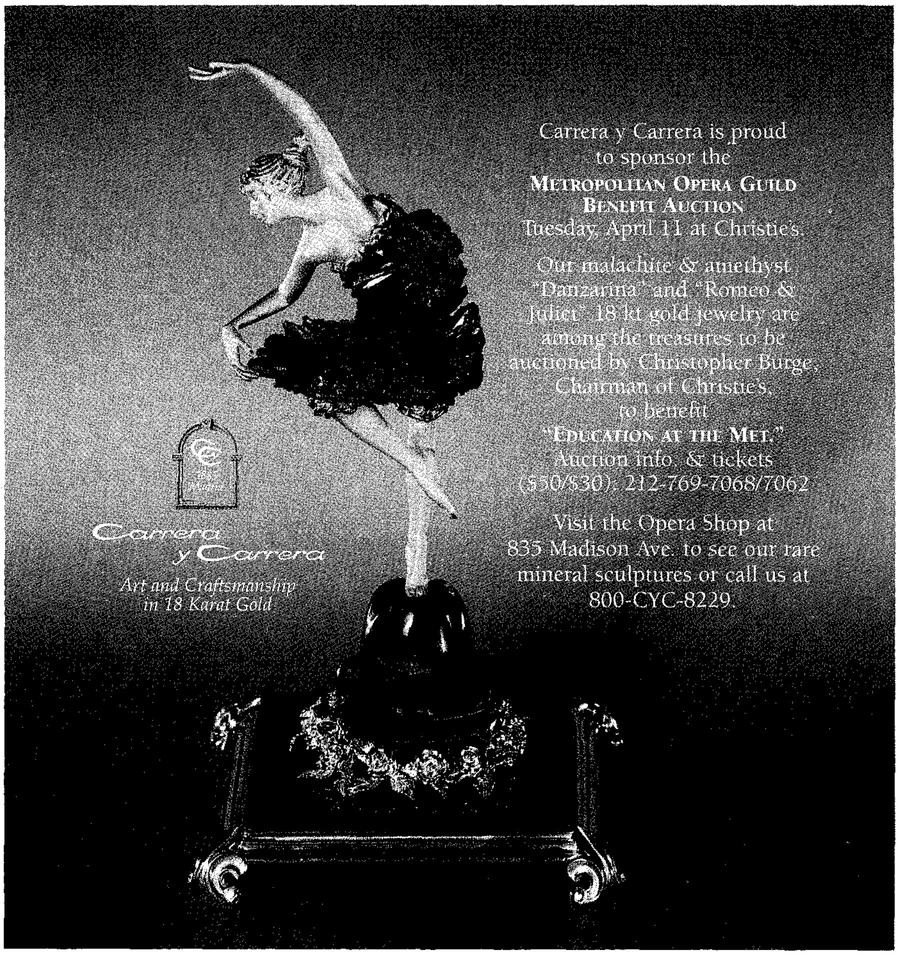
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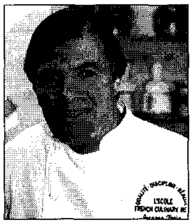
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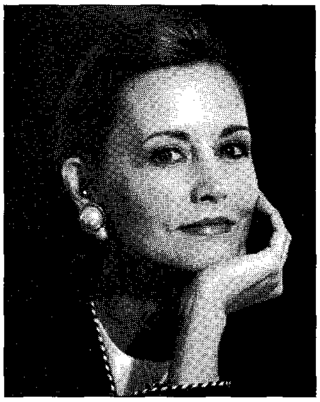

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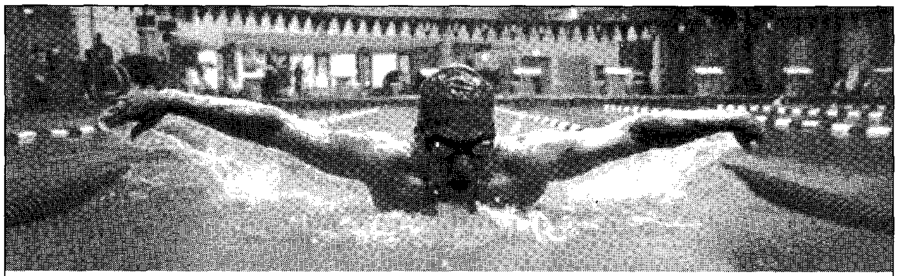

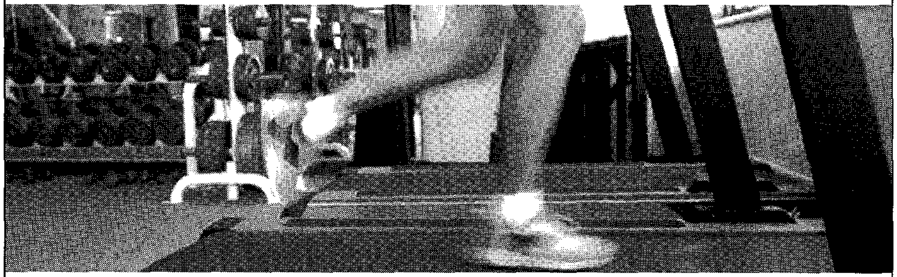

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Return of The Beats

Some columnists, it seems, are hired to forget the journalistic skills they've spent a career learning. Some posit personal anxieties as national ones.

Not everyone capitulates. "I'm not, I hope, going to succumb to the temptation to make them reporting-free," says Richard Turner of his media columns for *New York* (the first of which appears this week). "I don't want to do thumb-sucking. And I don't want to do just whither the New York *Times.*" Indeed, as news and show business blur and crossbreed, as electronics presumes to supplant paper and ink, the purview of *New York*'s "Media" column will now be construed more broadly than ever before. Turner, a 41-year-old native of Rochester, most recently was a national reporter for the *Wall Street Journal*, specializing in the media and entertainment industries.

Richard Turner, *New York*'s media columnist.

Legwork is a literal prerequisite for Peter Kaminsky's column. Kaminsky, 48, joins *New York* this week as the Underground Gourmet, a role he defines as "following your instincts and looking for value in Manhattan and in the outer boroughs." (He will continue to write his monthly outdoors column in the Sunday *Times.*)

"Every since I was a cabbie 25 years ago, I've liked drive-by dining. You make a left or a right—this happens on foot as much as in a car or a bus—and end up someplace you've never been. You see a place that just looks right. You try it then or follow up later. It's a uniquely urban game. I operate by way of Kaminsky's Constant: If a person lives long enough and drinks long enough, at some point in his forties, his age, waistline, and IQ become the same number." ▬

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Funny Business

Loyal viewers lament the decline of 'Saturday Night Live,' but a writer, a guest host, and an alumnus from the show say its gags rule.

CONGRATULATIONS ARE DUE CHRIS Smith for his excellent reporting ["Comedy Isn't Funny," March 13], but I was irritated at his claim that the article I wrote about the show for the New York *Times* last September depicted Jim Downey as "the primary source of *SNL*'s problems." To the contrary, I heard the Downey-as-fall-guy theory from several people, and partly for that reason, I avoided singling out any one person as responsible for *SNL*'s decline. I was also surprised that Smith noted that "veterans of *SNL*'s glorious first five years saw [Lorne] Michaels becoming aloof way back then" without acknowledging the book I co-authored with Jeff Weingrad, *Saturday Night: A Backstage History of 'Saturday Night Live.'* Lorne's withdrawal and ascension to legend-in-residence status was a major theme of our book, which Smith read as part of his research. But those are quibbles; both Jeff and I were impressed by the piece. Depressed, too.

Doug Hill
MONTCLAIR, N.J.

I'VE MADE IT A POLICY OVER THE YEARS never to respond to bad reviews or bad press, but for Chris Smith's hatchet job on *SNL,* I decided to make an exception. Smith writes that "young staff members Marci Klein and Erin Maroney sit on either side of Michaels, their blonde heads tilted up toward him reverentially." Now, I have never seen either Marci or Erin look at Lorne reverentially. But I do know that Smith's portrayal of them as "Lornettes" is demeaning to them and all the women who work on our show. Marci, by the way, books talent for our show and is great at it. Erin is one of Lorne's assistants and has never been called a Lornette by anyone at the show, past or present. When I called Smith and pointed out to him that Erin wasn't at that party, he replied that he "must have confused it with another party."

Smith paints a picture of me browbeating Janeane Garofalo, seemingly for committing the unpardonable sin of caring enough about the show to learn her lines: "During one rehearsal, Garofalo hesitated while trying to recall a phrase and derailed another actor's cue. This enraged Al Franken." What Smith doesn't mention is that at this rehearsal the other actor was our host, George Foreman. Janeane failed to give him cues, not once but several times, in a scene that was particularly difficult for Foreman.

Letters may be edited for space and clarity. They should be addressed to Letters to the Editor, New York *Magazine, 755 Second Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10017-5998. Please include a daytime phone number.*

Smith sat with us for four weeks, reported only what looked bad, got disgruntled former employees to say nasty things, and put the worst spin on the whole story. Smith defended himself to me, saying he "worked hard." He worked hard to attack Lorne and almost everybody on our show.

Al Franken
MANHATTAN

Chris Smith replies: Franken's omniscience regarding every utterance of the term *Lornette* is impressive, but he's mistaken about what I told him. As for the error he alleges, I have a clear memory of Maroney at the party in question; since the same scene took place several other nights as well, it's *possible* I confused it with another party.

JANEANE GAROFALO IS JUST THE LATEST CASUALTY of underutilization of women on *Saturday Night Live.* Through the years, we have watched men like Dan Aykroyd, John Belushi, Chevy Chase, Bill Murray, Eddie Murphy, Martin Short, Billy Crystal, Ben Stiller, Mike Myers, and Adam Sandler parlay their substantial *SNL* exposure into lucrative movie careers, while countless funny women, including Julia Louis-Dreyfus, Nora Dunn, Danitra Vance, and Joan Cusack, as well as excellent women writers, have been comparatively underexposed during their *SNL* tenure.

Jane Gennaro
MANHATTAN

I HAVE HOSTED *Saturday Night Live* FIVE times since 1990 and consider some of the people on the show, particularly Lorne Michaels and Jim Downey, to be my friends. No one, anywhere, could do a better job than Lorne and Jim at producing that show. Others have tried. Twenty years ago, when *SNL* was born, there were few comedy clubs in our country. There was no *Kids in the Hall,* no *In Living Color,* no Comedy Central. Nineteen seventy-five brought us 90 minutes of live television, broadcast on Saturdays from 30 Rock. Now comedy is everywhere and therefore nowhere. Fresh comedy ideas are like the Hamptons; they've been overdeveloped to death. And yet *SNL* still pulls in decent ratings; it still makes money.

I think the real story is about your writer, Chris Smith, who was around when I hosted this year and, in typical out-from-under-a-rock, *New York* Magazine fashion, ingratiated himself with the entire staff in that benign, antiseptic way that most magazine writers do, and then stabbed them in the back. Based on Chris Smith's story, the New York institution that has sunk so low is *New York* Magazine. That's why I canceled my subscription a year ago.

Alec Baldwin
MANHATTAN

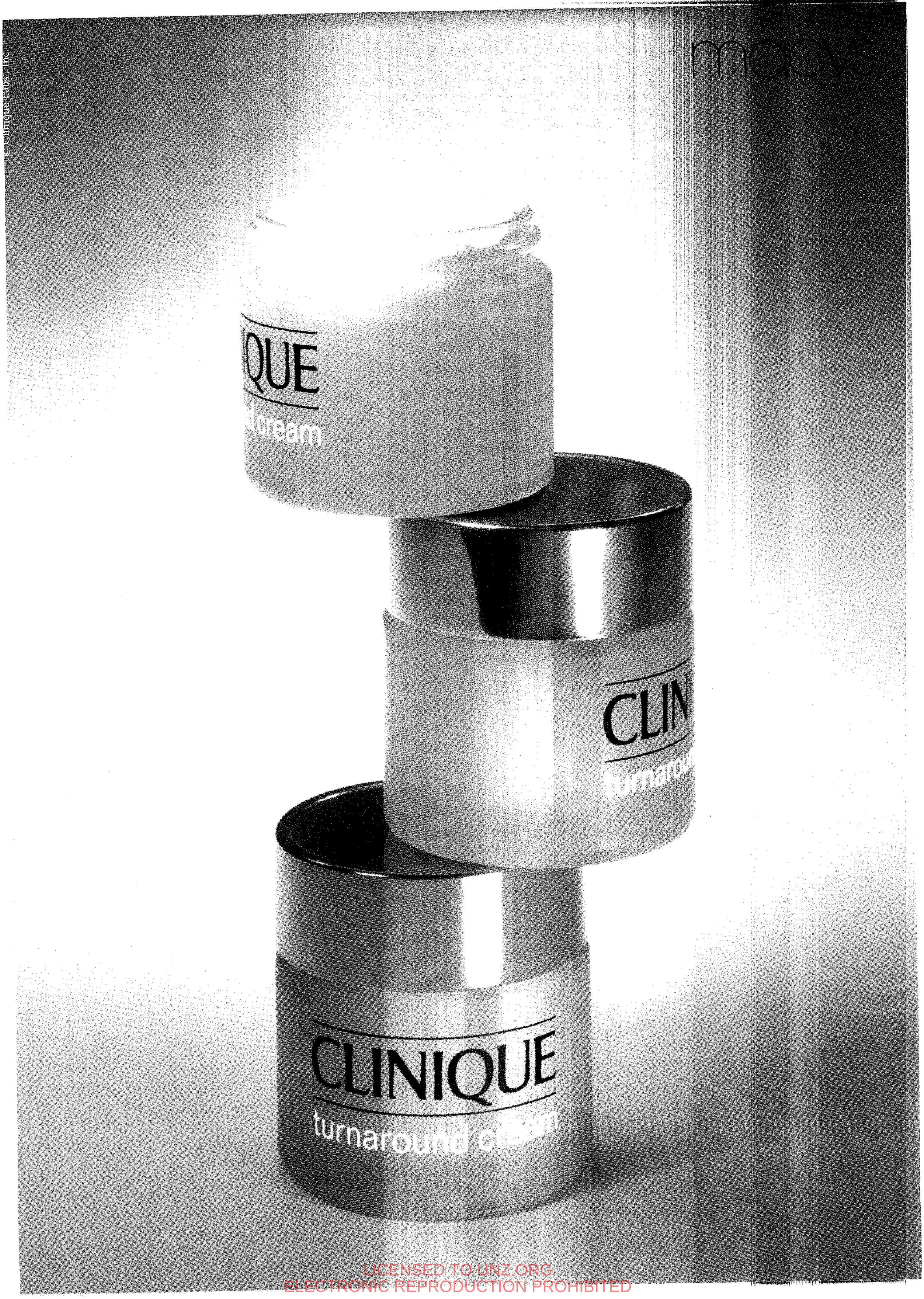
AS A FORMER CAST MEMBER OF *SNL,* I thought last week's episode, with George Clooney, was hilarious. Chris Smith's article suggesting that Janeane Garofalo is a victim of a sexist conspiracy is also hilarious. All performers at *SNL* have it tough. Just ask Tim Meadows or myself: We've delivered more pizzas in sketches than anyone in history. Women who didn't make it at the show should spend more time trying to come up with funny ideas and less time crying about conspiracies, painting their toes, and having their periods. Just kidding, come on!

Rob Schneider
LOS ANGELES, CALIF.

JIM DOWNEY AS *Saturday Night Live*'S UNDERDOG? C'mon! He lost his edge years ago. Chris Smith's article was all about rampant careerism—his own, Janeane Garofalo's, and Julia Sweeney's. Let's face it: Lorne Michaels created one of the biggest hits in show-business history, and a bunch of know-nothings blame him for what may be an inevitable decline.

Mark Budnick
BROOKLYN

Correction Because of an editing error, biographical information about Arthur Fleischer Jr. was omitted from Robin Pogrebin's "The Best Lawyers in New York" (March 20). Fleischer is a partner at Fried, Frank, Harris, Shriver & Jacobson and specializes in mergers and acquisitions.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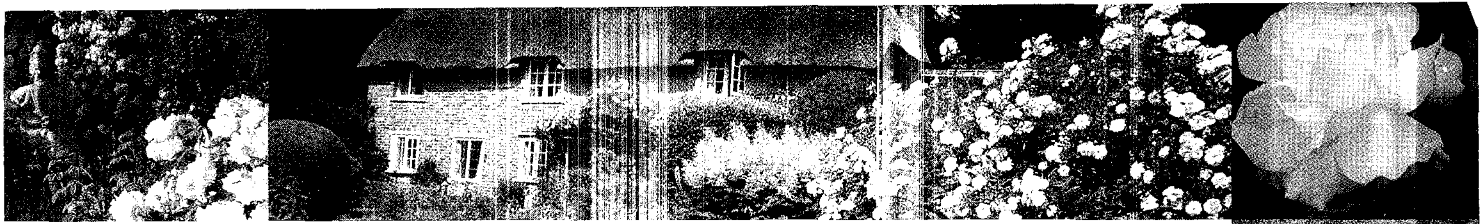

The British may seem *prim and proper* but you'll find them quite *obsessed* with the birds and the bees.

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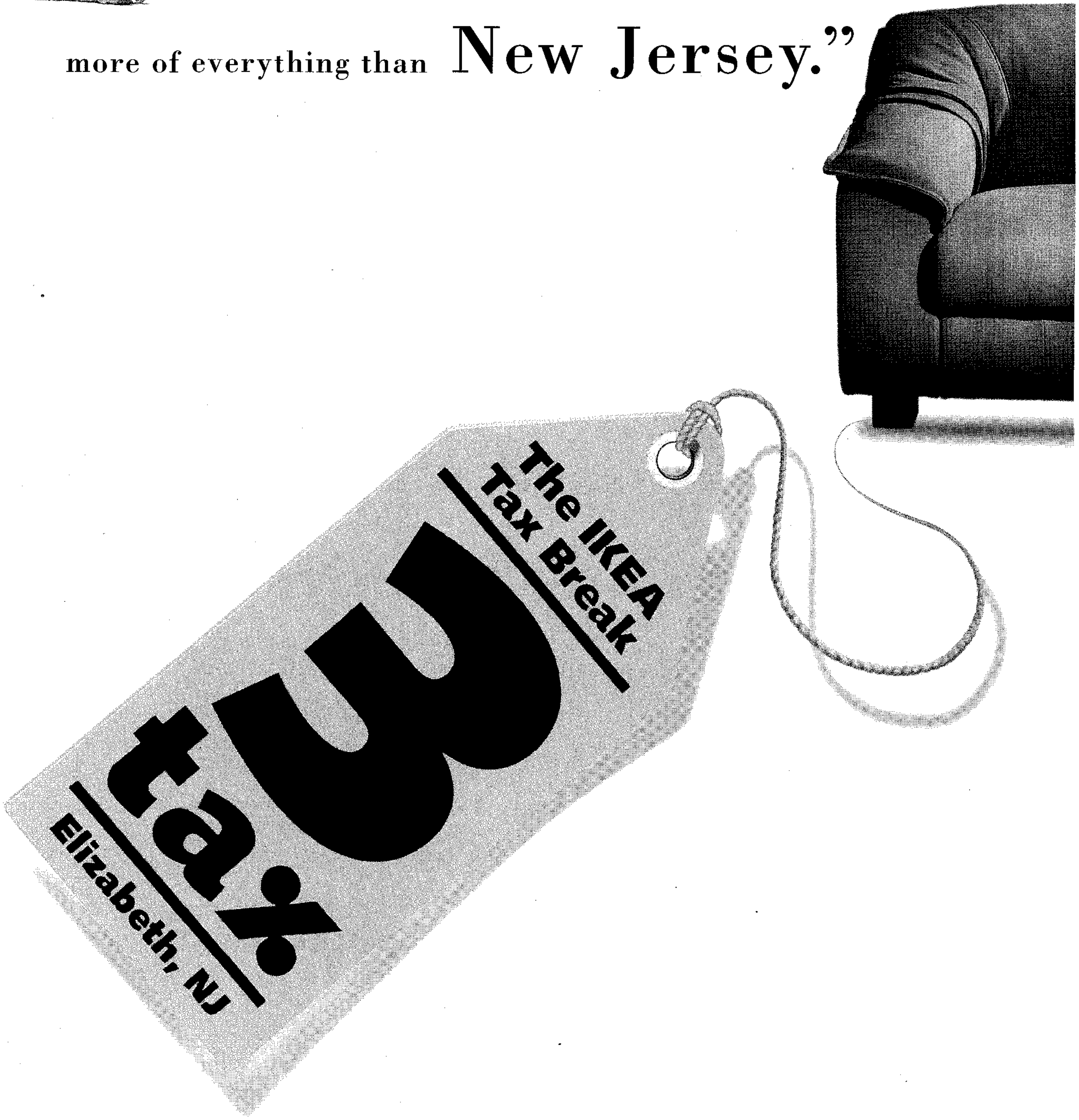
"It's true. New York does have more of everything than New Jersey."



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BY PAT WECHSLER AND ROGER D. FRIEDMAN

INTELLIGENCER

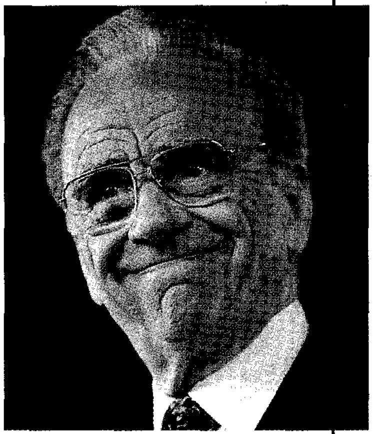
BILL CLINTON ABOUT TO BE REFLOWERED

Bill Clinton may claim he never inhaled, but when he gets through reading **Gennifer Flowers's** upcoming puff piece, he'll probably need oxygen. Here's an exclusive excerpt from Flowers's new book, *Passion & Betrayal,* to be published in late April by Emery Dalton: *Just about anything Bill did was okay with me. I wasn't about to criticize him. . . . So when he casually put his hand in his pants pocket and pulled out a joint one night, I was startled but kept silent. I thought how foolish it was of him to carry marijuana around, but it was typical of his bulletproof attitude. He felt comfortable enough to continue smoking marijuana occasionally when he was with me. I didn't object. . . . By the way, he most certainly did inhale.* Flowers, who is making a lucrative career of retailing embarrassing presidential anecdotes while she still can, goes on to claim that Clinton told her he also occasionally used cocaine. *He told me about a party he had been to and said, "I got so fucked up on cocaine at that party,"* she writes. *He said it made his scalp itch.* But it's not just the president who is savaged by Gennifer's flowery prose. She also lobs a few salvos at **Bob Guccione,** the *Penthouse* publisher who convinced Flowers to "show her precious," as her mother quaintly puts it, in the pages of his magazine. The onetime lounge singer dismisses Guccione as a seventies throwback with "a deep tan, lots of gold chains, his shirt opened to his waist and a bad toupee. I swear he was wearing mascara." According to an Emery Dalton source, Flowers also contends that Clinton had an affair with a well-known reporter who covers Washington politics. Though the source refused to name the female correspondent, whose identity will be revealed in the book, he said, "It's a name you'll know. Clinton calls on her at press conferences all the time." Um . . . Helen Thomas?

ENNIFER
LOWERS
PASSION
&
BETRAYAL

WHO MURDERED *MIRABELLA*?

So many elements conspired to cause the death of **Rupert Murdoch's** *Mirabella*—lack of a publisher, advertiser indifference, an out-of-control art director—that it was no wonder the magazine's newly installed editor, **Dominique Browning,** was reduced to sobbing in the hallways when the surprise announcement came down last week. Even the magazine's namesake, **Grace Mirabella,** had no idea her grand experiment was at an end. Now, as the investment firm Allen & Co. copes with the near-impossible task of finding a buyer by March 31, insiders are evenly distributing the blame. Mirabella herself points to the magazine's failure to hire a replacement for departed publisher Catherine Viscardi Johnston. Former consulting art director Michael Rand blames former editor-in-chief **Gay Bryant** for ceding authority to artistic director **Sam Shahid,** who is also, intriguingly, the creative director at Calvin Klein. "Sam has his own agendas," says another editor, "and the Kleins are at the top of the list." *Mirabella* employees, meanwhile, should have had some warning that trouble was at hand. For the last couple of weeks headhunters were calling various editors to see if they were available. And a day before the announcement was made, Condé Nast's **Pamela van Zandt** was heard calling Browning with advance word of the closing.



Rupert Murdoch, magazine slayer

Robin Greer, Kato confessor

"HER ECSTASY WAS TO BE SHORT-LIVED. . ."

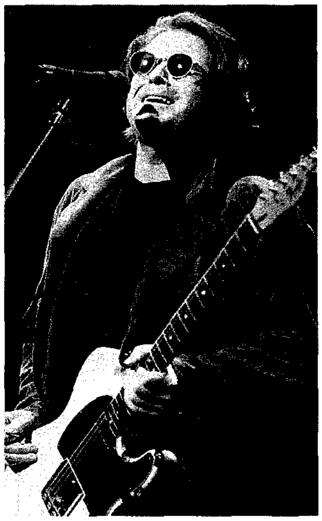
After more than a decade atop publishing's trash heap, paperback princess Jackie Collins may have finally overplayed her hand. Simon & Schuster, Collins's longtime publisher, reportedly is reluctant to renew the author's contract after she demanded $20 million for her next three books, a hefty amount even for newer, more prurient hit authors. Though Collins is one of the company's biggest moneymakers, sources say S&S believes her popularity may have peaked. That didn't help, they add, when she went to renegotiate. Two years ago, Collins—attempting to avoid a 15 percent commission—dismissed super-agent **Mort Janklow** and tried to negotiate on her own with the help of her L.A. entertainment attorney, Tom Hoberman. When she and Hoberman were unable to seal a deal, Collins turned to prominent William Morris agent **Robert Gottlieb.** Gottlieb insists that the $20 million figure "is not accurate" and that S&S is positioning itself for a new negotiation. Collins's next novel will bring back her character Lucky Santangelo. "The last one [about Lucky] sold 400,000 copies in hardcover and 1.7 million in paper," says Gottlieb, "so I'm sure *someone* will want it."

Jackie, uh oh!

THE WHOLE TRUTH AND NOTHING BUT?

Kato Kaelin may be a better actor than anyone thought. While his earnest performance at the Simpson trial has won him a faithful following, it

Photographs: top right, Rick Maiman/Sygma; center right, Maureen O'Brian; bottom, Tom Rodriguez/Globe Photos.



Don Henley,
legal Eagle

turns out the aging surfer might have a little problem with the truth. When **Marcia Clark** questioned him in court last week about remuneration for his Simpson-related activities, Kaelin failed to mention not only his pending half-million-dollar book deal but also the $50,000 paid to him by the beleaguered *A Current Affair* last month. His friend **Robin Greer**, a 34-year-old actress (*Ryan's Hope, Falcon Crest*) and a longtime member of the Simpsons' inner circle, wants the truth to be told. Greer was one of **Nicole Simpson's** closest friends for seventeen years; she was one of five names on Nicole's speed dialer. She says that even though he was traveling, O.J. tormented his ex-wife during the last week of her life with taunting phone calls and letters. "He threatened to throw her out of her house," Greer says, "and to put her in jail." But she dismisses reports that Kato and O.J. bought drugs the night of the murders. "Kato was not into drugs," she insists. Greer, who had a lengthy talk with Nicole three nights before she was killed, says that until the night of the murders, Nicole and **Ron Goldman** were simply friends. "We had planned to go dancing with him on Tuesday night," says Greer, "but we never got to." But Greer believes that Nicole—who'd lit candles and put on romantic music—planned to seduce Goldman Sunday evening. "We agreed that Nicole needed someone uncomplicated like Ron. That night, she was going to set the mood." Greer dismisses reports that Nicole regularly lit candles at home. "She did it when she was entertaining . . . although I don't think Ron knew what she had in mind."

A HIT, WITH SIX BULLETS

All L.A. is talking about the sudden and brutal murder last week of legendary record promoter **Charlie Minor.** Friends say that Minor—who had lucratively hyped Sting, Janet Jackson, and numerous others—began dating **Suzette McClure,** the 27-year-old stripper arrested for his murder, close to a year ago. Their relationship fizzled six months later. In January, she started working at Fantasy Island, an upscale strip joint in West Hollywood. Manager Dennis Morgan recalls that McClure, a five-foot-three brunette, often complained bitterly of boyfriend problems. She had also begun to lose weight rapidly. By March 17, Morgan says, McClure had become so alarmingly thin that he was forced to take her off the stage. "Her legs," he says, "were no bigger than my forearms." Two days later, McClure reportedly drove to Minor's Malibu beach house, took out a .25-caliber pistol, and fired at her former lover six times at point-blank range. The housekeeper and Minor's new girlfriend hid in a nearby room. Although McClure's possible motive remains unclear, police speculate that she was distraught over the breakup. An arraignment is set for April 4; in the meantime, the murder has almost supplanted the Simpson case as the main topic of showbiz conversation. As one former business associate of Minor's ruefully remarks: "Now Charlie will finally be larger than life."

ROBBING SMITHERS TO PAY ST. LUKE?

A multi-million-dollar mansion on 93rd Street is threatening to become a multi-million-dollar headache for St. Luke's–Roosevelt Hospital. The mansion, which now houses the rehab unit of Smithers Alcoholism Treatment and Training Center, is due to be emptied of patients by June 1, but St. Luke's plan to sell the landmark—which recently began a $7.5 million face-lift—may end up costing the hospital more than it might bring in. Since March, St. Luke's has been hit with a flurry of unexpected invoices from merchants, contractors, and decorators who had agreed to donate their services to the well-publicized restoration. Though the project was terminated last month, furnishings destined for the mansion are piling up at warehouses across the city, and St. Luke's may still have to swallow millions for work already completed. If so, hospital president **Gary Gambuti** won't be turning to **Adele Smithers** for help. The widow of IBM magnate **R. Brinkley Smithers** has asked the state attorney general to look into what became of the $10 million endowment her husband funded to launch the center. Moreover, Smithers promises a lawsuit if St. Luke's keeps the proceeds from the sale of the mansion. "Any proceeds must be used for the center," says Smithers. "If they're not, as a last resort, I will take the money and the center to another hospital." Though the proposed sale was blamed on Pataki budget cuts, insiders say the real motivation is to fill empty beds at the financially ailing St. Luke's with Smithers patients.

DON'S REFORMED; ELVIS, UH, LIVES

GET OVER IT: **Don Henley** nearly stopped the show at the lavish opening of **Peter Morton's** Hard Rock Hotel & Casino in Las Vegas. Before going onstage with the Eagles at the Hard Rock's music venue, The Joint, Henley insisted that Morton cover up a sign bearing the club's name with a black curtain. "Irving [Azoff] and Peter Morton got into a huge, screaming row," reports one observer. "Finally, Peter screamed: 'We're paying you $750,000 for 90 minutes! Play!'" Azoff now insists, "It was simply a matter of sound."

BABY, LET'S PLAY DEAD: The *Weekly World News* has always known that **Elvis** still walks the earth. Now maybe the BBC will catch on. How else to explain the spooky setbacks that have bedeviled the quirky BBC documentary *What's Eating Elvis?* In Memphis, a hotel caught fire in the middle of a Last Supper scene that featured a dozen Elvis impersonators gathered to celebrate the singer's sixtieth birthday. Undaunted, the *faux* Elvises rescued startled guests. Even before that, Elvis's mortician unexpectedly died shortly after being interviewed. And Mary Jenkins, the King's overworked cook, has long believed that Elvis's ghost lives in her bedroom. Says **David Adler,** author of *The Life and Cuisine of Elvis,* on which the film is based, "There is definitely something eerie about it."

Elvis, living legend?

Photographs: top left, Ted Soqui/Sygma; center right, Gene Spatz/Sygma.

GOTHAM

That [illegible] tural [illegible] wh [illegible] everyone is an exile—*Charlotte Perkins Gilman*

THE FRONT PAGE

Living With Terrorism

COULD IT HAPPEN HERE? a frightened *Daily News* asked in a banner across the top of its front page last Tuesday, quivering over CONCERNS IN WAKE OF TOKYO SUBWAY GAS ATTACK. New York *Newsday* worried, IF IT HAPPENED HERE . . . , predicting LACK OF WORKING PA SYSTEMS STYMIES RESCUE, RIDERS GROPE FOR ILL-MARKED EXITS, and NO CRISIS TRAINING, MORE CHAOS. (*Newsday's* banner was reserved for a service-feature tie-in, RATING YOUR RIDE SYSTEMWIDE: ELLIS HENICAN'S ULTIMATE GUIDE TO THE SUBWAY.)

Tucked discreetly inside both papers was coverage of the sentencing hearing of a Brooklyn man who two years ago shot 25 people on a Long Island Rail Road commuter train, killing 6. Nowhere was there a sidebar about how, precisely three months ago, a gasoline bomb turned a subway car beneath Wall Street into a fireball, burning 47 people, or how police subsequently arrested a New Jersey man who they say was planning on turning the entire subway system into a napalm inferno if his demands weren't met. The hysterical speculation about what would happen if terrorism came to New York City pushed aside the ongoing seditious-conspiracy trial of a group of people from Brooklyn and New Jersey who allegedly plotted to blow up the Holland and Lincoln tunnels, for starters.

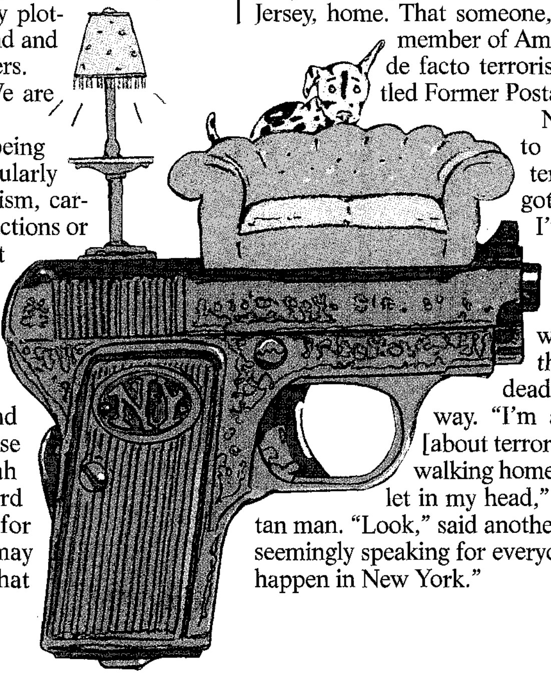
We keep forgetting: We are *already* being terrorized.

New York is, in fact, being subjected to a particularly American form of terrorism, carried out not by militant factions or organized anarchists but by rugged individualists, terrorist parties of one. Colin Ferguson's motives in shooting a bunch of white people were no less political and no more insane than those of your average Al-Fatah splinter faction; Edward Leary's alleged motive for incinerating the No. 4 may have been money, but that wouldn't make him the first to use terror as a fund-raising activity.

To suggest that the types of multiple-victim crimes that occur weekly in New York are somehow *less* than Qaddafi-worthy is to grant terrorism qua terrorism much more respect than it deserves. What, really, is the difference? The end result, whether of random acts by wacko groups or of wacko acts by random individuals, is reassuringly the same: terror.

"Always be aware and alert of your surroundings," a police lieutenant cautioned last Tuesday. "Avoid walking alone at night, and avoid isolated areas." Bomb threat? No, a warning to Brooklyn residents about a serial rapist who has attacked four women. "I went home and locked the door," a city public defender also said last Tuesday. "I just locked everything up. And when my wife came home, I locked it up again." Nerve-gas attack? No, someone had shot five people at the post office near his Montclair, New Jersey, home. That someone, police say, was a member of America's most active de facto terrorist group: Disgruntled Former Postal Workers.

New Yorkers seem to have adapted to terrorism well. "I've got to get to work; I've got to get home. What can you do?" a Brooklyn man said when asked about the possibilities of deadly gas in the subway. "I'm about as worried [about terrorism] as I am about walking home and getting a bullet in my head," said one Manhattan man. "Look," said another Manhattan man, seemingly speaking for everyone, "anything can happen in New York."



YET ANOTHER VICTORY FOR FREE ENTERPRISE Public-broadcasting viewers are apparently taking Newt Gingrich's threats seriously. Channel 13's recent fund-raising efforts showed a 25 percent increase (to 33,799) in the number of pledges over last year's March drive, and an 11 percent increase (to $2,575,002) in the amount raised for the station.

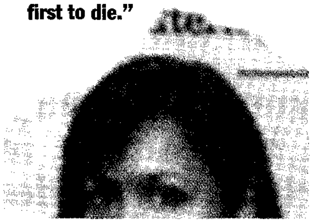
NEXT STOP, ATLANTIS "He's left the country, probably heading east. I think he may be in Spain, where he will blend in. He is seriously worried for his life. A bounty hunter, someone who could kill him for profit, is *after him*. He's *definitely* left New York," Bob of the Psychic Friends Network told *New York* when asked for the location of the missing ex-president of Mexico, Carlos Salinas de Gortari.

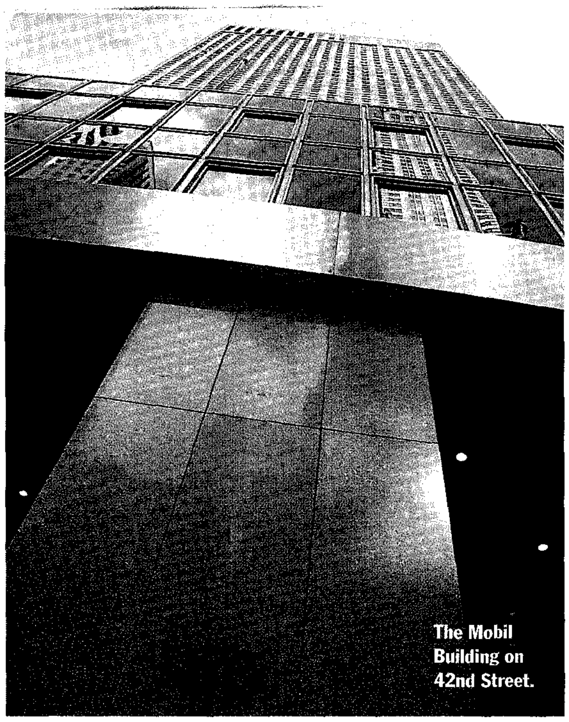
ANDREA PEYSER, THE NEW YORK *POST'S* VISIONARY COLUMNIST

March 21, New York *Post:* "She stared in silence, hour after hour, as Colin Ferguson ranted and whined—a one-man assault on human patience. But her eyes bore neither hate nor frustration. Only pity."

March 22: "Robert Giugliano didn't always think so, but he is one of the lucky ones. His eyes still see. *Look into those eyes!*"

March 23: "He was the first to see the killer's face, and the first to die."





The Mobil Building on 42nd Street.

Real Estate

THOSE INCREDIBLE GROWING MIDTOWN OFFICE BUILDINGS

"IT'S NOT REALLY A *secret*," ARTHUR Bocchi, director of leasing for Sumitomo Realty and Development, says dismissively. "This happens to be an old thing," explains S. Donald Friedman, a longtime broker and now a consultant. "It's a game everyone plays," says Steven Spinola, the president of the Real Estate Board of New York, before adding, as a joke, "Everything is more complicated in New York!"

What they're talking about is the common but curious practice of selling increasingly more office space in buildings that—in this universe, at least—remain the same size. In New York's squirrelly real-estate circles, this is not considered fraudulent because everybody is in on the scam.

"You know the game; you know the rules," Friedman says. "Every broker knows the game."

The game: Commercial rents are calculated on a square-foot basis—$40 being a typical rate for good locations. But if real-estate owners and managers want to get more money out of a tenant, or make deals seem more attractive, they simply inflate the amount of square footage available. Prospective tenants then have to hire architects to calculate the exaggeration. "You cannot trust what is called the 'rentable' area. It's what the landlord deems it to be," says Maurice Solomon of Julien Studley, Inc., a commercial-real-estate firm that represents tenants. "And it just keeps growing."

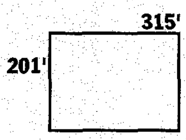
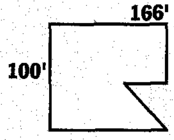
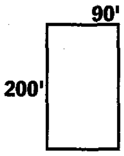
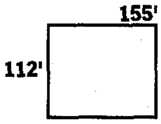
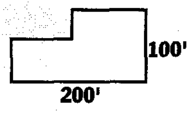
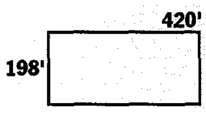
In 1955, for example, a rental brochure for 530 Fifth Avenue, known as the Bank of New York Building, offered the entire seventh floor, which was then 24,400 square feet. In 1979, the similarly configured sixth floor measured 29,850 square feet. By 1982, the seventh floor had bloated to 30,580 square feet, exceeding the total plot size—the building's footprint on the ground—by almost 3,000 square feet.

Brokers and agents say the citywide expansion has come from a tacit industrywide agreement to include certain "common areas," such as a stairwells or central-air-conditioning units, in the final package (such additional, unusable space is referred to in industry parlance as "the loss factor"). Brokers have a harder time explaining why some buildings seem to be bigger on the inside than they are on the outside (see chart). "I think landlords typically just take a number that's competitive in the marketplace," says Sumitomo's Bocchi matter-of-factly.

While the rest of the country adheres to a national standard of measurement devised by the Building Owners and Managers Association, the Real Estate Board of New York, a powerful organization that represents owners and their interests, has essentially condoned this particular practice by issuing a statement that the board "found it impossible to define 'rentable area.' " Since 1982, its manual has had no guidelines at all for calculating this almost metaphysical space.

As board president Spinola explains it, such vagaries in calculating office footage actually serve to *help* the tenant. "New York seems expensive to

Six Buildings in Search of a Tape Measure

ADDRESS	**666 Fifth Avenue**	**805 Third Avenue**	**445 Park Avenue**	**570 Lexington Avenue** (old GE Building)	**551 Fifth Avenue** (French Building)	**150 East 42nd Street** (Mobil Building)
REALTOR	Sumitomo Realty	Cohen Brothers Realty	Dakota Realty	Mendik Realty Company	The Shorenstein Company	The Galbreath Company
DIMENSIONS	 315' 201'	 166' 100'	 90' 200'	 155' 112'	 100' 200'	 420' 198'
TOTAL PLOT SIZE IN SQUARE FEET	63,315	16,116	18,000	17,360	18,878	83,160
QUOTED SQUARE FOOTAGE	Fourth floor 71,004	Seventh floor 23,500	Third floor 19,025	Second floor 17,722	Eighth floor 19,426	Third floor 93,812
WHY THE BUILDING IS BIGGER ON THE INSIDE THAN ON THE OUTSIDE	*"There are air shafts and other common areas. We use guidelines established by the Real Estate Board."*—Arthur Bocchi, Sumitomo Realty	*"I never measured those floors. This is a touchy subject. I can't talk to you about it."*—John Monaco, Cohen Brothers Realty	*"It's market-driven. But I have to say our loss factor is lower than other buildings'."*—Robert Finkelstein, Dakota Realty	*"It includes a percentage of the lobby and the core of the building. How they arrive at this percentage is something I can't elaborate on."*—Thomas Vomero, a building manager	*"I was directed by Shorenstein to use a 25 percent markup as a standard factor to arrive at the rentable."*—Eric Ward, architect, Beyer Blinder Belle	*"Basically, they go by everybody else's standards. Everyone has an add-on factor, and they do too."*—A spokesman for Galbreath

Source: RE/Locate tracking service, Sanborn Map Company, Inc.

Photograph by Wayne Simpson.

people, and there have been cases where we say we can give them a lower price that their headquarters will be happy with by increasing the square footage," he confides. "That was one of the reasons the numbers started changing."

And keep changing. "There is no major landlord who has not increased his rentable area to stay in competition with the bad guys," says Studley's Solomon, who adds, without any discernible rage in his voice, "All the evils in real estate seem to come out of New York."
RUTH G. DAVIS

Crime

THE KEYSTONE LIQUOR COPS

ONE DAY LAST WEEK, THE NEW YORK State Liquor Authority admitted to the New York *Post* that it had lost the liquor license it had issued to Rasputin, a glitzy Brighton Beach nightclub frequented by Russian mobsters. The next day, the Liquor Authority said it had found the license. "Officials yesterday could not explain how the missing file turned up," the *Post* reported.

"I'm the one who found the fucking file," Richard Chernela, the SLA's beleaguered spokesman, told *New York.* The Rasputin documents, which Chernela originally thought had been misplaced by a "dyslexic file clerk," were sitting on the desk of an overworked investigator.

"I will not miss this job in the least," said Chernela, who will soon be replaced along with the other Cuomo holdovers at the agency. "Especially when I look at the quality of the civil servants we have here."

It's difficult to look at the SLA's all-thumbs treatment of documents on Rasputin—well known to law-enforcement officials as a mob-controlled joint—and not raise at least an eyebrow. Last November, after *New York* ran a story exposing Rasputin as a social and business center for Russian organized crime ("The Organizatsiya," by Robert I. Friedman, November 7), an NYPD investigator called the Liquor Authority requesting the restaurant's liquor license, to see who actually owned the place. The SLA stonewalled the investigator, according to an NYPD source, first saying the agency didn't have enough manpower to search for the file and then saying it was missing. The cops theorized that a Russian "mole" had eaten the file. "That's my suspicion," says the NYPD source. "Yeah, definitely, that's how I feel. But I can't prove it."

One Genovese crime figure even speculates that the restaurant must be a front for an FBI investigation. "It's gotta be," he says. "With all these articles, with all these problems with the SLA, and nobody bothers them?"

"I can tell you from experience that there is no conspiracy," counters John Dowd, public information officer for the Drug Enforcement Agency, which routinely works with the SLA. Dowd doesn't offer much of a defense of the state agency, though. "It's easy to walk in there and carry out documents in your pocket," he says. "It's the most disorganized agency in the state."

The NYPD finally got a copy of the liquor license last week, and even a cursory look should have confirmed the establishment's mob ties. The *Post* reported that Susanna Zilber, "a former bookkeeper," was listed as Rasputin's principal owner; the paper failed to note, however, that Susanna is the wife of Alex Zilber, who, along with his brother Victor, has built an organized-crime empire in Brighton Beach. (Victor, who was shot in the head while driving across the Brooklyn Bridge last year in an apparent mob hit, survived and is now facing a federal indictment for running a multi-million-dollar gasoline-bootlegging scam; Alex is currently "on family business" in Russia.) Also listed in the liquor license as Rasputin owners are Victor's in-laws, Vladimir and Rosa Najinsky.

"The Zilber family is bad news," says the NYPD source. "Isn't it interesting that our vaunted SLA does nothing about it in the face of all this information?"

Case in point: Alex Puzaitzer, the club's manager (and Alex Zilber's brother-in-law), has continued to work at the club in apparent violation of state law. Last November, he admitted to *New York* that he had pleaded guilty to receiving stolen money orders in 1990. If owners of an establishment serving liquor want to hire a felon, they are required to write the SLA requesting permission. "There is no record of Puzaitzer's name being on file," says the SLA's Chernela. "It is a violation of law without our approval. It's rather foolish on their part. It would be incumbent on us to investigate and confirm and bring appropriate charges, but how would we know, unless somebody brought it to our attention? We are not Big Brother." (Chernela acknowledged that he had read last fall's *New York* article.)

When first asked what the penalty was for hiring a felon without permission, Chernela said he didn't know. Would a staff lawyer? "Don't count on it," he said. He later called back to say that the maximum penalty for a first-time violation is a 30-day license suspension and a $1,000 fine.

"After you do your story," Chernela said, "if one of the investigators can read, then maybe they will do something."
ROBERT I. FRIEDMAN

Left: Emcee Jonathan Alger. Above left: Top orthographer Jim Holt.

Publishing

MEDIA, ABUZZ

"WHAT DOES ONE WEAR TO A SPELLING bee?" Jenny Lyn Bader went with the tuxedo jacket. "There's something studious about that," says the playwright and author, smoothing her lapels over the gray cashmere dress underneath. "My earrings—well," she adds, flicking nervously at one large silver hoop, "they're a little more Aaron Spelling than spelling."

What *does* one wear to a spelling bee—especially one that's at Chelsea's hipster hangout Rebar and features the cream of Manhattan publishing? As neat rows of folding chairs fill with an eclectic mix of dour club types and your more spelling-bee types, the sartorial camps divide neatly into Ironic, Black-Pullover Detachment, and Bookish Jacket-and-Tie Intensity. "I've competed

Photographs by Catherine McGann.

ADVERTISING

Bosoms Over Broadway

"Insouciance," says a Jantzen spokesman, officially identifying the expression on the face of Tracy Zahoryin in a maximally cleavaged bikini at the north end of Times Square. "Completely natural," says Calvin Klein of Christy Turlington, posing in her underwear on the opposite end of the square. Not everyone is so savvy, though; some average pedestrians have actually mistaken the dueling décolletage for cheesecake, plain. KATHLEEN CROMWELL

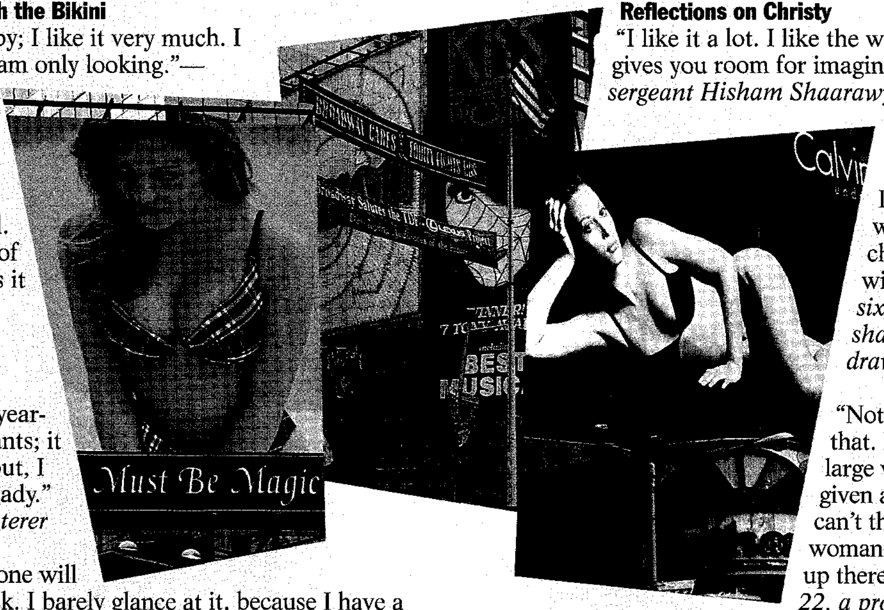
The View From Beneath the Bikini

"It makes me so happy; I like it very much. I have a wife, so . . . I am only looking."—*Roberto, 21, a pizza-maker whose shop looks out on the Jantzen billboard*

"She is very beautiful. She makes me think of summertime. What is it she is selling?"—*A fortyish female Portuguese tourist*

"She looks like a 15-year-old with breast implants; it is so Times Square, but, I mean, get over it already." *—Patty, thirties, a caterer*

"It's too bad that anyone will do anything for a buck. I barely glance at it, because I have a girlfriend who I respect." *—Don, 30, a co-worker of Patty's*



Reflections on Christy

"I like it a lot. I like the way she's posing—it gives you room for imagination."—*Marine sergeant Hisham Shaarawy, 27, U.S. recruiting station*

"I can't look at that. If I did, then it would be like cheating on my wife."—*A man, sixties, who keeps the shades at his office drawn*

"Not all women look like that. I'm fat, and I think large women should be given an equal shot. Why can't they have a big woman in her underwear up there, too?"—*Jennifer, 22, a production assistant*

"Well, it sure is big."—*A teenage boy visiting from Florida*

in a few adult spelling bees," says bee master Sam Pratt, publisher of *Ersatz*, which sponsored the showdown. "It's actually a fairly high-powered event."

High-powered, perhaps, but is it fabulous? Well, there's contestant Anthony Haden-Guest stirring a cocktail. "I told them the one word I can't spell," Haden-Guest confides, "and I know they're going to ask me. I'm here representing sporadic dyslexics." And there's a photographer named Katrine and, most encouraging fabulousness-wise, Cathryn Garrard, from *Glamour.* "I'm here to see if there's something we can do with this," she says skeptically. "But isn't it kind of perverse, having a bunch of media people in a spelling bee and a bunch of media people writing about it?"

"I think maybe that's the idea," says her friend Steve Wilson from *Folio,* scribbling her quote into his reporter's notebook.

The jittery contestants, meanwhile, stand up front like actors at a cattle call. "The way to study for this," says Don Willmott from *PC Magazine,* "is to study skin diseases: eczema, psoriasis . . ." Yes, Julie Just feels it would humiliate her employer, the New York *Times* editorial page, were she to perform poorly, and yes, she expects she probably will. "I feel like I'm at a competitive advantage," Bill McGowan, a contributor to the *Wall Street Journal,* says, "because I only learned how to use my spell-check three months ago."

"I feel like I'm breaking out in a rash behind my knees," remarks *Folio*'s Tim Bogardus.

Sam Pratt assumes a tense consultatory posture behind bee judge Jesse Sheidlower, a trim, bespectacled, gray-suited-and-bow-tied Random House Reference editor, who sits at the judge's table, solemnly adjusting his glowing judicial laptop.

The bee begins.

The contestants ace the relatively unterrifying first round—*geography, criterion, friction, lightning*—any anxiety provoked not so much by the words as by the challenge of provoking laughter from the standing-room-only crowd. Haden-Guest bitchily questions one opponent's non-English spelling of *colorize.* Emcee Jonathan Alger instructs the audience not to grunt, groan, or otherwise tip off their favorite players.

From the third round on, though, things get very, very tense. Haden-Guest handles *chilblain. Sacrilegious* mows down *Folio, PC Magazine,* and a cute blonde walk-on. *Aphid* and *langoustine* both lay once-proud publishing professionals low. Female spectators shriek in sexual frenzy when Sheidlower meets a request to define *dahlia.* The contestants light cigarettes and hug supporters who approach them bearing mixed drinks. Haden-Guest drops a *u* off *Chihuahua,* claims he got it right, then makes for the exit, muttering, "I said it too quietly." The room is stone silent as *avoirdupois* overwhelms *The New Yorker, barbiturate* befuddles *The Baffler,* and *abscissa* obliterates *The Modern Review.* A shattering glass startles the place into nervous laughter. The crowd cheers successful spellings of *maneuver, mayonnaise,* and *demurred.*

And so, finally, the New York *Observer*'s faintly hysterical Alexandra Kuczynski can't handle *hemorrhage,* Julie Just of the *Times* is no *connoisseur,* Jenny Lyn Bader's tuxedo bears no *poinsettia,* Facts On File's Matt Heimer misplaces *appurtenant.* And when Jim Holt, a gaunt, James Dean–ish book reviewer for the *Wall Street Journal,* correctly spells *dithyramb,* he—just like that—is the spelling-bee champ, and the audience explodes into waves of sustained applause.

Afterward, Holt, who last tasted such victory in the sixth grade, stands clutching his first-prize Random House Unabridged and reflects. "This is my second spelling-bee triumph," he says. "The great thing about adult bees is, you get to smoke." MICHAEL KRANTZ

Photograph by Wayne Simpson.

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Left: At Madison Square Garden, at developer Bill Rudin's surprise fortieth-birthday party, former mayor John Lindsay and his wife, Mary. Right: Magic Johnson with Steve Tisch at the Magic Johnson Foundation and Robin Hood Foundation AIDS-benefit hoops game at the Sheraton.

The Gray White Way

By Alex Williams
Photographs by Patrick McMullan

Betty Comden went to all the trouble of writing *Off Stage,* a memoir not about *On the Town, Bells Are Ringing,* or *Wonderful Town* but entirely about her life *off* Broadway, and yet here she is at a Le Cirque party celebrating her *non*-Broadway reminiscences, talking about Broadway.

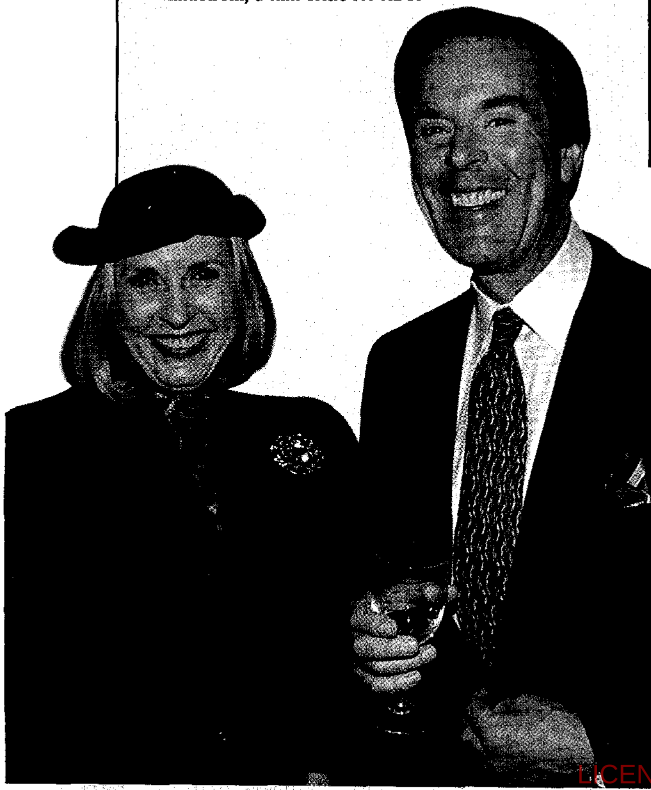
"I have this crazy faith that it will all be cyclical and all come back," she says cheerily. "That may make me a moron. . . ."

A look around the room, and the good guardians of theater—Comden's partner Adolph Green, Jerome Robbins, Elaine Stritch—are vigorous, but gray indeed. Where are the kids? Is filial piety dead in theater? Or is it simply *theater* that's slowly dying?

Arthur Schlesinger Jr., in bow tie, broods: "We're in an era of ill-made plays." Ben Gazzara underscores: "It's clear that straight plays have no place on Broadway. Too expensive."

So wheels turn in reverse. Comden and Green are thus writing. Again. "We've been staring at each other for hours," she says, mum on the details. "We always do before things start to bubble."

Above right: At Betty Comden's party at Le Cirque, Mica Ertegun chats with Jerome Robbins. Right: Broadway/Hollywood's Ben Gazzara talks with Mort Zuckerman; Gazzara's wife, Elke; and Joan Rivers. Bottom right: Adolph Green and Betty Comden on the town. Below: ABC anchor Peter Jennings with Pia Lindstrom, a film critic for NBC.



TALES OF NEW YORK

“In my long lost youth, I really knew my way around this city. I knew the best, little, out-of-the-way, romantic Italian restaurant in TriBeCa. Worked every time. I knew where to find the hottest after-hours clubs and could come up with seventh game Stanley Cup Finals tickets. Day of the game.

Well, now I’m married. With a new baby! Now I know where to find baby formula at 2 in the morning. I can tell which are the hottest play groups in town and I know where to buy a Ranger jersey in an extra small.

I do, however, still know where to find great clothes without overpaying. At Rothman’s on Union Square. They say Rothman’s is the least expensive way to buy expensive clothes. It’s a fact. They’ve got the same great clothes as those “too-too-cool” stores...but with excellent service and prices a new father appreciates.

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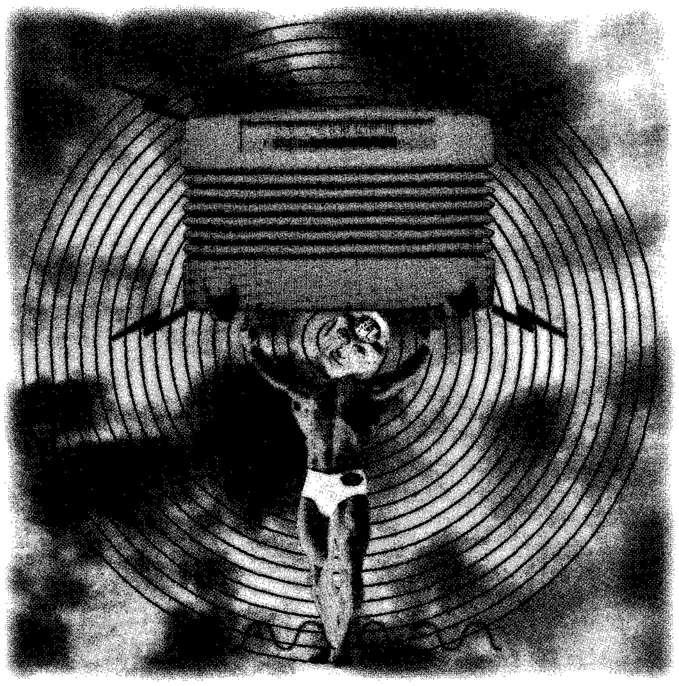
MEDIA RICHARD TURNER

Don't Touch That Dial

Tycoons may be falling over one another to wire the world. But radio, the oldest of the new media, is still the people's choice.



WHEN MAYOR Giuliani agreed last week to sell the city's broadcasting assets, the way he did it spoke volumes about why radio is a lot easier to like these days than its obnoxious cousin that comes in a bigger box. The city proffered WNYC-FM and WNYC-AM to a private foundation at a 50 percent discount, for about $20 million. The foundation will raise the money through donations—the city's giving it six years to pay—and will preserve the stations' programming, FM classical music and AM talk/news. The opera-loving mayor said he thinks New York needs "three or four" classical radio stations.

The mayor's enlightened civic-mindedness, however, did not extend to the city's TV station. Despite editorializing from the New York *Times,* Channel 31 is on the block for something like $70 million, probably to be acquired by a station group that will vie with local channels for *The Jenny Jones Show* and other syndicated programming. It was too valuable to save.

Radio doesn't set pundits ruminating about the future cyberculture these days, but it still can afford to have personality, and people are often more viscerally devoted to it. As the buzz drones on about the "full-service network" and the cornucopia of choices it will bring us, the most durable version of the Net is already out there. It's practically free, you don't have to be a technological wizard to hook up, and it isn't yet owned by Rupert Murdoch or John Malone.

The 11,000 radio stations around the country do everything from selling Floyd's used lawn furniture to blanketing the nation with a news organization, NPR, that is arguably superior to any on TV. They run a patchwork commentary on society that is relentlessly local, quirky, and intimate. Perhaps most important, radio is not dependent on a viciously competitive struggle to capture people's dwindling leisure time. When people say "Enough, already!" to the latest video pizza delivery, the radio will still be on.

Amazingly, two thirds of these 11,000 stations are owned by sole proprietors. They're not part of chains or conglomerates, and many are weird and eccentric. Not many of them are getting rich—and distressingly few remain in big cities—but it doesn't take much to survive, because costs are so low: You need a license, an antenna, and a mike.

This is the way it's been since before Bill Paley had his big bright idea. But nowadays, there are a few threats to radio's unmatched diversity that bear watching. They go beyond Newt's glib pledge to "zero out" the minuscule grants to public broadcasting. The FCC is using radio as a kind of stalking horse for the radical deregulation in store for TV and telephony. Ten years ago, you could own no more than seven FM stations and seven AM stations. Then it went to twelve. Then eighteen. Now it's twenty of each; soon, if Larry Pressler and other pols have their way, there could be no limit at all.

As ownership rules have been loosened, big companies like Viacom, Cap Cities/ABC, and Clear Channel have moved in, snapping up several stations in the same market, forming sinister-sounding "duopolies," slashing operating costs, and mixing and matching different demographic slivers for advertisers in order to bulk up the number of listeners. Others, such as Infinity, are forming TV-like networks to sell national ads. Sony is experimenting with online computer radio and networks that offer things like 24 hours of "Smooth FM" programming to a station in Houston, which plunks in local inserts.

The radio industry, a stepchild with a poor self-image, has been backing these changes, and the relaxation in the ownership rules is fueling a resurgence. Radio surpassed $10 billion in ad revenue last year, growing at a rate of nearly 12 percent. It's projected to grow faster than any other advertising medium over the next few years, according to a Veronis Suhler report. Stations are selling for record highs as the big players circle; prices are five times what they were ten years ago.

This corporate consolidation is slightly alarming, as anyone can tell you whose favorite offbeat radio station was yanked in favor of "rhythmic CHR" or "hot country" or one of the other tightly targeted music formats developed by national consultants. New York, with its 60-some stations, can't even manage to offer an "adult album alternative" station, which is what consultants call the growing format that plays new, smart rock music that somehow avoids Michael Bolton on one extreme and teen hard rock on the other (this should not be rocket science). It's not heartening, either, to think that many members of Congress who listen faithfully to NPR want to see public radio's choice slots at the bottom of the FM band chopped up and sold for kindling.

Radio, though, has been resilient for decades. The corporate giants gambling billions on other forms of communications are operating in an environment of fear and desperation. The only thing certain

Illustration by Francisco Caceres.

about the upcoming wars is that many will perish. But radio plugs along, just as it did when men in hats and bun-haired women with hands folded in their laps huddled around the Motorola listening to FDR.

Of course, these good folks also listened to Father Coughlin, just as they listen to Rush Limbaugh and Ollie North today. But the pundits staying up nights worrying about what twisted radio surgery is being performed on the body politic don't account for the fact that many people listen to these loudmouths because they're fun. The people who tune in Rush aren't all dittoheads in lockstep with his politics. Many are reacting against generations of bland TV commentators afraid to hazard an opinion. And there still are plenty of leftish voices with microphones—like, dare we say, NPR.

That's about all it takes—a mike. True, it might cost $50 million to break into a market like New York in a big way, but many stations subsist on pittances. So far, the dozen or so worldwide media conglomerates that control virtually every other medium still consider radio small potatoes. The biggest-grossing radio station in the country, WGN in Chicago (New York's WFAN is in second place), billed about $37.1 million in revenue last year, according to *Duncan's Radio Market Guide.* "You could buy the entire radio division of a major company for the cost of a midsize network-TV affiliate," says radio broker Gary Stevens.

ABC and CBS remain in the business from the anachronistic days of "broadcasting," and Viacom's radio division is left over from the old Viacom. The reason Sumner Redstone's Viacom hangs on to it is that radio's cash flow is so strong—and growing at double digits—that it's needed to help the company pay down the pile of debt built up when Redstone purchased Paramount.

Viacom executives point to a series of "synergies" on radio: ticket giveaways to Paramount theme parks and cross-promotions with Blockbuster Video. MTV helps with logos and on-air promos. That's more of the S-word than many media giants can claim. But one executive admits that all these added together don't change radio's position as a blip on the corporate radar screen, and Viacom would trap-door radio in a second if it weren't for the short-term cash-flow needs.

But that would probably be a mistake. Americans are increasingly overworked, overbusy, and active. They need their entertainment and information on the run. Newspaper executives brag that their product is the ultimate "interactive" medium because you can bring it into the toilet stall. But radio is the most portable of all, because you can drive, cook spaghetti, go jogging, and, in more and more cases, do your job with it.

And that's the thing: You don't have to give it your full attention. TV syndicators found out a long time ago that the most valuable shows for local stations to program between 5 P.M. and 8 P.M., when people are fixing dinner and otherwise puttering, are those that require the concentration of, say, a sand flea. *Hill Street Blues* bombed in syndication. The apotheosis? *Wheel of Fortune.*

That radio doesn't require hushed attentiveness is why it still can serve up serious talk, news, and information. CNN dominates select world-shaking news events for which footage is important. But local TV news, picture- and ratings-driven, has become a parade of lurid crime stories and sweeps-period breathlessness. The tightly budgeted network news is as middle-of-the-road as ever in its 22 minutes a day. And who really needs to *see* Morton Kondracke, anyway?

Brandon Tartikoff sold the late-night show *Last Call* to stations across the country last year with the catchphrase "the best dinner party you've ever been to." It was supposed to be four or five smart people sitting around talking about news and cultural events and being funny—a staple of drive-time radio. But the producers of *Last Call* felt compelled to script frantic stunts for these hipsters, who looked uncomfortable—and the show got canceled. Except maybe in the wee hours, where Bob Costas and Tom Snyder used to reside, TV just can't stomach a few people sitting around talking.

Radio also seems more or less invulnerable to new technologies. Radio lobbyists are fighting cable and satellite digital radio, both of which want to feed thinly sliced music formats to radio receivers for a monthly fee. Huge players like Sony, Time Warner, and Tele-Communications, Inc., already own chunks of this business, and some cynics privately suggest they're just training a Trojan horse for downloading other data. Maybe so, because they sure aren't selling to the public at large: Even when these systems don't cost billions to launch, they've had trouble finding subscribers. People don't seem to want dental wallpaper music, absent the personality and the babble. And advertisers will always want to buy time on radio, because they reach consumers in their cars, close to the point of sale.

A few years ago, David Geffen refused to release a raunchy rap record even as he was preparing a similarly socially appalling movie (*The Last Boy Scout*). He defended himself by saying that movies were only brief escapist fantasies in a darkened theater. What was blaring on the car radio, though, was more influential, because it was how people defined themselves. ■

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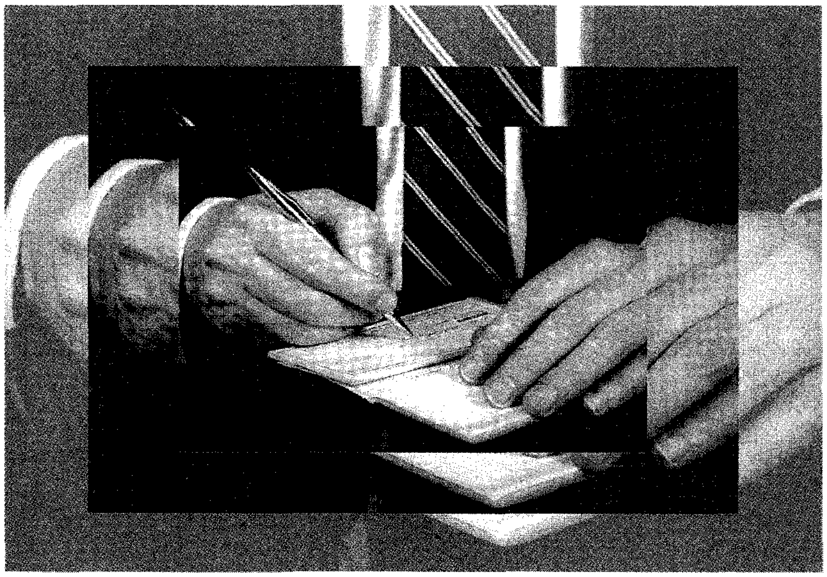
Check Fraud 101

The screening process that banks use to verify your checks turns out to be so lax, even an amateur can forge at will.

ROBERT CARPENTER HAD BEEN working for the Laszlo Bodak Engineer company on 38th Street for two months when he signed Mr. Bodak's name to a $1,275 company check made out to himself. Over the next thirteen months, Carpenter, then a 57-year-old freelance bookkeeper, went on to forge Bodak's signature on 137 checks, embezzling a total of $230,245 and covering his tracks with a method almost brilliant in its blunt simplicity: First, he logged the checks he made out to himself as payments to Bodak suppliers, then he threw the canceled checks away.



Not one of the 137 checks was ever identified as a forgery by Bodak's bank, NatWest, one of New York's biggest banks, with $30 billion in U.S. assets. Bodak didn't catch up with Carpenter until the end of August 1992, after scores of complaints by unpaid suppliers alerted him that something was amiss. The bookkeeper later pleaded guilty to one count of grand larceny and is now serving a two-to-six-year sentence in upstate New York.

Who's responsible for Bodak's losses? Laszlo Bodak sued NatWest in 1993, claiming that NatWest failed to fulfill the promise it makes to every customer who fills out a signature-verification form—only to process checks with authentic signatures. The lawsuit forced NatWest to answer a question banks are notorious for dodging: How exactly do forged checks manage to pass through a bank without attracting attention? Banks claim, not unreasonably, that answering this question would be the equivalent of issuing a forgery handbook. Faced with a lawsuit, however, NatWest began yielding up the information in dribs and drabs, though only after a bitter fight. At one point, Bodak says, the bank cut off his credit line, then offered him a higher one if he dropped the case. He refused.

NatWest has refused to comment on the Bodak case. But court papers obtained by *New York* reveal the details of NatWest's check-screening policy, providing an extremely rare glimpse into the way a large bank handles and verifies its checks. In a deposition, the vice-president in charge of NatWest's check-processing division, Thomas Brosnan, admitted that the bank only looks at checks for more than $10,000 for faulty signatures. For checks between $10,000 and $5,000, it scans for irregularities. And it looks at only one out of every 350 checks that are for less than $5,000. "I knew that banks don't look at every $10 check," says Bodak, a 56-year-old Hungarian émigré. "But checks for $1,000, $2,000, $3,000—they look at those a whole lot less than I ever thought."

In the era of high-tech banking, such lax standards are increasingly being seen as an invitation to computer-savvy financial con artists. And as the number of check-fraud cases skyrockets, the question of who is liable becomes ever more pressing. "Check fraud is the growth industry of the nineties," David Warfield, head of fraud prevention at the Deluxe Corporation, a check-printing company, told bankers attending an industry check-fraud seminar this past January. According to the American Bankers Association, banks lost $815 million in 1993 to check fraud—up from $568 million in 1991.

"In the old days," says Robert Rasor, special agent in charge of the Secret Service's Financial Crimes Division, "and I'm talking five or ten years ago, a customer was known in a bank; they had your signature card on hand. Now, with the new technology that involves the quick movement of funds, you find the weakness in the system and can exploit it overnight." According to FBI statistics, in 1988, 63 percent of all bank fraud was committed by bank employees; in 1993, 64 percent was perpetrated by outsiders.

NatWest's methods—which, the bank says, live up to industry standards—go a long way toward explaining why it's so easy to forge a check and get away with it. According to Brosnan, though the bank processes about 1 million checks a day, it has a mere ten people reviewing them; in most cases, the bank puts them through an almost wholly computerized "batch filing" system, which sorts checks the way tellers used to. "With batch filing, checks under $5,000 are not even looked at, not scrutinized," explains William F. Gearin, a security consultant for the Bank Administration Institute in Chicago.

Bodak's suit, however, raises an even bigger question: How are banks coping with the phenomenal growth in the amount of financial paper that needs to be processed every year? (Some 6.1 billion checks were written in the U.S. last year alone.) NatWest's Brosnan explains that the bank's method of random sampling follows a quality-control model devised for an Eastman Kodak film-production assembly line. But Bodak's attorney, George Zelma, deems those standards of verification better suited to catching the occasional mistake in a stream of identical items than to a situation in which

Photograph by Gerard Fritz/FPG.

"Success is simply information plus imagination."

Bloomberg
INFORMATION RADIO

AM1130
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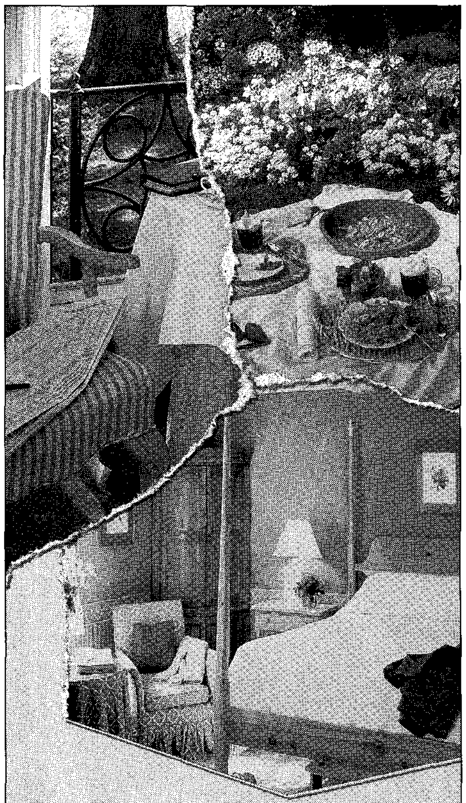
each new check is a whole new potential forgery. Arthur Luger, a mathematical physicist who consults on financial systems with leading New York corporations and banks—including Chase Manhattan and J. P. Morgan—analyzed NatWest's check processing for Bodak and concluded it simply couldn't work. "What you're looking for with signatures is a far more randomized event," he says. "The procedure NatWest showed me is used for producing an industrial product where uniformity is the optimal end result." Luger calls NatWest's system a "placebo," something to help create an "illusion of security" and help protect the bank from liability.

Until now, all a customer had to do to prove that a bank was liable was show that it didn't exercise reasonable care in handling a check; now, however, a concerned financial industry has begun rewriting commercial law to make it tougher to find banks responsible. The ABA has also been using the check-fraud problem in an effort to undo banking reforms passed six years ago. It puts the blame on the 1987 Expedited Funds Availability Act, which requires banks to clear checks in two days if they're local and five days if they're not. Bruce Brett, head of the ABA Check-Fraud Task Force, complains that these rules do not leave time to assess the authenticity of each check; nor do they allow banks to fend off wily assaults on their systems.

But Ed Mierzwinski, a bank-regulation expert with the U.S. Public Interest Research Group, doesn't buy that argument. "They want that float back," he says. "And they're hiding behind the specter of fraud to get it. They are interested in holding your money for a longer period, so they can invest it short-term and make more money."

Banks have begun to test new forgery-prevention schemes, but Bodak's lawyer, Zelma, thinks all banking should still come with a caveat: "Airlines don't want you to think of crashing, but they tell you what the emergency procedures are in case it happens. Banks go out of their way to treat you like a valued customer until something goes wrong; then they treat you like the enemy. If everyone knew they had to be more attentive, that would discourage, not encourage, forgeries."

There's a fitting coda to Bodak's suit against NatWest. In the midst of final negotiations, after the bank had agreed to contribute $80,000 to a $175,000 settlement last summer (the rest was covered by Bodak's accountant, accused of not failing to spot the downturn in the firm's balance), Bodak, still a NatWest customer at the time, inadvertently wrote a check with no signature on it. It sailed through the bank. ■



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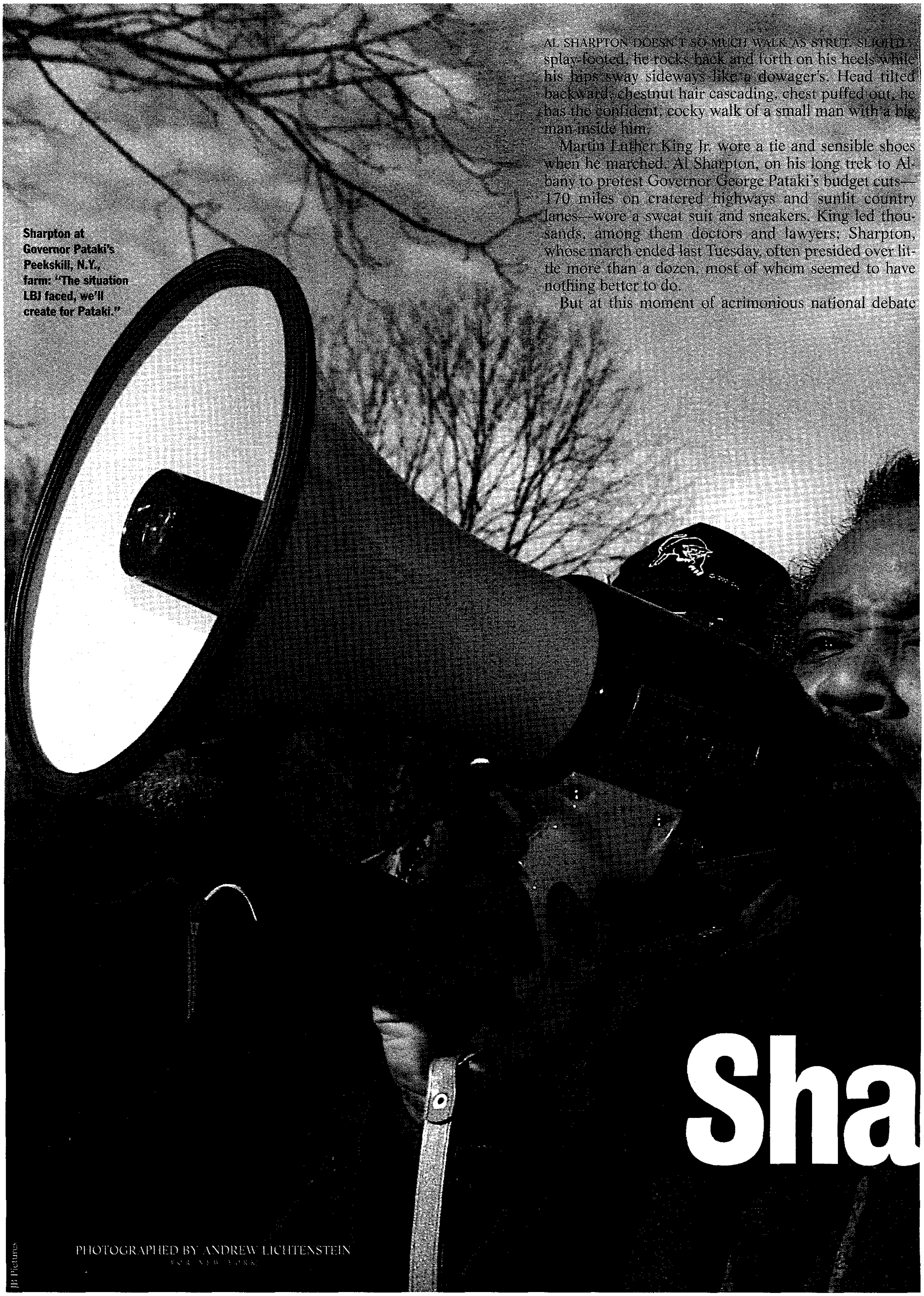


Sharpton at Governor Pataki's Peekskill, N.Y., farm: "The situation LBJ faced, we'll create for Pataki."

AL SHARPTON DOESN'T SO MUCH WALK AS STRUT. SLIGHTLY splay-footed, he rocks back and forth on his heels while his hips sway sideways like a dowager's. Head tilted backward, chestnut hair cascading, chest puffed out, he has the confident, cocky walk of a small man with a big man inside him.

Martin Luther King Jr. wore a tie and sensible shoes when he marched. Al Sharpton, on his long trek to Albany to protest Governor George Pataki's budget cuts—170 miles on cratered highways and sunlit country lanes—wore a sweat suit and sneakers. King led thousands, among them doctors and lawyers; Sharpton, whose march ended last Tuesday, often presided over little more than a dozen, most of whom seemed to have nothing better to do.

But at this moment of acrimonious national debate

Sha

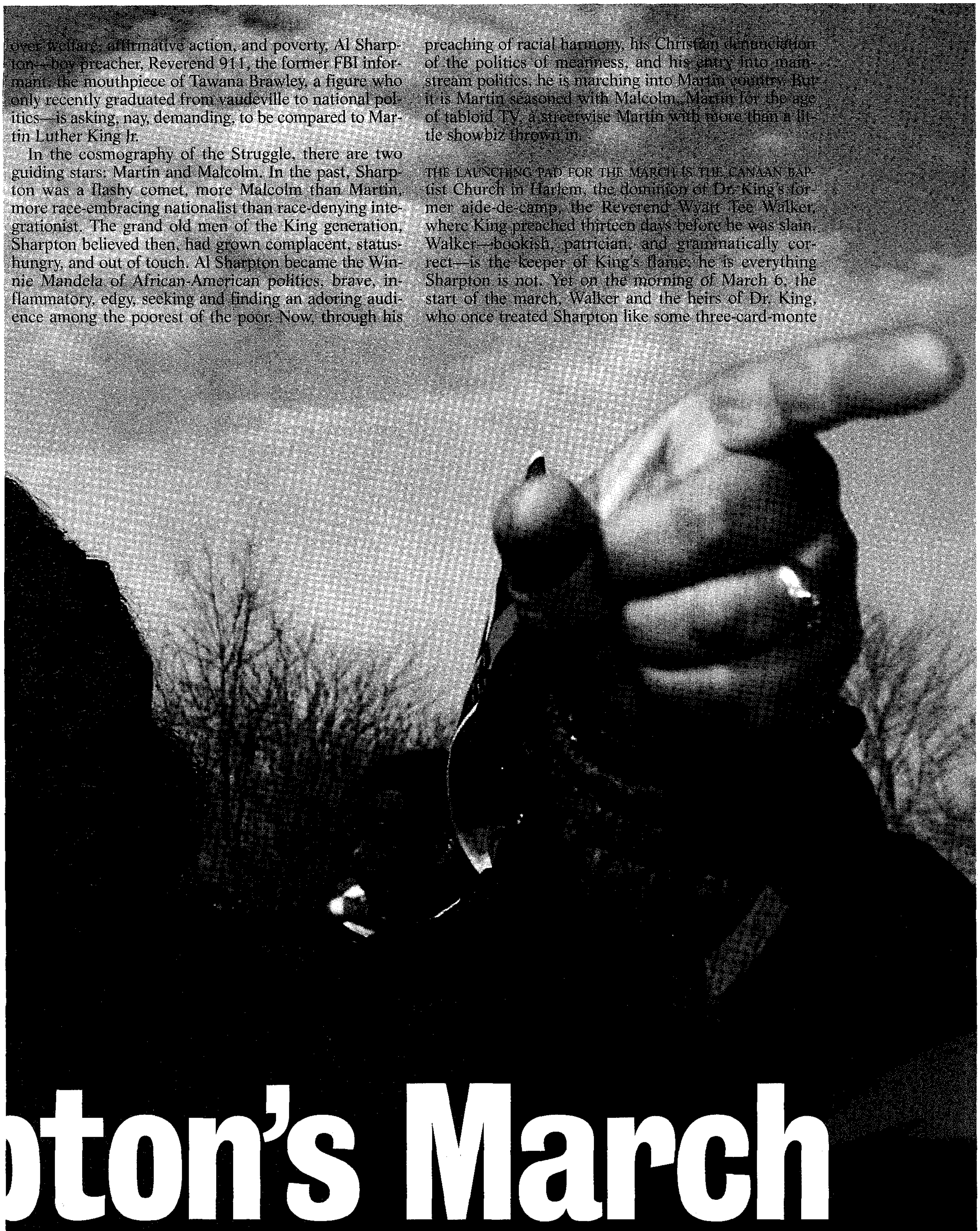
PHOTOGRAPHED BY ANDREW LICHTENSTEIN
FOR NEW YORK

JB Pictures

over welfare, affirmative action, and poverty, Al Sharpton—boy preacher, Reverend 911, the former FBI informant, the mouthpiece of Tawana Brawley, a figure who only recently graduated from vaudeville to national politics—is asking, nay, demanding, to be compared to Martin Luther King Jr.

In the cosmography of the Struggle, there are two guiding stars: Martin and Malcolm. In the past, Sharpton was a flashy comet, more Malcolm than Martin, more race-embracing nationalist than race-denying integrationist. The grand old men of the King generation, Sharpton believed then, had grown complacent, status-hungry, and out of touch. Al Sharpton became the Winnie Mandela of African-American politics, brave, inflammatory, edgy, seeking and finding an adoring audience among the poorest of the poor. Now, through his preaching of racial harmony, his Christian denunciation of the politics of meanness, and his entry into mainstream politics, he is marching into Martin country. But it is Martin seasoned with Malcolm, Martin for the age of tabloid TV, a streetwise Martin with more than a little showbiz thrown in.

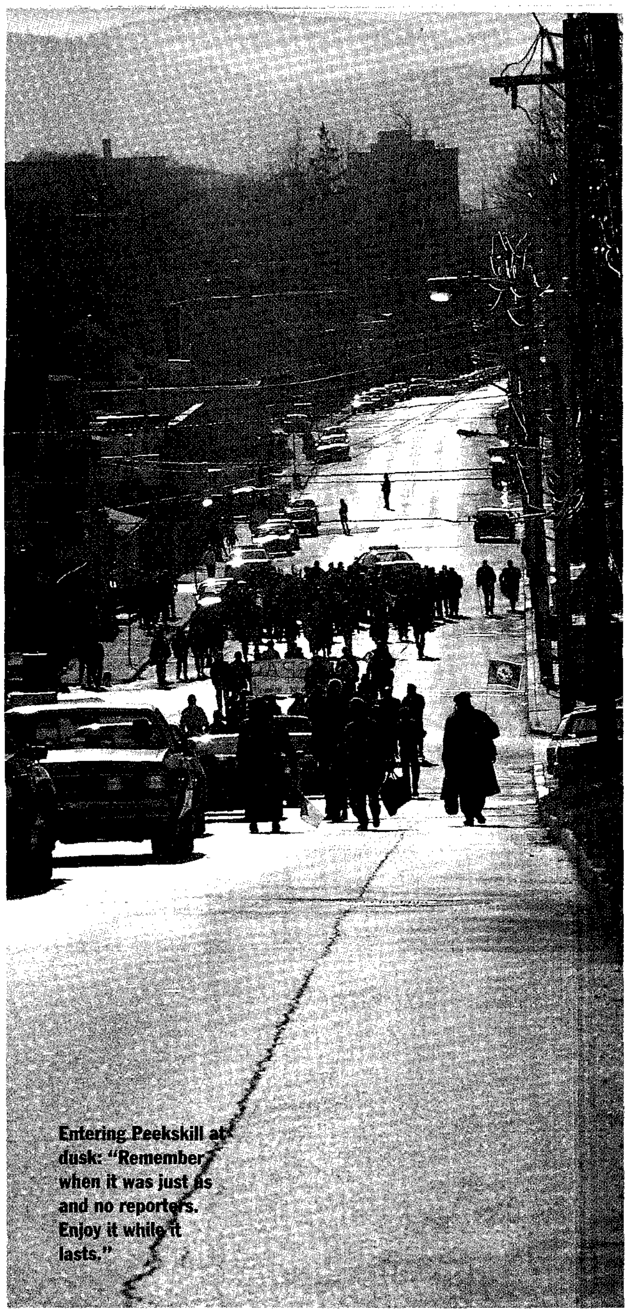
THE LAUNCHING PAD FOR THE MARCH IS THE CANAAN BAPtist Church in Harlem, the dominion of Dr. King's former aide-de-camp, the Reverend Wyatt Tee Walker, where King preached thirteen days before he was slain. Walker—bookish, patrician, and grammatically correct—is the keeper of King's flame; he is everything Sharpton is not. Yet on the morning of March 6, the start of the march, Walker and the heirs of Dr. King, who once treated Sharpton like some three-card-monte



ton's March

It wasn't [illegible] or the March on Washington, but on the long walk to Albany that ended last week, you could catch just a whiff of [illegible]

By Richard Stengel



Entering Peekskill at dusk: "Remember when it was just us and no reporters. Enjoy it while it lasts."

dealer of the soul, behave as if he were the heir presumptive.

Reverend Sharpton is resplendent in a metallic-blue Nehru-style suit and Nikes. The grand hall of the old church is abuzz: *We're marching!* Jesse Jackson, the self-appointed prince of the Struggle, is here to give his blessing. But up at the podium, it is Reverend Al who wraps himself in King's mantle: "The question is not white or black, the question is what is right. When people came together 30 years ago, they were able to force the Voting Rights Act. LBJ had to respond to the marching feet. The same situation LBJ faced, we'll create for Newt and Pataki."

Most newspaper stories have billed the march as a two-week-long outdoor aerobics class for Sharpton. He has publicly said that he decided to trim down from his nearly 300-pound girth when his daughter told him, "Dad, you're fat." ("That hit me hard.") But in his speech, he says, "This is not Al's lose-weight march; it's a march against these cuts."

Several hundred people push out of the church and throng the sidewalk on 116th Street. Sharpton and Jackson lead the way, their progress slowed by a phalanx of local television crews. A pretty young woman with braided hair corrals Darrell Davis, the march's principal coordinator, bats her eyes, and says, "I'm going all the way. Would you take my bags for me?" She practically has a trousseau, and Darrell, who is already weighted down with his own bags and a cellular phone, loads hers on one of the two vans that will follow the marchers.

Among the stragglers are some old women waving pennants emblazoned with the following bill: "IOU on AMERICA. I owe the sum of $5,715,900 to each African-American man, woman, and child. Days worked: 107,000, 12 hours a day, 1,314,000 hours at $4.35 an hour plus bonus." "This is my Contract With America," a lady with a hair net yells.

On the way to Harlem Hospital, there are at least 300 marchers. They chant, "Pataki says cut back; we say fight back. Cut back! Fight back!" At the front, in a halo of television lights and snapping flashes, march Sharpton and Jackson. Jackson bounces along on the balls of his feet; it's not hard to see the big-man-on-campus quarterback he was in college.

At the hospital, Sharpton decries Pataki's proposed cuts in public-hospital funding, asserting that the infant-mortality rate at public hospitals is 80 percent higher than at private ones. "If $1.4 billion is cut from state Medicare, then the city and federal matching funds will not be there. It will hurt home care for the elderly, public hospitals, the blind and handicapped. This is balancing the budget on the backs of people who have not caused it." This is not just the rhyming rhetoric of old; the reverend knows his figures.

After Harlem Hospital, as we cross over the 145th Street Bridge into the Bronx, I fall in with a burly, bearish fellow named Richard. Before I introduce myself, he hands me his card. It says, MORE HUGGING, LESS MUGGING. RICHARD BARTEE. DIAL-A-POET. He's a songwriter-activist. When I tell him my name is Richard, he claps me on the shoulder and says, "Man, you can join the Richard Club. My mama says she named me Richard because she knew I would be rich. So I formed the Richard Club. Basically, it means anybody named Richard gives a break to someone else named Richard. If you're Richard the plumber, you give a break to Richard the stockbroker."

By the time we have exited the Grand Concourse and are trudging along White Plains Road in Westchester, most of the marchers—Richard included—have peeled off. Twelve miles into the march, I can make out no more than twenty or so people marching. Sharpton is flagging a bit, but Jackson is grinning and shadowboxing.

We stop at a church in the Bronx for a rest, and the marchers wait in line for cold Kentucky Fried Chicken and congealed macaroni salad. Sharpton and Jackson sit at a separate table and are served. Jackson, not Sharpton, is the center of attention. He treats Sharpton like the chubby younger brother who gets picked last for the touch-football game.

Mt. Vernon is seventeen miles from Harlem, and by the time we arrive, there are only about twelve marchers. Pat, who was worried about her luggage and is now concerned about her hair, is one of them. Three thousand people accompanied King on the first leg of his march from Selma, and 300 bedded down for the night in tents by the side of the road. After preaching, Jesse jets off. I return to New York by train. The march, it seems, is already fizzling out.

AL SHARPTON IS NOTHING IF not persistent. Five days later, at 8 A.M. on a bright but freezing morning, I catch up with him outside Nyack. His ears covered by aquamarine muffs, he is striding up a hill. "It's so cold I can't even lift my arm to wave at people. My arm's frozen," he says with a smile. But wave he does as a bearded truck driver, a young woman in a Honda, a grinning school-bus driver, and even a blonde mother carpooling kids in her Volvo station wagon all honk at him and raise their right fists in solidarity.

Sharpton is buoyed by the response, especially from whites. It's not just that they're tickled to see a celebrity in their hometown. There's goodwill: The man is *marching.* The only taunt thus far came the day before, when a white man in a suit shouted, "Get a job!" Sharpton laughed it off. "Five years ago," he says, "I would have yelled back." Now he turns the other cheek, Martin-like. He tells the marchers, who number an even dozen, "We must learn discipline. If people say things that are ugly—you can't respond to their ugliness. Rage is not a political statement."

In addition to Darrell Davis and several aides—including C. Vernon Mason, the disbarred lawyer who works with Sharpton—there is a street vendor from Harlem who spent seventeen years in prison, a precise mortician from Brooklyn who wears a starched white shirt every day, a retired lady from the state Education Department, a storefront preacher, and Pat, the girl who fusses with her hair even

Jesse Jackson, self-appointed prince of the Struggle, is h

more than Sharpton does with his.

The group is not so much a march anymore but a kind of modern version of a medieval pilgrimage, with a spiritual leader and motley followers, all headed for the holy land—in this case, Albany. They are not the stuff of which movements are made. But no one knows better than the Reverend Al that the original disciples were not exactly fraternity material.

Sharpton had returned to New York on Friday night to preach in Harlem and raise money for the march. "My daughter said to me, 'How is your march going, Daddy?' I said, 'Fine, baby.' She said, 'Will you be marching next week, too, Daddy?' I said yes, and she said, 'Well, could I have my allowance now, then?' " His chest shakes with laughter.

We stop for a morning break at a Burger King, close by a cemetery where black Civil War veterans are buried. (Some local developers want to build a mall and move the graves.) Across the street is a Denny's, and Darrell Davis—worried about funds for the march—murmurs that perhaps Denny's would have given them a free meal, out of a sense of guilt.

Al's diet: a Styrofoam cup of coffee, Sweet 'n Low, and two pintlets of half-and-half. Except for me, there are no reporters around. Sharpton is in a bubble of New York–market invisibility. The local papers cover each stop, but the New York tabloids, his usual chorus, are absent. A new equation applies: The more buttoned-up and respectable he becomes, the less newsworthy he is.

At that hour, the only people in the Burger King are a perky, bottle-blonde young mother in a purple ski jacket and her two towheaded children. Al the campaigner ambles over to says hello. She is wary at first but soon warms up. Sharpton tells her why he's marching, then tousles the hair of one child. The other begins to cry. Sharpton looks concerned and calls out, "I just told him about Pataki's budget cuts." Even the young mother laughs.

Sharpton wants whites to see him in the flesh. On television, the only place most whites have glimpsed him, Sharpton has a fierce, predatory quality, like a cartoon villain, but in person, he is far softer and more amiable. His agenda with whites is broader than simply making friends—about which he has few illusions ("I know some of those folks will never be my fans"). He sees the harshness of the Contract With America as having a kind of trickle-up affect, hurting poor blacks first but then bruising working-class whites, tipping them into poverty. Then, he suggests, there will be a community of interest based not on race but on class, and a chance for the kind of fusion that never existed even in the sixties. This was King's final dream as well in the Poor People's Campaign, which he started in 1968 after the Montgomery boycott. In Yonkers, Sharpton was stunned and delighted when a group of white teamsters invited him in for coffee.

After roughly ten miles, the marchers are met by the Reverend Frederick Johnson, the pastor of St. Paul's Episcopal Church in Spring Valley. St. Paul's is an ecclesiastical oxymoron: a down-at-the-heels Episcopal church. That night, as the marchers file in, lugubrious organ music fills the small, dark room. About 50 white people are inside. Reverend Johnson, folksy and yet severe like a fifties TV dad, introduces Sharpton, saying he is a champion of the least among us. "By my reckoning," Johnson says in his dry voice, "the poor are mentioned 129 times in the Bible; the rich, 89 times—and mainly to chastise them for beating up on the poor."

Sharpton picks up on the minister's theme in his own speech. "There is a mean-spiritedness in the land," he says. "If the poor can be scapegoated today, who can be tomorrow?

"It's as though it's somehow criminal to be unfortunate. Over 60 percent of the children who are classified as poor in this country are the children of people who work every day. The poor are not responsible for the deficit in this country. A welfare mother getting $400 a month is not bankrupting this country."

Now comes the reverend's down-home liberation theology. "This is a battle for the soul of this country. A battle between the Christian right and the right Christians. The Christian right says cut the poor. The right Christians say feed the poor. The right Christians need to take on the Christian right. Jesus never told you to cut the poor. If Jesus were here, he wouldn't be talking about welfare queens. Jesus told the rich man to sell all he had to give to the poor. I don't know what Bible the Christian right is reading, but it's not the same as mine." He speaks lustily, as if before a congregation of thousands, and he receives a standing ovation when he is done.

PEEKSKILL IS ON the map of black consciousness not just because it is Governor Pataki's hometown but because of a riot that followed a 1949 concert given there by Paul Robeson. It is also the hometown of the march organizer, Darrell Davis, and on Saturday morning, he has swelled the group of twelve stalwarts with about 75 other marchers who will walk to the entrance of the Pataki family farm.

I walk with one of the twelve regulars, whose name is also Al. He is a spindly man with an unkempt beard who manages some public housing in White Plains. "I'm a Crowleyite," he says, "a follower of the Golden Dawn." Aleister Crowley was a turn-of-the-century practitioner of black magic who became the dark godfather of hippiedom—a curious hero.

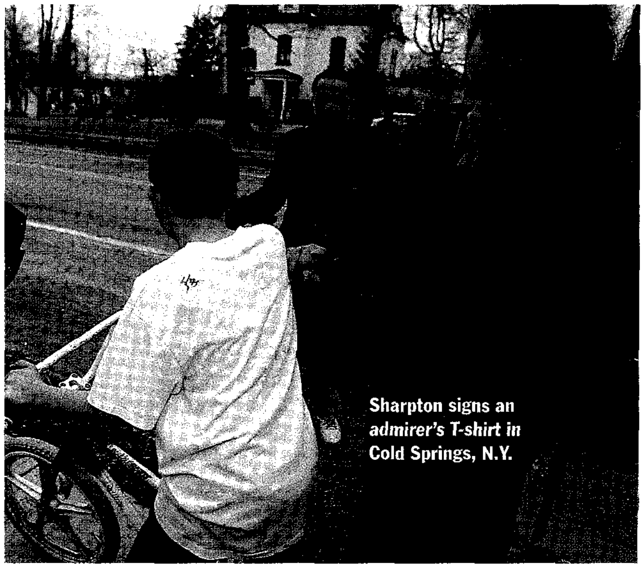
At the dirt-path entrance to Pataki's farm, Sharpton barrels over to two clean-cut, stony-faced police detectives, one white, one black. "Is the governor home?" Sharpton asks softly, as though he had been invited to tea.

"No one is home," the white officer says.

Sharpton: "Oh, you're wasting the state's money guarding an empty farm?" The crowd laughs.

Sharpton's style is readily deconstructed when you know his mentors and models: Adam Clayton Powell Jr. (the rhetoric), Don King (the publicity), and James Brown (the hair). Like those men (but unlike the men of the King generation), he has never been insecure around whites; it's the black bourgeoisie who worry him. The reverend has realized that, in the language of the civil-rights struggle, he must be both a tree-shaker and a jelly-maker, a critic and a builder.

Sharpton has been encouraging his cadre of twelve to give public testimony. Cynthia, an attractive young woman who lives in Brooklyn and who has been part of the core group from the start, shyly gets up to say that she is marching because her mother's job, which is that of a home-care worker for an elderly patient, will be cut by Pataki's budget. "The sister did good," the reverend says admiringly when she's done.


Sharpton signs an admirer's T-shirt in Cold Springs, N.Y.

Edwin, who spent seventeen years in prison for a gas-station stickup and killing he says he did not commit, speaks next. He appears self-contained and dour, but when he speaks, a gentleness emerges. "The only thing that kept my sanity in prison was study," he says. "I earned a B.A. in business administration. Now, with Pataki's cuts, prisoners won't be able to study beyond the eighth grade.

o give his blessing. But it is Sharpton who resembles King.

That's why I'm marching with Reverend Sharpton."

ON THE LAST WEEKEND OF THE MARCH, Sharpton preaches at the tiny, red-brick AME Zion church on the wrong side of the tracks in the town of Catskill. Early Saturday morning, in the musty basement of the church, the old ladies of the choir fix a breakfast of scrambled eggs, grits, sausage, and biscuits. There's love baked into this food. The ladies bid Sharpton to take some sausage. C. Vernon Mason is loading up his plastic plate and says the reverend doesn't eat pork. Sharpton bellows out, "He'll eat enough for me. In Harlem, we call him Porky!" Mason chuckles.

After breakfast, the twelve marchers and the reverend join hands for a prayer before setting out. Albany is just over the horizon. For the past ten days, they have been marching in a blackout. Here and there, a local newspaper reporter has joined up, but there's nothing like the frenzy of the first day. The Rev tells them that will all soon change. He sounds like he is reassuring himself:

"Now, don't let the cameras drive you crazy. Remember when it was just us on the open road and no reporters. Enjoy it while it lasts. It's easy to get trapped in your own ego. It will be exciting, but that will be it. It's like going to a party. When it's over, it's over. Today's papers are tomorrow's kitty litter."

For the first time, as they prepare to walk through the pleasant hamlet of Coeymans, they have have no police escort. Without the police cars bookending them, the marchers resemble Depression-era drifters on their way to Hooverville. Davis is concerned about the absence of the police. Sharpton overhears this and calls out, "He's worred about the *po*-lice. I tell you, when we start walkin', they'll find us!" The reverend is right. We have been walking for only a few minutes when three police cruisers noiselessly pull up alongside.

The sun is coming out; Sharpton is marching jauntily, and instead of the usual chanting, he begins singing, in his rich, throaty baritone, an old spiritual with some new lyrics: "Well, I promised the Lord I would hold on, hold on, hold on. I promised the Lord I would hold on till he met me in Albany."

On the march's penultimate leg, an eight-mile walk from the Riverview Baptist Church in Coeymans to the Wall Temple AME Zion Church, which is only a mile from the capital, Jesse Jackson descends on the march like a 747 landing at a backwoods airport. His presence shatters the intimate connection forged over the past week between the reverend and his followers. Sharpton appears a bit cowed; he seems to envy Jackson's polish. The night before, at the church in Coeymans, Sharpton had introduced Jackson and Jackson had proceeded to give one of his hoarse-throated, forehead-mopping, not-altogether-coherent stem-winders that lasted three times as long as the reverend's homily.

At 11 A.M. the next morning, an hour after the day's march is scheduled to begin, Sharpton and Jackson sit in the latter's black, shaded-glass car while Jackson talks on his cellular phone. Sharpton has been relatively punctual until now, but as soon as Jackson arrives, all events happen on Jesse-time: 60 minutes late for everything.

The proximity to Albany, Jackson's presence, and the participation of some white local marchers bring out the local TV and print reporters. There is even a Frenchwoman dressed all in black who dashes back and forth in suede mules filming the march with a 16-mm. movie camera "*pour le* documentary." Jackson's aide unravels a worn four-by-eight-foot banner that says REBUILD AMERICA, THE RAINBOW COALITION. The twelve stalwarts wonder why they are suddenly marching under Jackson's flag. As the day's march gets under way, Jackson pulls two young white women—public-sector workers who have come out for the day—to stand at the front with himself and Sharpton and hold the banner. Last night, Jackson had complained that the media blackens the face of poverty in America, even though most of the people on welfare are white. The bewildered white women are thrust into a symbolic prominence the marchers had been wishing for themselves. The remaining twelve, especially the women, are miffed.

It is a three-hour trek, and about a mile from the Albany city limits, several Lincoln Town Cars pull up and men in suits doff their black shoes for Nikes and join the marchers. They are local politicians. One of them, State Senator Al Waldron, knocks into one of the older women marchers in his rush to talk to a female TV reporter who recognizes him.

Just as Jackson and Sharpton reach the sign that says ALBANY CITY LIMITS—and a phalanx of camera crews begin shooting—Jackson begins lustily singing the spiritual "Lord We Made It." From the back, one of the orginal marchers mutters, "Lord, he just made it to the TV cameras."

The march seems to be coming apart. The marchers think Jackson has hijacked their protest, performing the moral equivalent of Rosie Ruiz, the runner who appeared to have won the Boston Marathon until it was discovered that she had ridden the subway for part of the race. The marchers are getting their first lesson in political power. To paraphrase T. S. Eliot's dictum about poets, good leaders borrow; great leaders steal.

At Wall Temple Zion Church the final night, Sharpton seems subdued and speaks only to introduce Jackson. Jackson once again goes full-bore, speaking for an hour. He becomes an auctioneer, raising money from the audience ("Who can give me $50, $50?"). Finally, unwilling to give up the microphone, he begins to sing "We Shall Overcome" as the folks are leaving.

THE FIRST DAY OF SPRING IS the last day of the march, and is washed by a cold rain. They are due to leave the church at ten, but about 500 people—the ranks swollen by members of Local 420, the city hospital union, bused up from New York, and hundreds of other public employees—are standing in the rain, patiently waiting.

The stalwarts are at the front, but they seem like an afterthought. C. Vernon Mason has them walking out ahead, but he leaves about twenty yards between them and the Al-and-Jesse show. As a result, the horde of press perches between the two groups. A half-dozen female TV reporters backpedaling furiously in their high heels separate the marchers from the big shots.

The march winds its way for a mile through the quaintly seedy back streets of the capital. The marchers today must negotiate one hurdle they have not encountered before: horse shit. Five mounted policemen are at the front, and the center horse seems to be showing her disdain by fertilizing the road.

There is no wind, and the rain is coming straight down on the crowd marshaled at the base of the Capitol building. The twelve regulars are relegated to a corner of the steps. Edwin spies his mother in the crowd and goes over and kisses her on the forehead. She is looking after Edwin's son, born two and a half years ago and named for the man he says helped him get through his seventeen years inside. Edwin plunks Nelson Mandela Terrill on his shoulders to get a better look at Reverend Al Sharpton.

At the top of the stairs, the reverend loses his cool with a local TV reporter. The night before, another TV person suggested that Sharpton had been living it up in hotels and didn't walk the full way to Albany. "You think Martin Luther King didn't stay in hotels when he was marching?" Sharpton says. Indeed, on the Selma-to-Mongomery march, King had his own mobile home and seemed more concerned about blistered feet than about another governor named George—Wallace, of Alabama.

When it comes time for Sharpton to speak, he gives a shorter, punchier version of his stump speech. "Thirty years ago some marchers left Selma, Alabama, for Montgomery" is how he begins. But the reporters are less interested in Al's speech than in Capitol politics. They cluster around him, thrusting their microcassette recorders forward like a challenge, eager to know whether he would meet with the governor (he would). Sharpton looks at them as though they'll never get it. "If I did all this just to meet the governor," he says, "I could have taken the plane and gotten here a whole lot faster." ■

To misquote Eliot: Good leaders borrow; great leaders ste

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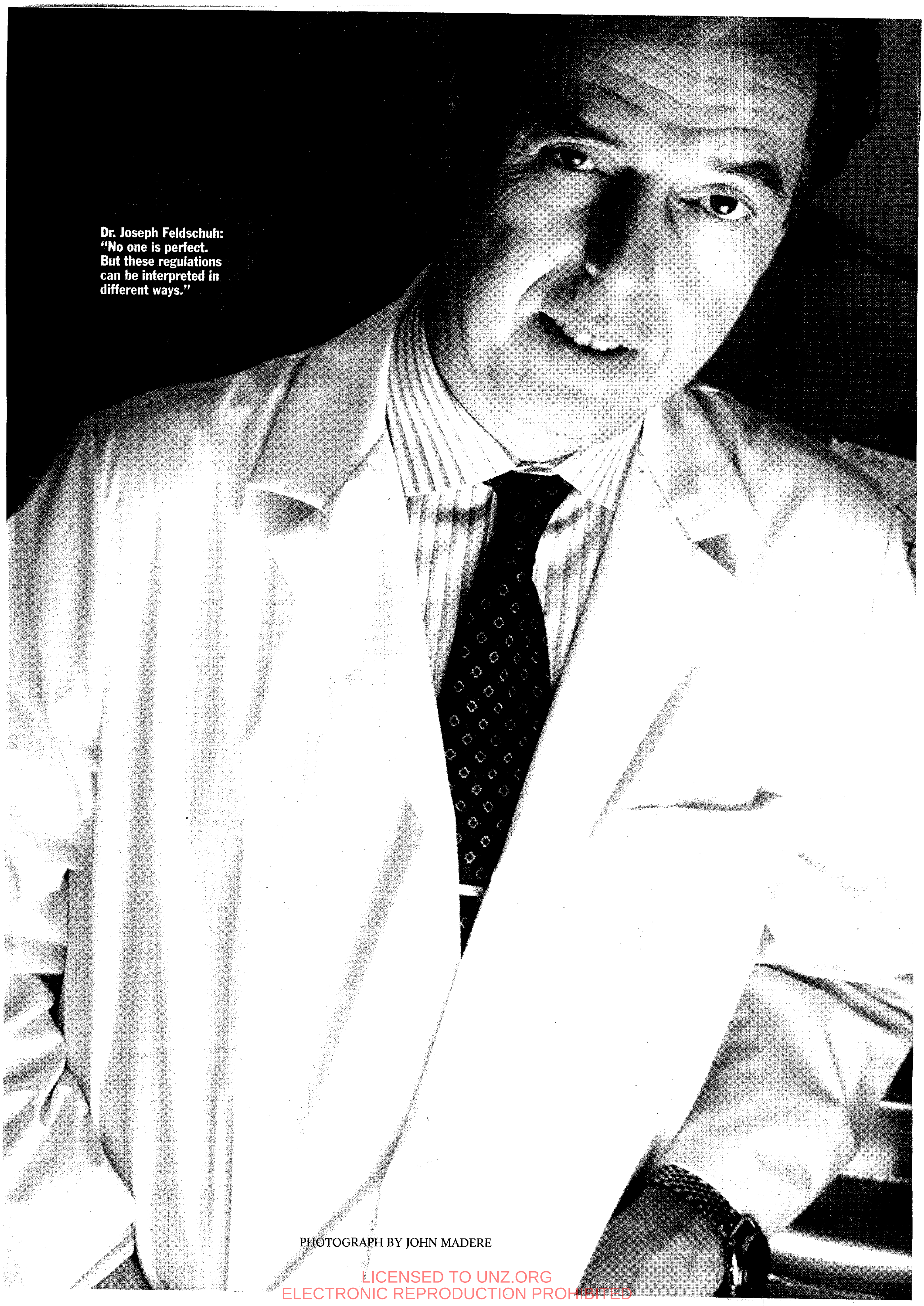
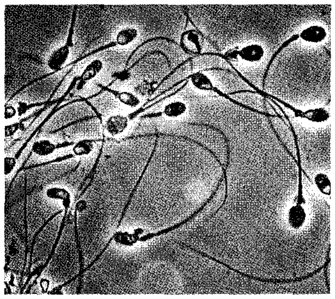
Illustration by Barbara Maslen



Dr. Joseph Feldschuh:
"No one is perfect.
But these regulations
can be interpreted in
different ways."

PHOTOGRAPH BY JOHN MADERE

JOSEPH FELDSCHUH, M.D., WAS SITTING IN HIS CLUTTERED OFFICE NEAR THE top of the Empire State Building recently, talking about sperm. Down the hall, the door to what he calls the ejaculatorium, a room stocked with the expected magazines, was discreetly closed. Nerdy men hung around the waiting room filling out forms. "I am the most experienced person in the state of New York by far in terms of semen banking," said the doctor, his hands shuffling through papers on his desk.



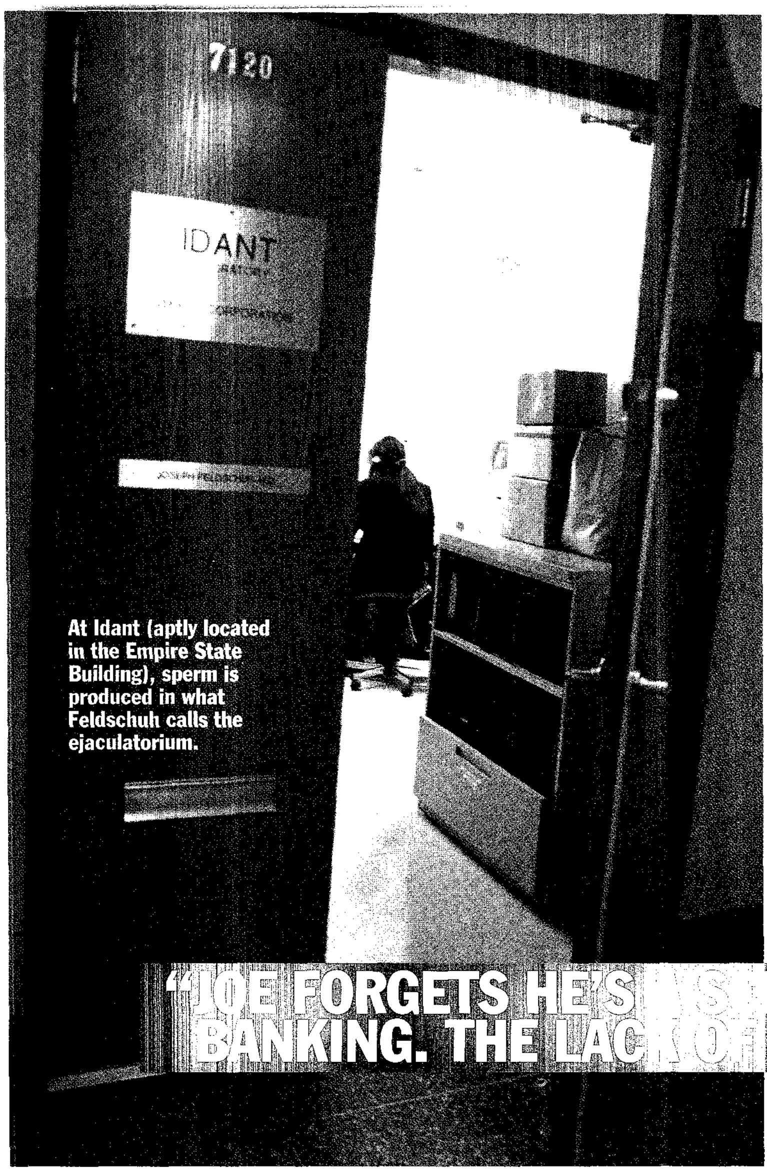
Feldschuh, 59, trained as a doctor at NYU and Bellevue, is the president of Daxor, a publicly traded financial and laboratory company that includes sperm and blood banks and testing laboratories in abortion clinics and elsewhere: a bodily fluids magnate. His sperm bank is the largest one in the state. Feldschuh has been in the sperm business since 1971, and was an early advocate of freezing semen with liquid nitrogen for later use. In 1985, he got in at the beginning of the AIDS-driven private-blood-bank boom and became a vocal critic of the national nonprofit blood-banking system (his father died of liver disease caused by hepatitis he'd contracted in a blood transfusion). He even wrote a book, *Safe Blood,* for Adam Bellow's Free Press imprint at MacMillan, the publisher of such controversial works as *The Bell Curve* and *The Real Anita Hill.* Although Feldschuh is a businessman—his stock in Daxor is worth some $21 million, and the company makes more money from its investment activities than from its blood and sperm operations—he sees himself as having a mission with his sperm and blood banking: "There isn't any doubt that I'm a public servant."

Others, however, call him a public menace. "Honestly, he scares me," says Dr. Jeanne Linden, the director of blood-and-tissue resources for the New York State Department of Health. In the past nine years, Daxor and its sperm-bank subsidiary, Idant, which has provided semen for as many as 300,000 artificial inseminations, have repeatedly been cited by the city and state health departments for violations of the public-health law. Many of the outfits under the Daxor umbrella have been charged by the state or city at one time or another with operating in a manner that threatened public health. "This facility is unique in its attitude, which seems to be 'The rules don't apply to me,' " says Linden.

The Sperm King

Dr. Joseph Feldschuh runs Idant, one of the largest semen-storage facilities in the country. But the state Health Department says its deposits may not be safe

BY AMY CLYDE



At Idant (aptly located in the Empire State Building), sperm is produced in what Feldschuh calls the ejaculatorium.

“JOE FORGETS HE’S A SCIENTIST AND LOOKS AT IT AS
BANKING. THE LACK OF WILLINGNESS TO MEET THEM

Partly because sperm banking has been virtually unregulated, and partly because Feldschuh has been such an effective infighter, constantly firing off countercharges and questioning the wisdom and legality of the regulations themselves, he has managed to operate his business pretty much as he’s pleased. Only a handful of states have laws pertaining specifically to sperm banks, and there is no federal watchdog.

Recently, however, the state Health Department has been looking more closely at the sperm business. And it hasn’t liked what it’s seen at Idant. In 1993, the state inspected the sperm bank and uncovered 517 public-health violations. Among them: Idant had not screened donors adequately for hepatitis, syphilis, gonorrhea, or chlamydia, or quarantined semen for complete HIV testing; Idant had made semen available for insemination from men who had tested positive for hepatitis and chlamydia; Idant had not conducted full physical examinations to search for signs of sexually transmissible diseases; it had not taken complete medical and sexual histories.

In September, the department warned Feldschuh by letter that his activities “demonstrate a total lack of necessary character and competence to ensure that the laboratory, blood bank, and tissue bank are operated in accordance with the law.”

Daxor employees had told state investigators that at Feldschuh’s direction they made false entries on official business records and lied to investigators in sworn statements. The employees also told the state that Daxor workers had logged in tests performed at one of its unlicensed laboratories at an abortion clinic as having been performed at another Daxor lab, one with a license. Feldschuh denies many of these allegations and is currently fighting the state in administrative hearings and State Supreme Court. He’s also suing the city Health Department.

He says that the regulators are incompetent, that they have made up regulations just to catch him, and that many of the rules are unnecessary or unclear. “No one is perfect,” he protests. “But these regulations can be interpreted in different ways.”

Two weeks ago, however, the state Health Department, citing Daxor’s many violations, revoked all of its licenses and permits and also denied its pending applications for licenses and permits.

Feldschuh sees the state’s actions as a witch hunt. Aside from some minor violations that pose no threat to the health of his patients, he says, his operations have upheld the highest levels of care and have served thousands of people without complaint. He says that some insignificant “deficiencies” have been found at Idant but that the state has blown them out of proportion in order to “destroy this facility.”

According to Feldschuh, the New York State regulators who are in charge of blood banks, labs, and tissue banks are pursuing a “personal vendetta” against him because they are sympathetic to the nonprofit blood-banking world, his competitors.

“The real story is of abuse of power by regulators who are above the law,” he says. “They’ve gone after us for any slight deficiency or infraction. But we’re very rigorous here. We want to make sure we have every *i* dotted and *t* crossed. Why bother fighting these people? I think there’s an important principle involved here, and that principle is that no one has a philosophical right to decide that there can’t be private blood banking or sperm banking. No regulator has that right.”

WHEN IDANT OPENED IN 1971, it was one of only two sperm banks in the country. Artificial insemination, which was mentioned as far back as the Talmud, has traditionally been practiced using fresh semen. But in the mid-eighties, doctors realized that AIDS could be transmitted through insemination, so frozen semen, which can be stored indefinitely and so can be subjected to more-thorough tests, became crucial. More or less simultaneously, couples with fertility problems and women who wanted a child but didn’t have—or even want—an in-house male began to evaluate their options. The semen-storage business flourished.

Now it provides a lucrative sideline for college boys. Sperm banks advertise in papers like the *Columbia Daily Spectator* and the *Washington Square News,* paying donors up to $75 per ejaculation. The semen is tested, frozen in liquid nitrogen, and listed in Idant’s catalogue with evocative descriptions of the donors: “Brown eyes; wavy brown hair; 6'0"; 150 lbs; Greek ethnic origin; medium complexion; medium build; 16 years of education; Major: literature/art history; Interests/Talents: carpentry, hiking, flute.” When a match is made, the semen is delivered in a large metal shipping container, which looks like an old-fashioned milk urn. The charge for a vial ranges from $80 to $190.

Idant is a full-service bank. It stores semen for men who are about to undergo chemotherapy or radiation treatment, which might leave them sterile. It provides semen from anonymous donors to infertile men and their wives, to single women, to lesbian couples. It inseminates surrogate mothers for couples who have hired them to carry their children. Just last Christmas, when a security guard and Bible-school teacher named Anthony Baez died while in police custody in the Bronx, his wife had his semen removed from his corpse and stored at Idant. The company also conducts a brisk mail-order business. Semen storage can cost up to $2,000 a year,

Photograph by Philip Greenberg.

which is high by industry standards.

The American Association of Tissue Banks, the Centers for Disease Control, the American College of Obstetricians and Gynecologists, and the American Society for Reproductive Medicine have set voluntary standards for sperm banks. These include screening donors for hepatitis, chlamydia, gonorrhea, and syphilis, and using only frozen semen that has been checked twice for HIV, at the beginning and end of a six-month "quarantine" period.

When Idant was cited by the State Health Department in 1993, all the men who hadn't been screened were "directed donors," men who had hired women to be surrogate mothers to their children. The regulators say that surrogate mothers deserve to be protected from the health risks of insemination by a stranger. In the past decade, there have been several cases of AIDS infection through artificial insemination. This month, the *Journal of the American Medical Association* reported seven newly discovered cases.

Feldschuh's view of men who hire surrogates differs sharply from that of state regulators. "They are not 'donors,' " he insists. "We said to the state, 'We feel you ought to consider what this does in terms of constitutional rights. Are you now saying that an individual in New York State needs your permission to have his own child? That he needs to have an AIDS test on an involuntary basis?' These are people having their own children!"

INESS. WE NOW HAVE GUIDELINES FOR SPERM POOR WAY FOR A SCIENTIST TO ADVANCE SCIENCE."

As for the risk of infection to the surrogate mothers, Feldschuh doesn't seem to think that as a purveyor of assisted reproductive technology he has a special responsibility. "There's a risk for every woman in the state who has intercourse!" he exclaims. "The real risk of transmitting AIDS is to the millions of people who have sex in New York State without being tested for AIDS."

Feldschuh is a tall man with a long, somber face and surprising brown hair. He likes to lean over and talk in your face, as if eliminating space between him and his listener will produce a meeting of the minds. He has an answer for everything—as I was researching this piece, he sent over several voluminous point-by-point refutations of the state's positions. He loves to argue, and he seems to believe that he's somehow above the law.

At one point, I asked him why his semen-analysis employees weren't certified in the past.

"The people who worked here were receiving training from me," said Feldschuh. "The certificates were irrelevant. To say these employees needed certificates of qualification is a joke."

When I called to ask what he was going to do now that the state had revoked his licenses, he exclaimed, "They have *not* revoked our licenses!" and vowed to keep his doors open.

Even his own employees tell of a boss who can be cavalier about issues of safety. Xavier Sanchez, who has run the sperm bank since 1993, once described a battle he and Feldschuh had over an aspiring donor who had tested positive for hepatitis. Feldschuh wanted to give the guy another chance, another blood test. The second blood test came back negative. "I thought it was too fishy, too dangerous, but he wanted to let the man be a donor," said Sanchez. "I won, but only after a screaming fight with Dr. Feldschuh that went on for days."

When Albert Anouna, the treasurer of the American Association of Tissue Banks, learned of this piece, he said, "Idant! Are they still in business? Well, that's a time bomb. Joe forgets he's a scientist and looks at it as a business. We now have guidelines for sperm banking. The lack of willingness to meet those standards is a poor way for a scientist to advance science." The AATB has not accredited Idant.

IN 1983, GREG POLLINGER THOUGHT HE WAS buying a chance to have a child. His first wife, who had two kids from a previous marriage, said she didn't want more children. So he agreed to have a vasectomy. But just in case, he decided to store some of his semen at Idant Laboratory. Idant technicians tested his sperm and told him it was healthy. Sperm tends to diminish in fertility somewhat when it is stored, frozen in liquid nitrogen. But the employees told Greg to expect that if and when he retrieved his semen, the sperm would have enough motility to get the job done. Confident, he spent thousands of dollars to keep his semen at Idant.

Ten years later, Greg, with a new marriage and a fervent desire to become a father, sent for the semen. But when the obstetrician-gynecologist who was to inseminate his wife, Karen, looked at it under a microscope, the doctor said the specimen looked meager. Another doctor, Ira Berliner, had a look at another sample. "There wasn't any movement," says Berliner. "It was dead, dead, dead."

Berliner had Idant send a specimen to the laboratory at Beth Israel Hospital, which examined it and agreed that it was for all intents and purposes extinct. "It was like going to your savings account and finding that someone's taken all the money," says Greg. "I'm like, 'What the hell is going on?' "

This was not the first time that Berliner had noted the poor quality of the semen that emerged from the Idant storage facility. He says he stopped requesting anonymous Idant specimens years ago, because the count and motility were often disappointing.

Other of Feldschuh's peers in the scientific community also see patterns that suggest Pollinger's experience was not anomalous. Not long ago, Dr. William Baird, a member of the task force on standards for tissue banks of the American Association of Tissue Banks, who runs an in vitro–fertilization program in Columbus, Ohio, did a blind test of semen samples from five different laboratories, including Idant, in order to figure out which laboratories provided the most vital sperm. "Idant's specimens were significantly poorer than the others," says Baird. "I would never voluntarily use Idant."

Feldschuh calls Baird's comments inaccurate and "outrageous." Feldschuh says he believes it is possible that the specimens were mishandled by Karen's two doctors and the Beth Israel laboratory. "Occasionally, we do find specimens that, for reasons that are not clear, do not freeze," says Feldschuh. "Why this specimen, if it truly didn't freeze, didn't freeze well, I don't know."

He suggested I talk to other fertility specialists who would defend him. And indeed, Dr. Ray King, a Knoxville gynecologist, said that his pregnancy rate using Idant sperm is "superb." And Dr. Jack Shuber, a gynecologist at Mount Sinai Hospital in Ontario, said he has happily employed Idant's samples for seventeen years. (When I asked how many he actually uses, however, he refused to say.)

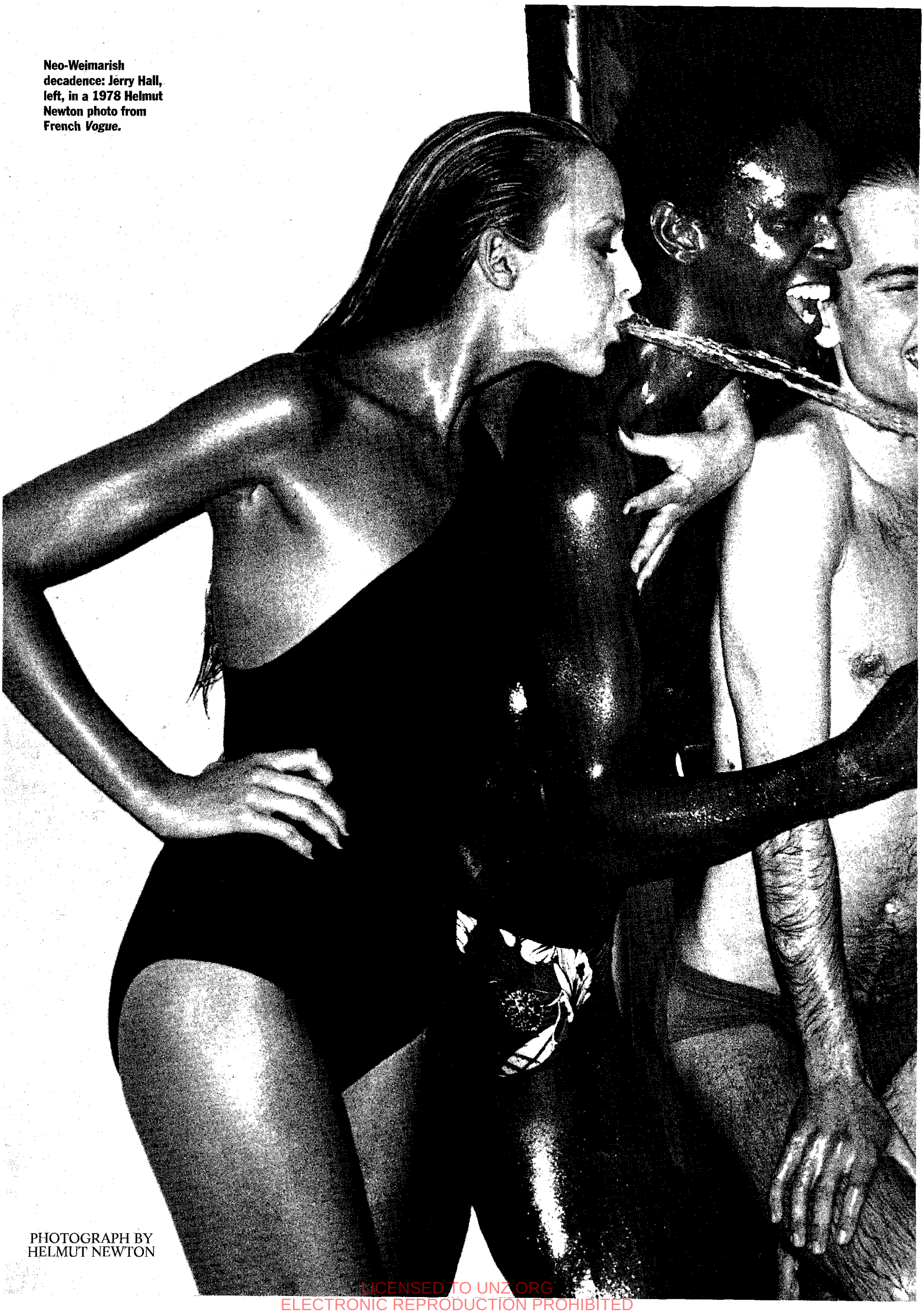
Sperm is stored in tiny vials in a vat of liquid nitrogen.

Feldschuh also has some friends in high places. He's enlisted the help of State Senator Guy Velella, Assemblyman Anthony Seminerio, and a former state assemblyman who is now a Bronx supreme-court judge, George Friedman, to write to the state Health Department on his behalf.

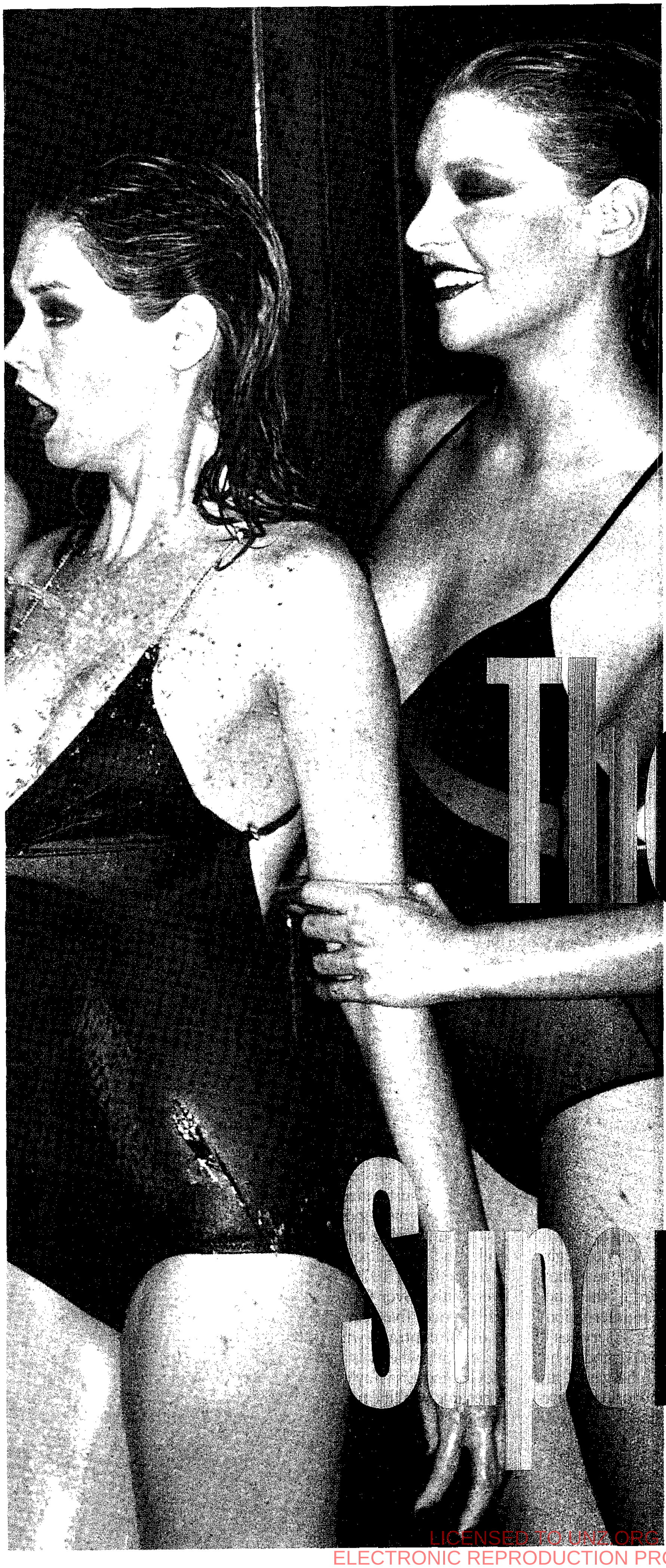
Feldschuh's connection to politics began with former congressman Mario Biaggi, who was convicted of bribery and obstruction of justice in 1987 and extortion in 1988. Feldschuh is proud to have been Biaggi's personal physician for more than twenty years. In 1991, the doctor testified in federal court that Biaggi was too ill to remain in prison, and he got out six years early. Biaggi introduced Feldschuh to Velella. Judge Friedman says Velella and Seminerio encouraged him to take up Feldschuh's cause. "I'm planning to straighten things out for him with the Health Department," says Velella.

Easier said than done. ▬

Neo-Weimarish decadence: Jerry Hall, left, in a 1978 Helmut Newton photo from French *Vogue.*



PHOTOGRAPH BY
HELMUT NEWTON



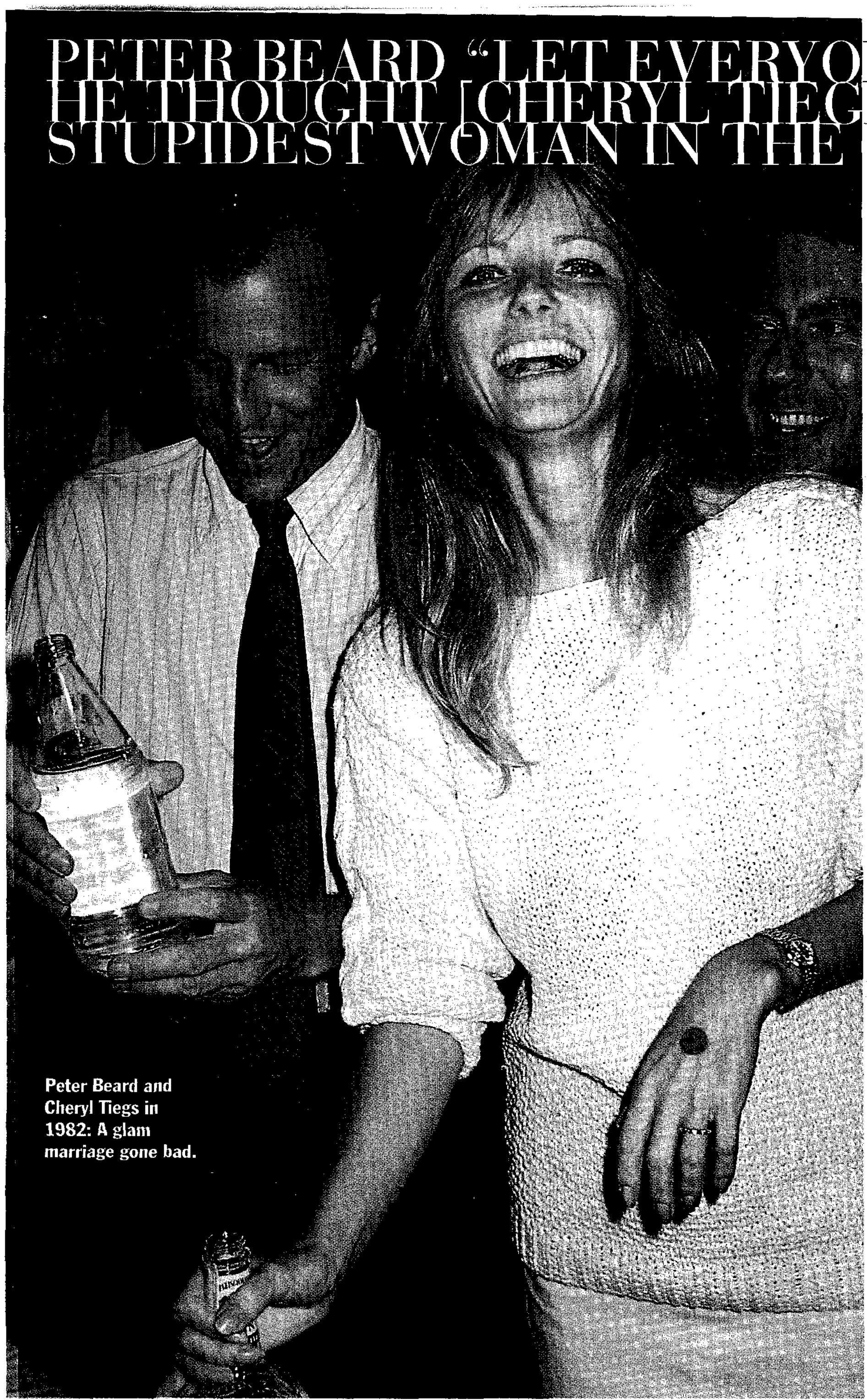
Sygma

Before there was Cindy, there was Cheryl, Patti, Lisa, Christie, Janice, and Esmé. A social history of wild highs and trashy lows in New York's fashion demimonde, 1976–1982

The Dawn Of the Supermodel

By Michael Gross

PETER BEARD “LET EVERYONE KNOW THAT HE THOUGHT [CHERYL TIEGS] WAS THE STUPIDEST WOMAN IN THE WORLD.”



Peter Beard and Cheryl Tiegs in 1982: A glam marriage gone bad.

“ME WITH FOUR MEN?” A WOMAN WHO MODELED WITH THE WILhelmina agency said, effectively summing up the New York fashion scene in 1977. *“Sure.”*

With uncanny synchronicity, Studio 54 opened just a few weeks before the already notorious Paris-based Elite modeling agency hit Manhattan, too. Studio quickly became symbolic of an emerging social ethic of libertinism, its denizens above morals and above those waiting outside. Models were in the vanguard of these new pleasure-seekers, and they worked and played on an international stage. Thanks to extravagant fees being asked for their services by Elite's go-go founder and chairman, John Casablancas, models had been transformed from fully owned and operated charges of maternalistic firms to rootless free agents traveling the world in search of bigger bucks. The late seventies and early eighties marked the beginning of the contemporary supermodel-as-glamour-queen culture. And it wasn't a pretty sight.

Cheryl

IN THE SEVENTIES, NO ONE EARNED MORE THAN Ford's Cheryl Tiegs, whose day rate in 1977 hit an astonishing $2,000. Tiegs symbolized how turbocharged—and sometimes toxic—this newly energized modeling world had become. What set off the Tiegs frenzy, of course, was her January 1978 appearance—in a breast-exposing fishnet bathing suit—in *Sports Illustrated*'s annual swimsuit issue. Today, Tiegs downplays the importance of that image—“It's a sweet little picture; that's it”—but in fact it was a major coup; besides showing off her full breasts, Tiegs for the first time demonstrated the potent mass-marketability of the supermodel.

Two months later, Tiegs made the cover of *Time* (it was her second appearance) and was featured in *Newsweek* the same week. In rapid succession, she posed in a pink bikini on a poster that knocked Farrah Fawcett-Majors off the walls of the rooms of several million adolescent American boys, announced a deal to write a book on beauty, and signed what was reported to be a $2 million contract to appear on ABC.

“My whole world turned upside down, and I certainly noticed the difference,” she says. “Whatever I did was recorded on the cover of the New York *Post*. I wasn't in as much control as I would have liked. I didn't know how to stop it. The media kind of threw me for a loop.”

Tiegs won't talk about what happened next. She responds to questions about the following three years with stony silence. But just as her career hit the stratosphere, her marriage to advertising executive Stan Dragoti fell to earth, and she became the first victim of the new, heightened interest in models. In 1978, the *Post* and the *Daily News* were locked in tabloid combat. Gossip items were part of the ammunition they used in their war, the more scurrilous the better. Tiegs got caught in the crossfire.

That December, Tiegs was spotted necking with tennis player Vitas Gerulaitis at Studio 54. Not long thereafter, she flew to Kenya with photographer Peter Beard to narrate an *American Sportsman* documentary based on Beard's book about African wildlife, *The End of the Game*. Five months later, Dragoti was arrested at the airport in Frankfurt, Germany, with an ounce or so of cocaine wrapped in foil and taped to his back, and 30 grams more of the stuff in his suitcase. In July, after he was fined almost $55,000 and given a suspended sentence of 21 months in jail, Dragoti said he'd started sniffing the stuff after he learned that Beard and Tiegs had begun having an affair in Kenya. “I was very depressed,” he said, “and needed something to take away the pain.”

In the fall of 1979, Tiegs signed the largest cosmetics contract ever, with Cover Girl, which reportedly agreed to pay her $1.5 million over five years. The following summer, she signed another major contract, with Sears, to create her own line of clothing.

Dragoti, who was himself making the scene with models Jan McGill and Lisa Taylor, sued Tiegs for divorce at the end of 1980. It became final the next May, and Tiegs immediately married Beard in Montauk, where they took up residence. In the spring of 1982,

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This article is adapted from Michael Gross's book Model: The Ugly Business of Beautiful Women, *to be published in April by William Morrow.*

Photograph by Oscar Abolafia.

they split up. He went to Kenya. And by the end of 1983, Tiegs was seeing her future third husband, actor Gregory Peck's son Tony, a boy-about-town ten years her junior. (They recently separated.)

What happened with Beard? He can't say. Their 1984 divorce agreement—signed after reports of Tiegs's extramarital affairs, of changed locks, of clothes thrown out windows, and of bitter disputes over Beard's Montauk property—forbids either of them to talk. Ford agency owner Jerry Ford says Beard was the problem. "Peter was a real shit to her," he says. "He let everyone know that he thought she was the stupidest woman in the world."

Others say drugs were the problem. "Cheryl was doing coke before anyone," says a magazine editor who knew her well. "She was heavy on it. At the wedding in Montauk, they handed out silver vials."

Tiegs addresses the subject of the turn of the eighties carefully. The tabloid stories "hurt a lot, because a lot of it was not true," she says. "A lot of it *was* true, but I didn't wish it to be published. Even if it were true, it's none of their business." Was she promiscuous or a coke user? "I wasn't, but to even deny it gives it credibility," she says. "There were times that I stayed up too late, but that was, maybe, the worst of it."

Today, sitting on the back porch of her house overlooking the Pacific in California, she says she has no regrets. "A world opened up [to me] during that period of time," she says. "It was a period of my life when I let go and lived for the moment. If I hadn't, I think, I'd be sorry. It was a big leap in my career, in my life, that I took very quickly, almost too fast, but that's the way it happened."

Wilhelmina

SURVIVING THE RECESSION AT THE START OF THE SEVENTIES, WILHELMINA became the hottest agency in town, working with several agents in each European city, holding its own model conventions, and signing up models like Patti Hansen, a Staten Island teenager who'd been discovered at a hot-dog stand; Shaun Casey (who became an Estée Lauder contract face); Pam Dawber, who went on to television as Mork's Mindy; Juli Foster, who was discovered waitressing; and Gia Carangi, a Philadelphia teenager whose wild ways and sultry looks made her a favorite of photographers like Chris von Wangenheim, who specialized in pictures that captured the madness of the disco era (his photo of Lisa Taylor is on the cover of this issue).

With the money those stars earned—Wilhelmina's grosses were variously estimated at $5 million in 1977 and $11 million in 1978—the agency's founder, the legendary model Wilhelmina (known as Willie), and her husband and partner, Bruce Cooper, bought a two-story Tudor mansion with swimming pool, tennis court, and several outbuildings in Cos Cob, Connecticut.

"They were mature and adult and sophisticated and larger than life," says Kay Mitchell, who started out as the agency's receptionist and rose to head the women's division in 1975. "They were a very, very glamorous couple. Bruce helped Willie see what she could do. She was the voice. He wrote the script."

Despite the pretty façade, Willie's life was in turmoil. "Willie had a problem, the husband," says Dan Deely, who opened Wilhelmina's men's division in 1968. "He drank at lunch and got in the way. He really had nothing to do. She was the presence, and I think that drove him crazy."

Much of Wilhelmina's success was due to an agent named Bill Weinberg, who had worked for the Fords until he was fired in 1970. Weinberg specialized in the kind of subfashion model who brought home the bacon but never saw the cover of *Vogue*. But as his job evolved at Wilhelmina, Weinberg acquired a small share of the agency and took over many of what had been Bruce Cooper's duties. "Bringing me in solved a problem, but it diminished Bruce's role," says Weinberg. "He'd come in, go through the mail, pinch a couple of fannies, make a few jokes, corral a couple of models, go to lunch for a few hours, and come back with a snootful."

Then Willie started disappearing from the agency for days at a time. "She'd been roughed up," Weinberg says. "A couple of times, [Cooper] stood up and raved at Wilhelmina when people were around. When he got that way, there was no cooling him off."

Melissa Cooper, Bruce and Willie's daughter, was 8 years old when the couple's second child, Jason, was born in 1974. "Bruce was with another woman when Jason was born," Melissa says she later learned. When Bruce came back, he gave Willie a black eye. As a result, when the Coopers released a photograph of Willie and her newborn son a few days later, their daughter Melissa says, "they had to airbrush it."

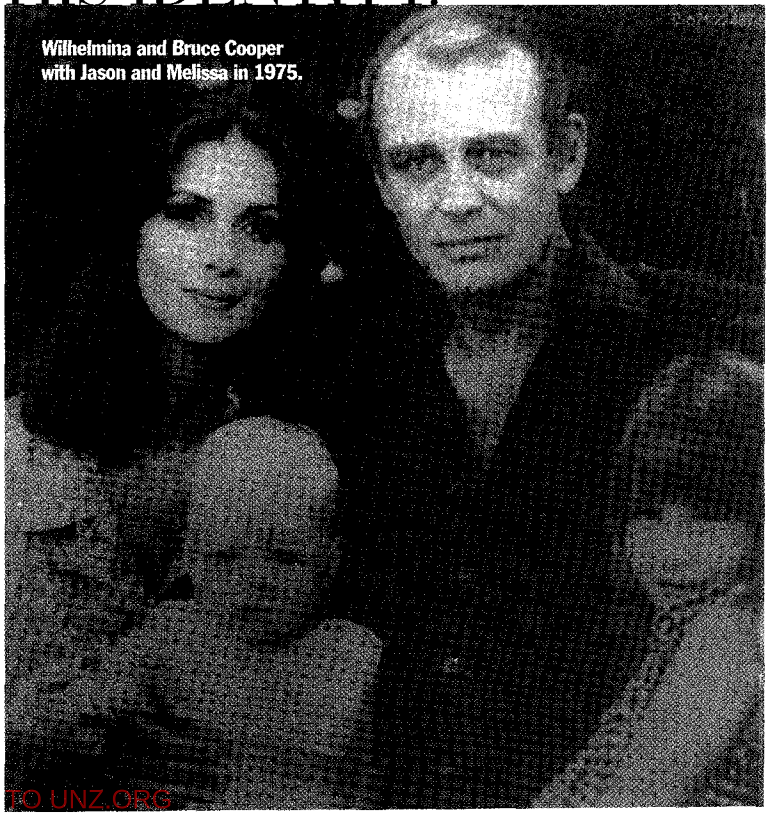
Melissa describes the world her brother, Jason, was born into at Cos Cob as something out of a bad movie. "There were parties every Sunday," she says. "Food, booze, mounds of coke, people wasted all over. I never wanted to do cocaine because I'd seen how people acted. Nobody did anything in moderation. I saw sex in the open all the time, since I was little. It was my house. I always investigated. You couldn't shock me as a child."

Sometimes Jason and Melissa joined in the celebrations. "Jason doesn't remember this, but he got drunk when he was 2 [in 1976] and fell into the pool." Melissa knew to stay away from the substances her parents provided because she'd overdosed on her mother's amphetamines when she was 3, in 1969. "I thought it was candy," she says.

At first, Bruce Cooper's drinking was somewhat controlled. "In 1974, he was a charismatic, charming man," says John Warren, who arrived from Ohio to join the agency as a model that year, becoming Pam Dawber's boyfriend and a friend of the Coopers'. "But he was also a master of self-sabotage. Being in her shadow was more than he could deal with. He hated being Mr. Wilhelmina."

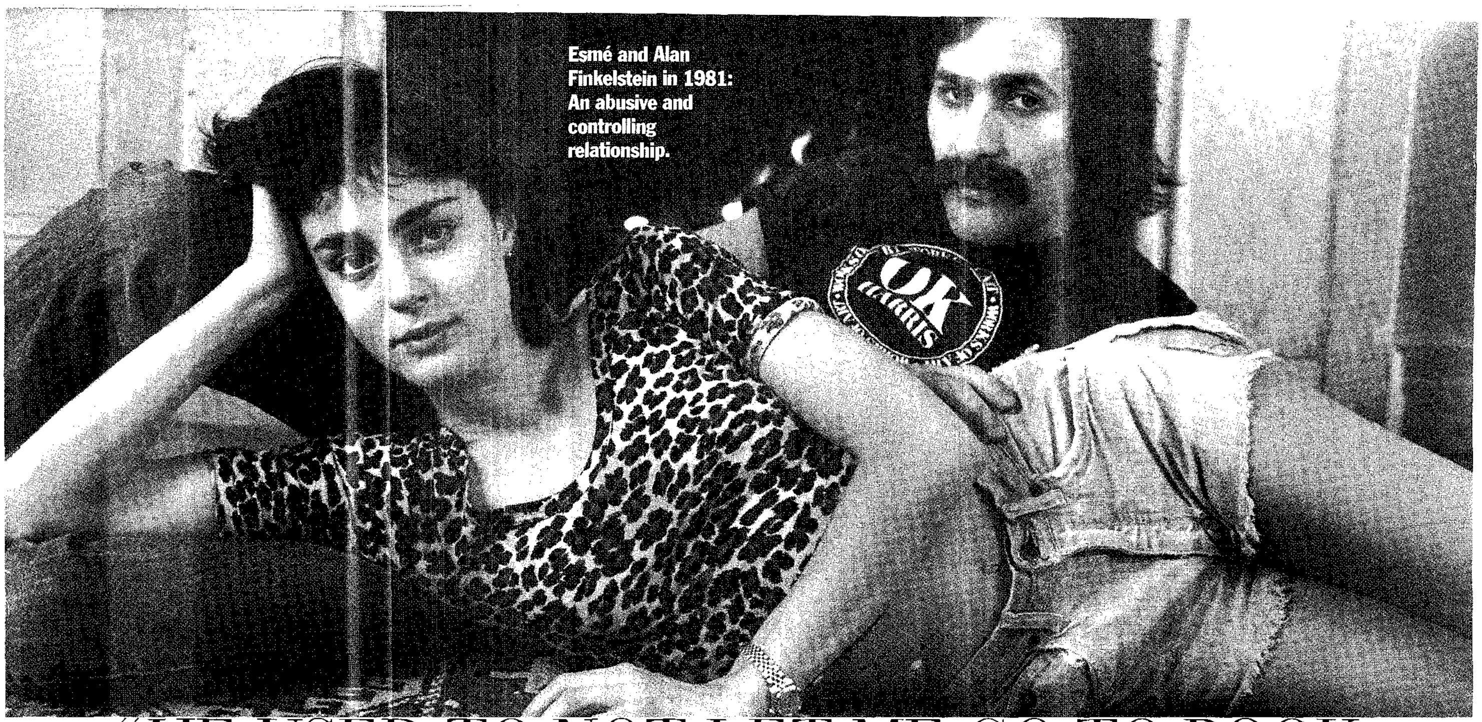
By the late seventies, Melissa and Jason had learned to stay out of their father's way. Sometimes Melissa ran off into the woods. As Cooper's behavior grew more violent, Willie took to locking the children in a wing of the house. "There were bolts on both sides of the doors," says Melissa. "He'd go on six-day binges, get totally looped, and mix up his [current and former] wives and his children. We were all whores [to him]."

> "BRUCE WAS UNGLUED. HIS WIFE HAD CRUSHED HIM, BUT BY DYING [WILHELMINA] WOULD DESTROY HIS IDENTITY."



Wilhelmina and Bruce Cooper with Jason and Melissa in 1975.

Photograph by Gary Bernstein.



Esmé and Alan Finkelstein in 1981: An abusive and controlling relationship.

"HE USED TO NOT LET ME GO TO BOOKINGS," ESME SAID. "IT WAS VERY WEIRD. HE TRIED TO RUN ME OVER ONCE."

But Wilhelmina was a stand-by-your-man woman. When there were disagreements in the agency, she always backed Bruce up. "It made for bad blood," says Wilhelmina agent Dan Deely. "From 1978 to 1980, it escalated and escalated and never really ended."

Finally, Cooper's exploits got to Wilhelmina. They'd met an aspiring model at a convention and Bruce fell head over heels in love with her. "Nobody could understand it," says model John Warren. "He had me meet her. I told him he was putting me in a strange situation." Cooper also brought her to the agency to see the head of new models, Kay Mitchell, who considered herself Bruce's protégée. When she refused to sign the girl up, Cooper went over her head to Weinberg. "I didn't want to accept her, either," Weinberg says. "Bruce got somewhat insistent; but I knew he was having an affair with her, and I felt it would be unhealthy."

Cooper set the girl up in an apartment at 300 East 34th Street, a building full of models. Back in Cos Cob, he announced to Wilhelmina that he was leaving her, packed his car, and drove to New York. "He got to Manhattan and called [the girl] from a phone booth," John Warren recalls. "And she said, 'I can't see you. I'm entertaining.' " Cooper checked into a hotel, thought things through, and "went back to Willie on hands and knees," Warren says. She said she'd take him back if he promised to stop drinking and never see the girl again.

There was one bright spot in Wilhelmina's otherwise dismal existence. She'd formed a bond with one of her neighbors in Connecticut, a tall, striking Dutch-Austrian investment banker named Edward "Edo" Von Saher, who commuted to New York with her.

Von Saher became Willie's adviser and confidant. "She was breaking her butt, keeping things going, keeping the façade up," he says. "As long as she was well, she could deal with it. But then she got a cough, and it wouldn't go away."

For weeks, in the fall of 1979, Willie ignored the signs. After all, she'd been a chain-smoker since she had started modeling. Finally, Von Saher made her see a doctor, who diagnosed pneumonia. The illness seemed to clear up, but then Willie relapsed and had exploratory surgery in January. Only then did her doctors discover she was suffering from inoperable lung cancer.

"Bruce was unglued," says Warren, who was with him that night. "His wife had crushed him, but by dying, she'd destroy his identity." Warren commuted to Cos Cob and took care of Melissa and Jason for the next six weeks. "Bruce wasn't capable," he says. "He'd get drunk and threaten to burn down the house." Finally, Warren took to doubling Cooper's drinks so he would pass out.

Early in February, the agency's lawyer, Charles Haydon, drew up a codicil to Wilhelmina's will. It put two thirds of her shares in Wilhelmina in trust for Jason and Melissa, which ensured that Cooper would not gain control of the agency. Haydon's wife and Von Saher were named trustees for the children.

Willie died in March 1980. She was 40 years old. Cooper didn't learn about the change in his wife's will until after her funeral, when the Cooper family and about two dozen friends went back to Cos Cob. "We were all sitting on a screened porch, and [artist] Jan deRuth took a walk with Bruce," Weinberg says. "When Bruce came back, he was berserk, purple."

"I can't believe she did this," Cooper screamed. "Any of you who knew about this, I'll get you! And if you think I'm going to that memorial service, you're out of your minds!"

In the weeks after Wilhelmina's death, fear gripped her agency. Cooper would arrive at the offices drunk and cursing. "I was glad Willie wasn't around to see it," Wilhelmina executive Fran Rothchild says. "Bruce made a stand to run the company," Deely says. "We prepared for the worst. If Bruce stayed, the company would be down the tubes within months."

In July, after months of acrimony, an agreement was signed. Bruce resigned as an officer and director of Wilhelmina and sold his and his children's shares back to the corporation. Weinberg and Rothchild took over the agency.

Wilhelmina's estate totaled $830,000. Cooper eventually got his hands on most of it. "The trustees at the bank didn't do a damn thing," Von Saher says. "I thought I safeguarded the children's money, but the law, at times, provides ways of piercing a trust."

Cooper remarried in 1984, to a former Revlon executive, Judith Duncanson. Not long afterward, Duncanson ran into Eileen Ford, Willie's agent when she was a model, in a restaurant. "You should have asked me before you married him," the agent said. Duncanson called Warren and asked, "Why didn't you tell me he drinks?" After Bruce beat her with a baseball bat so seriously she was hospitalized, she had him arrested in 1988. He moved out, onto a farm near their home in Cooperstown, New York, where he died from a heart attack in 1989. The family had his remains cremat-

Photograph by Susan Aimee Weinik/People Weekly.

ed, and the ashes were placed in a plastic urn for burial. At the funeral, his daughter, Melissa, kicked it, "for Willie," she says. She also threw a vodka bottle and his favorite glass into his grave.

AS THE BUSINESS AND THE MONEY THAT CAME WITH IT GREW, "A LOT of people wanted the same models and would tolerate anything to get them," says a former model editor. "You couldn't say, 'Your hair's not done? Go home.' You were lucky to get them bathed." It drove some old-timers out of the business. "The last one I remember with any clarity occurred downtown for *Vogue,*" says hairdresser Kenneth Battelle. "All this running into the john! They were so high and it all had to be redone, and I said, 'I'm not going back.' "

One day in the early eighties, a shoot with photographer Neal Barr was stymied by a model who *couldn't* get drugs. "The poor girl was on the phone with her supplier, he wasn't coming through, and she was panicsville," Barr says. "All I needed was one tight close-up, but she kept moving." Barr finally secured her head between two two-by-fours to get his shot. Just as he was ready to shoot, she started crying, destroying two hours of makeup.

Richard Avedon, for one, had no time for this nonsense. When hairdresser Harry King smoked a joint in Avedon's bathroom, he was banished. But for every fashion professional who hated the new drug scene, there were five more indulging in it. "Behavior absolutely changed; shoots became insane," King says. "People were on time, and then they weren't. Girls would show up two, three hours late, or not all. Sometimes they'd be in another country. I remember eight of us in the toilet at Albert Watson's studio, and he thought we were doing hair and makeup."

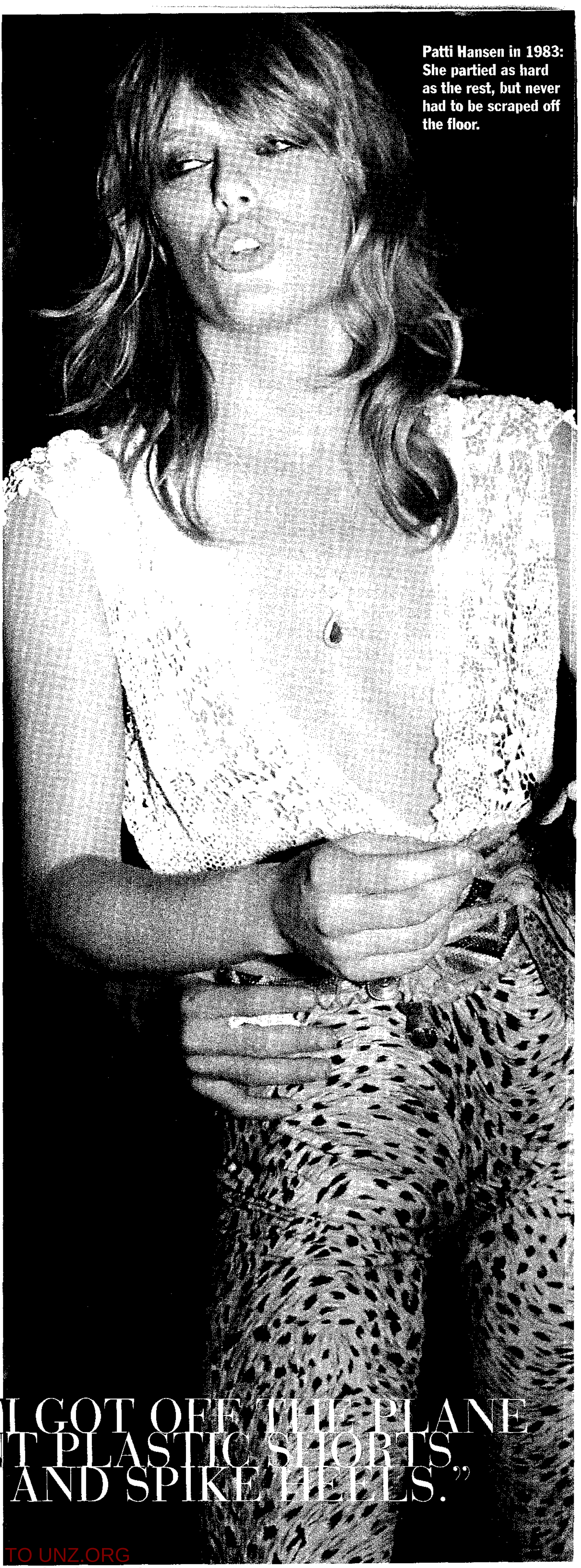
Photographers Barry McKinley and Bill King, Harry King's ex-boyfriend, also liked to party. "Everybody kissed [Bill] King's butt because he had so much business," says Dan Deely, "but he was strung out from the very beginning, short-tempered, moody, volatile, brittle. His was the first studio where I heard about drugs." There was also sex. "Stuff I couldn't even dream up!" says a model who worked with him. "Stuff he wanted hairdressers to do to him, and if they didn't, he wouldn't work with them again!"

Hairdresser Harry King stayed close to Bill King even after their romance ended. And he watched as the photographer's craziness spiraled. Bill King would go to the Anvil [near the West Side docks] and dance on the bar in a leather jacket and boots, and nothing else. He got models—male and female—stoned and then took pictures of them, the nastier the better. He gave one girl quaaludes and then took pictures as his assistant and another man performed oral sex on her. "He was kind, sweet, lovely, and a great photographer," Harry says, "but Bill did too many drugs and got off on people's misfortunes."

New Zealand–born Barry McKinley, who died in 1992, was best known in public as a men's-fashion photographer. In private, Deely says, McKinley was dealing drugs, got arrested several times, and was threatened with deportation. "We wrote letters supporting him," Deely says. "But he'd turn on you in a minute. He was evil, miserable, bitter, and very talented."

McKinley got so wild he even attacked a model. "I had a half-day catalogue job booked with him," says model Rosie Vela. "But when I got there, he told me he was shooting an ad that would run all over the country." Vela told McKinley she'd have to call Eileen Ford and tell her the job had changed. He started screaming. "You whore! You bitch! You want more money?" Vela says she thought McKinley was high on cocaine. "I saw Barry do blow all the time at work," she says.

Vela retreated toward the elevator. "He grabs me just before the door closes and swings me out and starts to slap me and hit me," she says. When she ran from the building, she thinks, the photographer threw rocks at her. Finally, she was rescued by a



Patti Hansen in 1983: She partied as hard as the rest, but never had to be scraped off the floor.

N MEXICO CITY, "PATTI GOT OFF THE PLANE WEARING TRANSPARENT PLASTIC SHORTS, WITH NO UNDERWEAR AND SPIKE HEELS."

Photograph by Corkery/Globe Photos.

THE SACK *ARTISTES*

Models **Christie Brinkley** and **Janice Dickinson** shared fashion's spotlight in the late seventies. And they shared something else: photographer **Mike Reinhardt**. A disco-era *Dangerous Liaisons*.

THEY ARE OLDER NOW. AT 38, MODEL AND PHOTOGRAPHER Janice Dickinson's toughness is no longer tomboyish; she still models but is more often seen in the gossip pages. Fashion photographer Mike Reinhardt is still a youthful 56, but he's gone gray. He worked intermittently throughout the eighties, but is now shooting regularly for *Elle*. Christie Brinkley is no longer a lithe *Sports Illustrated* bathing-suit girl; she is a 40-year-old mother, and earlier this year married Colorado developer Rick Taubman. In the late seventies and early eighties, they were the prettiest of the pretty, the fastest in the fast lane, the white-hot center. . . .

MIKE REINHARDT: The first time I saw Janice was before she went to Paris. I was leaving on a trip, I was preoccupied, and she never let me forget that.

JANICE DICKINSON: Mike was so incredibly rude. He was a total narcissist. He would just stare at himself in the mirror. I remember saying, "Excuse me, I've been sitting here for about ten minutes; will you have a look at my book?" He goes, "Not today," and then he walks away. I was hurt and I thought to myself, What a rude prick. I'll get him someday.

REINHARDT: She couldn't get a photographer to test her, and one night, she was walking in the rain and she met a man who obviously took a fancy to her and gave her a ticket to Paris.

DICKINSON: Isn't that typical—Mike trying to make me look like an old whore. Mike fantasizes that he was the man who gave me the ticket.

REINHARDT: When Janice came back to New York, she came to see me again. She showed me her book. I pointed my camera at her and fell in love.

DICKINSON: I avoided Mike for a couple of bookings. He was after me when I was married, and I don't cheat when I'm married. He used to call me from all parts of the world, and I just said, "Forget it." Finally, he had a French *Vogue* booking for me. I said, "Airplane tickets? What's the money? Okay, I'll take it." So we did a couple French *Vogue* shoots and then we went back to New York, and I guess the relationship began. . . . I was a star. I was booking anywhere that the larger digits came in, and I controlled it, honey, they didn't control me. I brought a lot to everything, and Mike took all my money. I was naïve enough to give it to him. He started smoking a lot of pot, and he started to get nuts because he wasn't the star; I was the star.

REINHARDT: Janice had a boyfriend before me, a French model-humper. She was mad at him because when she left Paris, he had an affair with [her sister] Debbie. We were in Paris and we decided to get this guy. [Janice] called him and said "I'm in Paris and I'm dying for you." We were in town, but she said she was working at the airport, staying at the Sofitel and leaving for Germany the next morning. [She asked if he] would he drive out there with four dozen oysters, some sea urchins, and champagne, because that gets her really horny? She said, "Get a room and I'll be there at six." She called him every half-hour and said the shoot was still going on. Then at midnight she called one last time and said, "You're an asshole. Fuck you!"

DICKINSON: That's not true. That's not true. I'm gonna sue him for that. Did he name names? I'll sue him for that. That's libel against my sister. . . . I left Wilhelmina to go to Ford. I don't remember when. Then [Elite chairman] John [Casablancas] came to me on bended knee and asked me if I wanted to go with Elite. I said, "Yeah, how much? What's in it for me? I'll go with you if you bring Monique Pillard, my Ford booker, and you give me the commission that you get from the client, plus you pay me my percent."

What do you think model agents are? Pimps. [It's a] meat market. But John Casablancas made no money off me. And I was

Janice: She swears that Mike never used her, but admits she gave him all her money.

friend and went home. "And guess what happened?" she asks. "Eileen Ford called and said, 'You left a booking? You're fired.' And she hung up the phone. I called back and spoke to Jerry, and he calmed her down. The next day, Barry sent me flowers, saying he'd love to work with me again."

Everyone was using drugs. "It got to the point where if you wanted to fuck a model, you had to have coke or quaaludes," says photographer Alex Chatelain. "I'd [do] girls at Studio 54. To have a 'lude made it quite easy." One night, P.R. agent Matthew Rich watched a model spy a rolled-up $100 bill between some cushions on a sofa in Studio's celebrities-only basement. "She unrolled it, snorted it, licked it, and then threw it on the ground, having gotten what she wanted," Rich says. "I snapped it up and bought more dust."

The snorting, like the hustling busboys downstairs who serviced the mostly gay Studio in-crowd, was kept an inside secret for many years—even from insiders. *Vogue*'s Polly Mellen saw what was going on in the club's balcony, though. "Two boys going at it, two girls, a girl and a boy. I saw every stage of something going on, and that scared me." It was the same at Halston's house. "*Heavy* drugs," says Mellen. "I came, I saw, I left."

Patti and Shaun

WHEN WILHELMINA'S KAY MITCHELL FIRST MET FRECKLE-FACED 16-year-old Patti Hansen at an agency party in 1973, "she was very shy," the booker says. "You couldn't get her to talk, but there was

Photograph by Rose Hartman.

the only model in his agency that he hadn't slept with. He was sleeping with all of them: twosomes, threesomes. But he had to take my orders, and he had to kiss my ass. I was making a pretty good living. And Mike had nothing to do with this, okay?

REINHARDT: There was no cocaine in the relationship until the very end. We went on a binge for a few months. But that whole last year, 1979, was pretty drug-ridden. We had a breakup in May. She heard from a male model that I'd screwed his girlfriend. I don't really remember. I think it was true. [Janice] flipped out . . . and went off with some model, and I think she stopped taking coke. We reconciled. That Christmas, my best friend the photographer Pierre Houlès, Christie, Janice, and I went to St. Moritz. I had to go to Paris afterwards, and when I got back to New York, [Janice] was gone.

CHRISTIE BRINKLEY: Most of the time that I was friends with Mike, he was going out with Janice. And then they had their meltdown. My marriage broke up around 1980. I got a divorce [from cartoonist Jean Francois Allaux], and I moved to California. No sooner did I get there than I got a job in New York, and I came back [and began a relationship with Pierre Houlès].

DICKINSON: I was young, and I left Mike because he was sleeping with half the models in the head sheet. He was a pig.

BRINKLEY: Unbeknownst to me, Pierre had another girlfriend, Valerie. I was heartbroken.

REINHARDT: Pierre and I became estranged because of Christie. She and I were really good friends. She'd just broken up with Pierre, and she came to my house distraught. Pierre called and said, "Kick her out immediately." I said, "That's ridiculous." I was with my girlfriend Ely at the time, but she'd gone on a trip and Christie and I were alone in the country and I was pissed at Pierre for demanding I throw her out. It just happened and it lasted three weeks. But it felt incestuous. It wasn't right.

BRINKLEY: It wasn't like we ever admitted to being anything more than friends, because that's what we were. But we had a little affair. That was that. And we both realized we'd made a mistake.

REINHARDT: Christie and I are still friends, but Pierre didn't speak to me for two years. I was in Paris, and I ran into Pierre and Patrick Demarchelier. Patrick said, "Don't you think it's enough?" It was Saturday. We decided to have lunch on Monday. But Pierre was found dead on the street on Sunday. He was jogging, and he had an aneurysm.

JOHN CASABLANCAS: This sweet little girl [Brinkley] suddenly starts having marital problems. She gets caught in a love triangle with the two most obnoxious power players in the business. They're best friends, and they're competing with each other, and they're trying to show her how strong they are by bullying the agent: us. . . . It was the most bizarre relationship. They were competing for Christie, speaking bad about each other to her, but at the same time, they were best friends and agreeing on what they had to do with me.

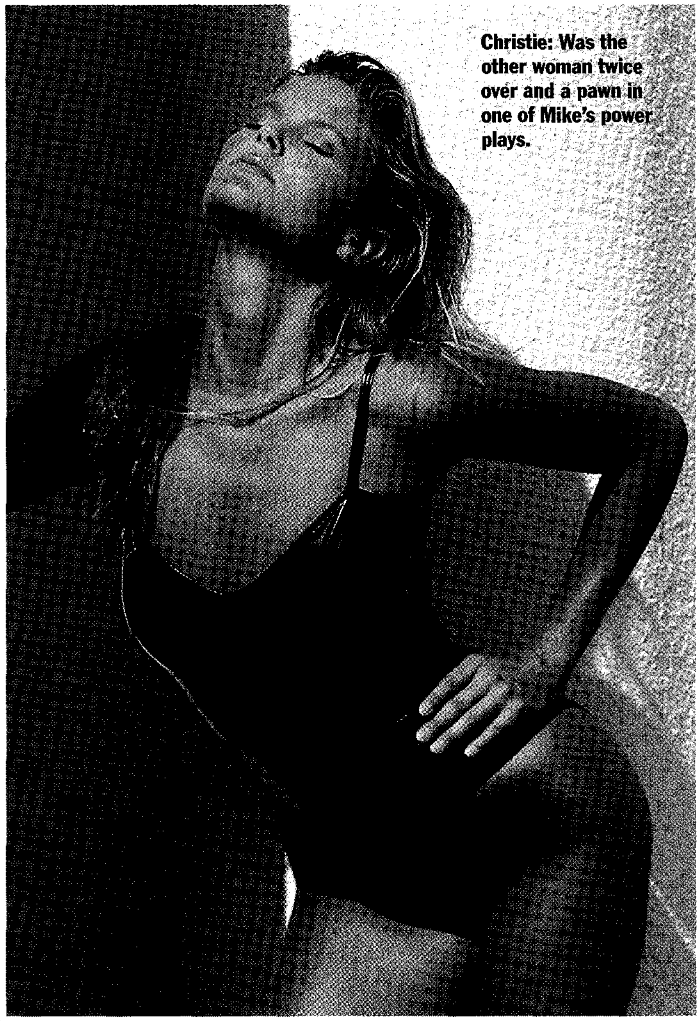
BRINKLEY: John wanted to do posters with his top girls. So he had it set up. Mike Reinhardt was shooting it, and the picture came back, and I didn't like it; but John put the poster out without my approval, and we took him to court. Mike and I sued John Casablancas.

CASABLANCAS: I was in Hamburg on a business trip, and I stayed two and a half hours on the telephone over this, and I came to the point where I couldn't take it anymore. I broke down, and I said to Pierre, "You can take Christie and you can stick her up your ass." It was bizarre. She went from being a loyal, faithful wife to becoming the mistress of two guys that had other girlfriends. This is how crazy she got. She went to Ford [in May 1980] and started going out with Olivier Chandon, and she went from being a model to being a celebrity. . . . Christie will always be a mystery to me because in 30 years, I have never seen such a change in personality. It was a complete flip-flop. She went from the sweetest, not-money-interested, not-VIP-hungry to this . . . I don't think it was only Mike and Pierre.

BRINKLEY: I have never been strung out on drugs. I was aware that I was hanging around a lot of crazy people and a lot of crazy things were going on, but I really have to say that is not my style. I was always aware of not wanting to go to the bathroom. If you went to the bathroom, it looked suspicious.

REINHARDT: Cocaine destroyed Janice. Coke was never my drug, although I was around it and I did it, and once, I got arrested in Milan with a sizable amount for personal consumption in my pocket.

DICKINSON: Let me tell you something, no blonde ever had more fun than me. I am the queen of fun. I had a ball. I was young, I was rich, I was beautiful, I was intelligent. . . . [But] I didn't think a lot in those days. If I had to do it all over again, I would change some things.



Christie: Was the other woman twice over and a pawn in one of Mike's power plays.

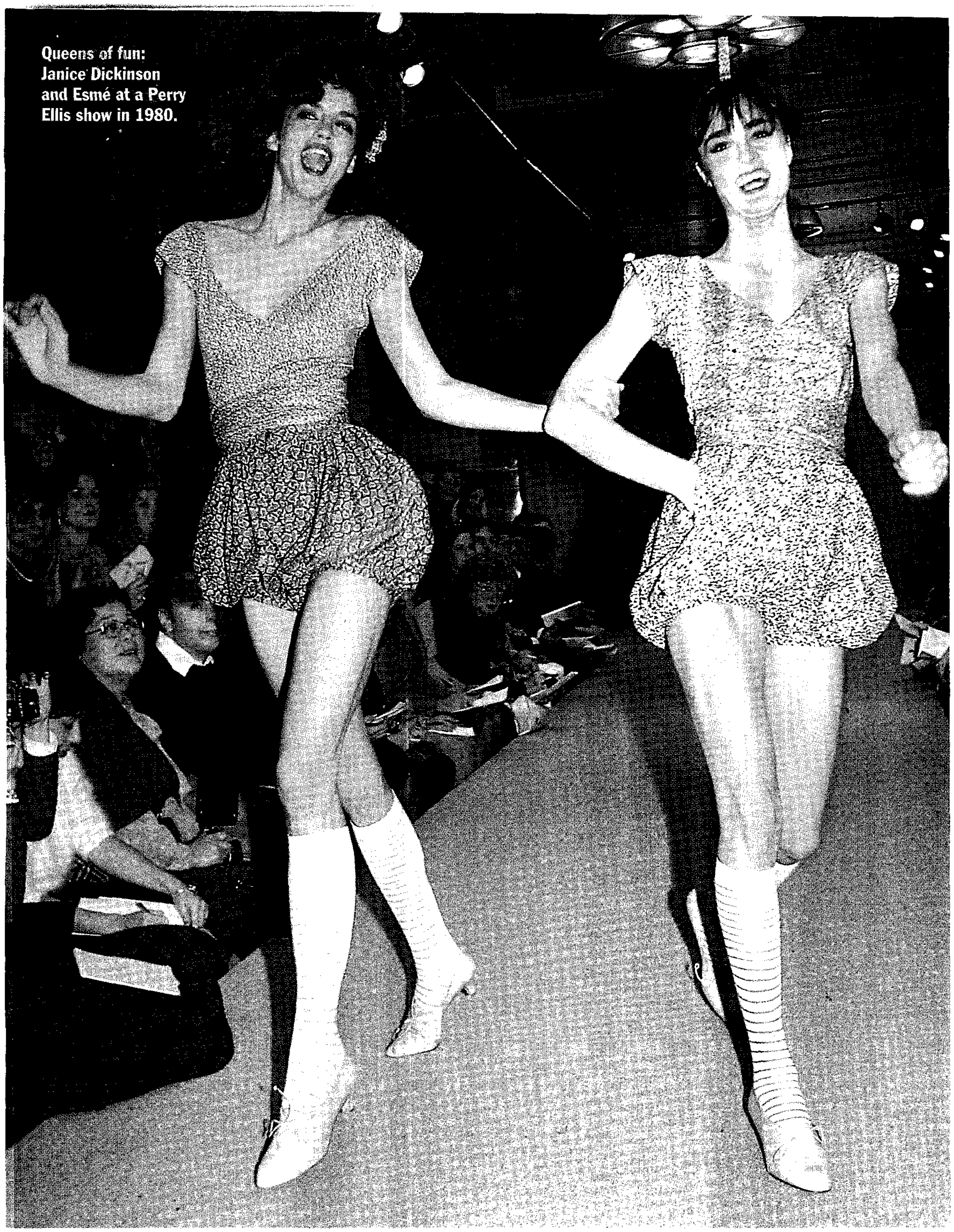
something in her pictures." Mitchell sent her to *Seventeen*, and Hansen spent the next two years "leaping and running and jumping" for the young-women's magazine. Then *Glamour* booked her and gave her a new look. "She was the epitome of the healthy teenager," Mitchell says. "The product people all jumped onboard, and she just took off." Hansen dropped out of school and moved into 300 East 34th Street, the same building in which Bruce Cooper later stashed his girlfriend.

In the summer of 1974, Hansen went to Europe, where she signed with Elite. "She's basically fearless," Mitchell says, "and that part of her personality gave her the impetus to forge ahead. She did intense, strong pictures there, came back to America, we sent them to *Vogue*, and they saw a whole different person."

Hansen's friend Shaun Casey played ingenue parts longer. She lived in New York with her fiancé, real-estate heir Martin Raynes, and caught the last good days of El Morocco and Le Club. It wasn't until 1977 that she went to Paris and grew up. Hairdresser John Sahag bleached her hair and gave her a buzz cut. An agent in Paris named Gérald Marie took one look at her and decided to make her a star. Helmut Newton put her on the cover of French *Vogue*. Six weeks later, she returned to America. "My bookings were off the charts," she says. "I had five a day to choose from."

Casey signed with Estée Lauder and joined the scene at Studio 54. "It was champagne, coke, uppers, downers, poppers, all that," she says. She married Roger Wilson, a New Orleans oil-company heir. Though he liked Studio 54, too, "we didn't dive in

Photograph by Lyn/Globe Photos.



Queens of fun: Janice Dickinson and Esmé at a Perry Ellis show in 1980.

headfirst," Casey says. "I worked every day. I'd do bookings at night. I was into making money and putting it away."

It went on like that until 1983, when Casey's Lauder contract and her marriage both ended. Lauder, which had always stuck with its faces for years, had grown more fickle. It replaced Casey with Willow Bay, who would give way in a few years to the more international Paulina Porizkova. Casey's husband, Roger Wilson, "didn't want to be married," Casey says. "He wanted to be a playboy." Then, that August, Casey's younger sister, Katie, who was also a model, died of a drug overdose. Overwhelmed, Casey drank, stayed out late, and canceled bookings. "I think I canceled 140 [bookings] with Lord & Taylor alone," she says. "I wasn't partying. I was an absolute mess. So I changed my life. I married a guy who didn't drink, moved to Florida, got a contract with Burdines, had a baby, chose my friends wisely, did my work, and went home. If you had money, you could do anything, and if you weren't grounded, you could drown so easily."

Patti Hansen had a wilder reputation. "She didn't really have boyfriends," Kay Mitchell says. "She had hair and makeup guys who liked to hang out and party, and Patti was their star. Gay guys. One of them said to me, 'I'm looking for a man like Hansen.' I said, 'So's everybody.' She was big and strong. A photographer once came on to her, and she flipped him over her shoulder and knocked him out."

Hansen would "pull her shirt off if no one in the agency was paying attention to her," says a Wilhelmina booker. Ever the athlete, on a shoot with photographer Peter Strongwater at Lake Mohonk in upstate New York, "Patti dropped acid and went rowing," Strongwater says. Some time later, she went to Mexico City for a catalogue shoot with Jerry Hall and photographer Guy Le Baube. "We went to the plane with a bus and a mariachi band to welcome Patti and Jerry and Bryan Ferry," Le Baube recalls. "Patti got off the plane wearing transparent plastic shorts with no underwear and spike heels."

Hansen was resilient. "She could drink a bottle of Jack Daniel's and look perfectly normal," says a photographer she got high with. "The key to Patti was her ability to absorb drugs without losing control. What would floor another person wouldn't bother her. She never missed a booking."

Esmé

ESMÉ MARSHALL MAY BE THE only model whose personal problems ever led to the creation of a new agency. The daughter of a former Chanel model, Marshall was a 17-year-old salesgirl in a department store in Cambridge, Massachusetts, when she was discovered by a fashion editor at *Mademoiselle*. Marshall moved to New York and joined Casablancas's Elite. She fit the agency's new image precisely. "The style of girls had changed," says Elite booker Gara Morse. "It went from midwestern blondes to darker girls with crooked teeth. They weren't ordinary. The nuttier the girl, the more John liked it."

The night after her first job, Esmé was at Studio 54, where she met Calvin Klein, who immediately booked her for an ad for his new line of designer blue jeans. The bushy-browed brunette's career was launched. Soon thereafter, she met Alan Finkelstein. The owner of a Madison Avenue boutique called Insport, he was a long-haired New York roué ten years her senior. They soon moved into a Greenwich Village duplex together. By 1980, she was one of modeling's superstars, earning $2,000 a day.

Bernadette Marchiano, the former wife of sportscaster Sal Marchiano, was Esmé's booker at Elite. "Esmé and I became fast friends," she says. But Finkelstein got in the way. "He told me

Photograph by Rose Hartman.

what Esmé should be doing,” Marchiano recalls. “She was a child with no self-esteem, and this guy dazzled her.”

Finkelstein thought Elite had gotten too big, and that John Casablancas wasn’t paying enough attention to Esmé. So he suggested to Bernadette Marchiano that she leave Elite and form a new agency backed by a friend of his who was a record-label owner and producer. It would handle just stars, and the first would be Esmé. Marchiano liked the idea and spoke to a friend who also worked at Elite, Eleanor Stinson, about joining them. In June 1980, they formed their new agency. They called it Fame, Ltd.

“Our approach was to treat models as businesswomen and not as pieces of ass,” Marchiano says. “There were no men in the agency. It was women working for women.”

Almost immediately, it was revealed that the new agency had a silent partner: Ford. Casablancas, unsurprisingly, saw a Ford plot to undermine him. Between them, his former agents Marchiano and Stinson “had every phone number, contact with every girl. It was the scariest moment I ever had,” he says. “So I said to the models, ‘If you stay with this agency, there’s a bonus: [You have to pay me] 1 percent less [commission] every year you stay with us.’ ”

Fame signed a few more good models, but success was short-lived. The first sign of trouble came when Alan Finkelstein called the booking desk, demanding that Marchiano cancel one of Esmé’s bookings. If she didn’t, Finkelstein threatened, he would go to Albert Watson’s studio and drag her out. “Watson stopped the shoot and let her go,” Marchiano remembers. Then Finkelstein called Marchiano back. “I was just playing with you,” he said.

“Fuck you,” Marchiano replied, hanging up. Their relationship went downhill from there. “It was beyond my control,” Esmé said later. “He used to not let me go to bookings. It was very weird. He tried to run me over once. He was jealous of my booker ‘controlling’ me.”

Finally, early in 1981, Finkelstein took Esmé from Fame to Ford. “We stayed around awhile, booking the other models,” Marchiano says. But one morning in May, she arrived to find the locks changed and Fame’s books, records, furniture, and models all moved to Ford. Joey Hunter, who had been installed by Ford Models as the new boss of Fame, told them they’d henceforth be working for the Fords. Two months later, Fame, Ltd., was formally dissolved.

“TWO BOYS GOING AT IT, TWO GIRLS, A GIRL AND A BOY,” SAYS POLLY MELLEN. “I SAW EVERY STAGE OF SOMETHING GOING ON.”

At Ford, Esmé remained erratic. “She was always out, and you’d never know whether she would get to her booking or not,” Hunter later said. Elite was promoting a new model, Julie Wolfe, who was an Esmé look-alike. Chain-smoking Marlboros, Esmé claimed she lost weight because she was hyperactive. “I really don’t care what the fashion industry thinks,” she said.

Janice Dickinson later told *Mademoiselle* that the problem wasn’t drugs. Finkelstein was beating Esmé up. “She was covered in bruises and didn’t want people to see her like that,” Dickinson said. Once, Esmé even showed up at Marchiano’s door bleeding. “She was physically abused and controlled,” Marchiano confirms.

Finally, Esmé said, she manipulated Finkelstein into throwing her out. Even then, he kept victimizing her. “I just signed everything over to him,” Esmé said, including property she’d bought in Colorado. She ended up owing $350,000 in back taxes. Esmé retired from modeling in 1985, married a professional volleyball player, moved to France, had a baby, divorced, and launched a brief comeback in 1990. Friends say she’s since moved to California. Finkelstein lives there, too. He resurfaced in 1992, running a Los Angeles supper club called the Monkey Bar, part-owned by his best friend, Jack Nicholson, and since made famous by Heidi Fleiss.

Lisa

LISA TAYLOR NEVER WANTED TO BE A MODEL. SHE THOUGHT THE JOB was prissy and stupid. But the daughter of a J. P. Stevens executive from Oyster Bay, Long Island, did it anyway, to earn extra money while she studied dance. A friend who was a model brought her to Ford. “It was so easy,” Taylor says. “I walked in and started working.” She got her first cover, *Mademoiselle,* at 19. Three years later, in 1974, she met *Vogue*’s Mellen and became a star.

Eileen Ford introduced Taylor to producer Robert Evans. “He was getting divorced, and he saw someone he wanted to meet, and he asked his friend,” Taylor says. “I know there was something going on with Eileen and Bob and people like him, but I thought I was more special for Bob.”

Unfortunately, Evans was often in California. That left a lot of nights free, and soon Taylor filled them with drinking and drugs. “I didn’t have too much self-esteem,” she says. “I was a prime suspect. I was partying, Studio 54, the whole number.”

Taylor says she began to hate being touched and prodded by stylists and had paranoid visions of being in the center of a crowd of thousands, all trying to take her picture. “When you have a certain number of pictures taken of you, you feel robbed,” she says. “I felt I was giving, giving, giving, and getting nothing back. Drugs made it a lot easier to sit there and look dumb in front of the camera. Modeling isn’t the most inspiring, intellectual thing to do. At the beginning, the money and traveling were fun, but it gets tired very quickly. Me, me, me. I, I, I.”

Unlike some of her peers, Taylor says, she kept her fun and games limited to the evening hours. “I was very professional,” she says. “And the more weight you lose, the more they love you.”

In 1976, Taylor met actor Tommy Lee Jones on the set of a film about a fashion photographer, *The Eyes of Laura Mars.* She abruptly moved to California, informing Ford with a letter. “I wasn’t very communicative in those days,” Taylor says. A few years later, she decided Jones was too possessive and returned to New York. That’s when she started seeing Cheryl Tiegs’s ex, Stan Dragoti. He didn’t make much of an impression, either. “He was the next person for me,” she says. “Someone I dated. It wasn’t a great love affair.”

In 1981, the behavior of models and photographers finally started making the papers. A chastened Taylor began describing her drug problems in often painful detail. “I was finally beginning to see the light,” she says. “I was seeing friends on covers whose eyes were dead on drugs. It was the end of modeling and the beginning of my life.” She moved back to California, joined Al-Anon, and began doing charity work. She married in 1989 and had twins in 1993.

“I had grown up at last,” she says. “Not that it’s their job, but the business, particularly the agents, could have helped more. Someone should have said, ‘Slow down.’ Instead they said, ‘Look at the money.’ You’re innocent and naïve, and they don’t want you to grow up. When I realized my life was more important than money, I left the business.”

Despite the Ford agency’s squeaky-clean image, one rival booker says there were drug problems there too. “Ford is extremely tolerant,” said a friend of Taylor’s. “Nobody ever said to Lisa, ‘You moron.’ Lisa was screaming for help, but people are afraid to speak up because the girl is going to pack up her vouchers and walk.”

Ford wasn’t the only agency seeing no evil. A European model hit New York for a *Vogue* booking, collapsed on the set, and was rushed to a doctor who said she was so stoned, her gag reflex was suppressed. “*Vogue* wasn’t concerned,” Wilhelmina’s Weinberg says. “All they wanted to know was, would she be able to work the next day?” Grace Mirabella, then *Vogue*’s editor, is unapologetic. “You don’t have time to wait,” she says now. “Long stories don’t matter. When push comes to shove, what you care about is whether you have a picture.” ■

Sharp As Ives

The dandy, dark wit of David Ives, Off Broadway's reigning ironist

By Randall Short

SPEAKING WITH DAVID IVES IS A VERTIGINOUS AFFAIR, REMINIScent of taking an advanced course in the history of Western civilization taught by the Marx Brothers. The 44-year-old playwright became well-known on the New York theater scene slightly more than a year ago with the opening of *All in the Timing*, an evening of six one-act comedies on such subjects as Philip Glass purchasing a loaf of bread, an Esperanto-like language Ives invented himself, and the assassination of Leon Trotsky, who utters lines with an ax embedded in his skull. The plays' combination of intellect, wit, and outright farce made them the surprise hit of last season. Last week, Ives's newest play, *Don Juan in Chicago*—which takes the mythological lover from Renaissance Seville to the 1990s Loop—opened at Primary Stages, where *Timing* started out.

A native of Chicago, Ives grew up in the same neighborhood as David Mamet—the working-class white South Side—and came to New York after college; he wrote plays while paying the rent as assistant editor of *Foreign Affairs*. Then came the Yale School of Drama, occasional screenwriting, and, all of a sudden, a certain notoriety for forcing the English language through an increasingly giddy series of hoops. During several recent interviews, Ives held forth on playwriting, life in and out of the theater, and which character on *Gilligan's Island* most thoroughly reflects his personal self-image:

"I HAVE NO DISTINGUISHING CHARACTERISTICS whatsoever as far as I can see. No, that's not true: I have the largest eyebrows this side of the Mississippi. The largest eyebrows since Brezhnev, I think. Just really large. Some people think my work has distinguishing characteristics, but before I speak or write, I have eyebrows. It's a philosophical proposition. Otherwise, I seem to be a fairly drab individual. I like all of Campbell's canned soups equally. Many of them manage to be expressions of a particular style while still having no distinguishing characteristics, just like my work. I have no heavy-duty social persona à la Nicky Silver [*Raised in Captivity*]. I haunt no bars. I envy people of panache. I am a wallflower on a very long stalk. I walk in the snow and leave no footprints. In my life, such as it is, there are no reports of drugs, S&M clubs, or evenings at Esalen to be found in the gossip columns of the lesser newspapers in this town. I adhere to no particular political or religious code. When I go to my local dry cleaner, there is no eight-by-ten glossy behind the counter signed GOOD LUCK! DAVID IVES.

"I don't seem very styleful to myself. If I have a style, I don't plan it. It's not something laid on. It's not something like Mamet, instantly recognizable by the number of profanities in it, or like the Jamesian locutions of Edward Albee. I hate writing the same play twice, and so I don't feel I use a single style for everything. I have an idea of what the structure of the thing's going to be before I sit down, but the individual style for each particular piece comes according to the demands of the material. I think it would be hard for me to recognize my style, and even harder for somebody to parody it. When I reach the point where I'm recognizable, I think I'll retire.

"WHERE I GREW UP, IN SOUTH CHICAGO, ONE COULD NOT—OR WAS not supposed to—do certain things, like be in the house alone with one's girlfriend when one's parents weren't there. This was pretty restrictive, and yet, like all restrictions, it created amazing freedom. I had no sense of the greater world, and although that can be a hindrance later on for getting on in the world, because you have to peel your way out of your own onion, I had no resentment at all about growing up there—it was the whole world to me. I was well into my early twenties before I ever heard the phrase 'trust fund,' and I was enraged when I heard it and found out how trust funds worked. Somebody said, 'Being born rich, you gain 30 years.' That is undoubtedly true in a certain sense, but I think you miss a lot of the detail.

"I wrote my first play when I was twelve for my Boy Scout troop. It was a fifteen-minute adaptation of a 300-page novel, *Mr. Strang*. The book was this ancient kind of thriller from the thirties about this mysterious man who would appear in places and solve crimes. What I didn't understand was that everybody in the play had to get a copy of the script. So I wrote out the script—longhand, of course—learned my lines, and gave it to the next guy, who lost it. It's one of those great lost works. Probably my greatest work. Then I started writing plays just for myself, and when I got to college I had a couple of them done. And I was in them, of course, at Northwestern. That was the first time I'd ever been to the North Side of Chicago—I experienced nirvana by seeing the green lawns of Evanston. I started having plays done there, which my girlfriend directed. That is why one goes into the theater, after all: to get laid. It's the world's most willing dating pool.

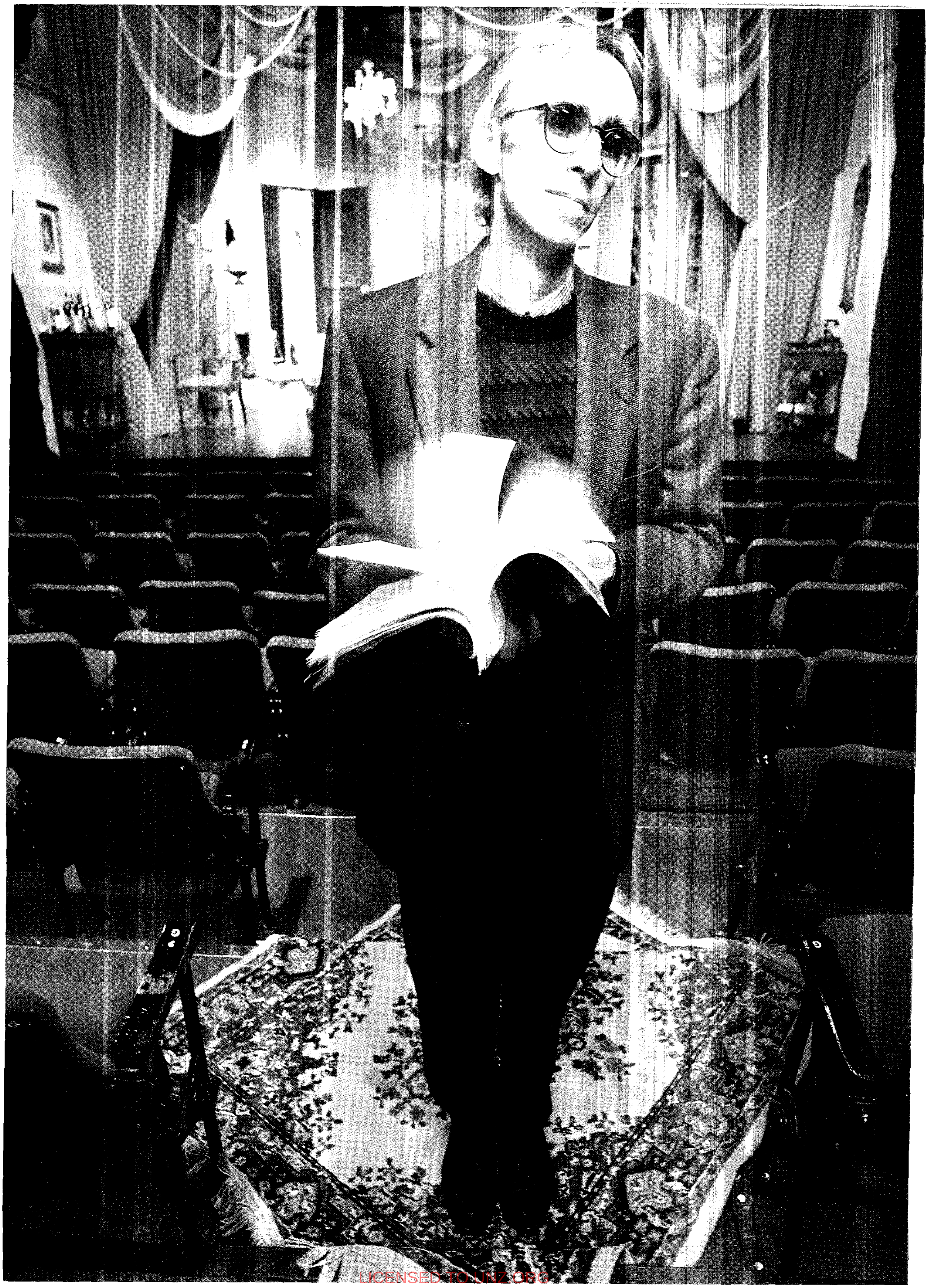
"In 1971, I went to Germany for a year as a teacher at sort of a state school for young chemists who had to learn English, in a town of 125,000 people on the Danube. My course should have been called 'English for People Who Don't Want to Learn It.' These were people who'd been taking English for six or seven years to pass a state test, and I was their last chance. I had a guy who after six years of English used to walk in late every week and say to me, 'Welcome.' I'd say, 'Welcome.' Then I'd say, 'You're late.' He never understood any of that and would simply slink to his seat. I teach graduate playwriting at Columbia now, and it's far more frustrating to teach people who can actually understand you. They seem to understand less. I practically need someone to *sign* for me in class. It's much easier to explain the word *dog* than to explain dramatic structure. Some days I wonder how the students keep their eyes open. Little eyes painted on their eyelids?

"I never went into the theater for success. And I haven't been disappointed. Because you don't get anything in terms of money in the theater, you're free, in a funny way. So it had nothing to do with success; it had to do with happiness.

"There were times when I was at Yale Drama School when I would think to myself, *I can't believe I'm living the life I'm living.* I was so happy, I'd have stayed there forever. It was like being in Disneyland for three years, except there was slush on the ground.

"I got an agent out of Yale. She came in and talked to the playwriting class about how to pitch stories to Hollywood. I pitched one, and she called me up. It was a fairly commercial idea that ended up being a nightmare. Originally, it was a story about a homeless guy on the Upper East Side who has this delusion that he owns everything he sees and fools a big businessman into making him a

PHOTOGRAPH BY FRANK VERONSKY
FOR *NEW YORK*



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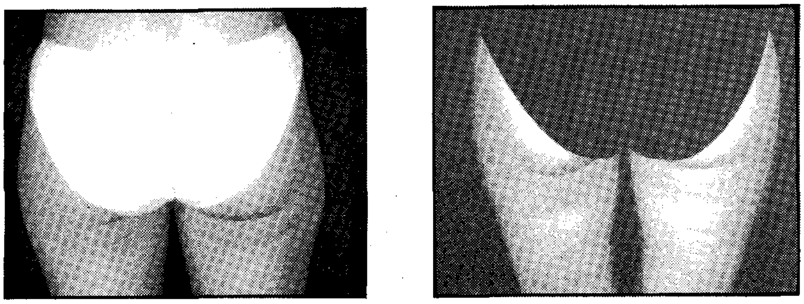

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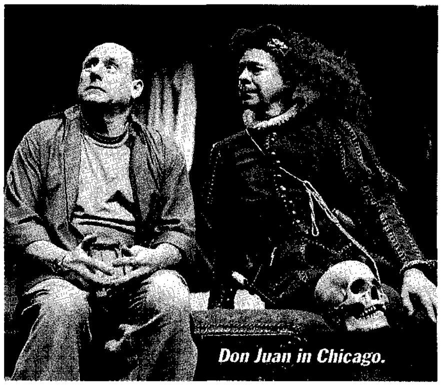
partner. It was a nice little idea, not a bad script; the problem was that the producer who bought it—damn him—bought it because another producer wanted to buy it, so he could get his hands on it and screw this other producer.

"The producer who bought the script decided it should be a buddy movie with Bill Murray and Dan Aykroyd. So I rewrote it as a buddy movie for Bill Murray and Dan Aykroyd. The day I brought in the new first act, he decided the movie should be a dramatic vehicle for Dustin Hoffman. The producer's wife sat in the corner of the room eating a tuna-salad sandwich and giving me story notes. I remember my first draft sitting on the corner of his desk totally unopened—he had not looked at it beyond the title page—and he was telling me, 'Do this for Dusty.'



Don Juan in Chicago.

"EVERY TIME YOU DO A PLAY, IT'S LIKE *Gilligan's Island* all over again. You get stuck on a tropical desert island with a play, with a group of people, and you have to figure out how to get along together. There's the Professor, there's Mrs. Howell, there's the Skipper. I tend to think of myself as Tina Louise. The joy of the theater for me has nothing to do with the audience. I lose interest in a play pretty much when it goes up. My interest in writing for the theater is being in rehearsal and watching it happen. Because you're constantly running up against some new group on the island, and you get to know the visitors, the astronauts, the occasional headhunter.

"The style of my plays is supposed to be highly verbal, but what play isn't? Isn't the point of life conversation? Is there anything as wonderful, except maybe a trip to Italy? I think part of the attraction of the Don Juan myth to me was his verbal seductiveness. Also, I wanted to work in that period, which is to say the period of the first act—the sixteenth century. I feel very at home there. It's right after that that modernism sort of takes over and the regimentation and hyperrationalization of modern life starts to make itself felt. That period produced a large number of my favorite writers, some of whom are sort of obscure now, like Philip Sidney and Thomas Wyatt, Thomas Campion and John Donne. All of whom went into poetry to get laid." ■

Photograph by James Leynse.

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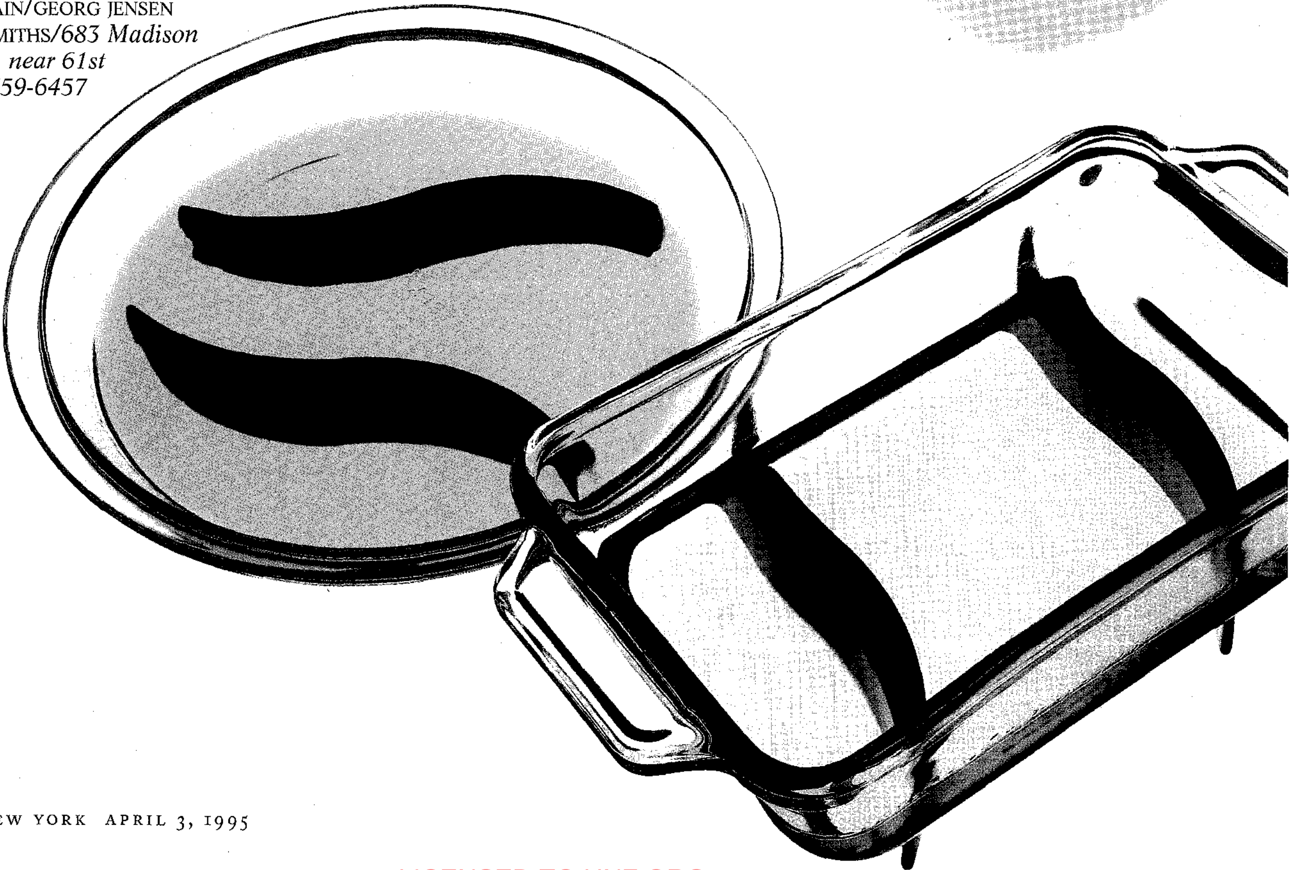

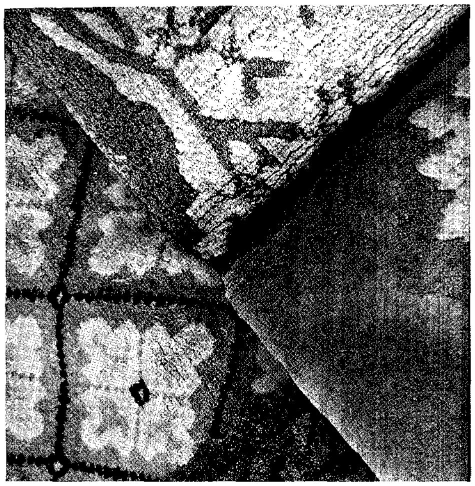

Hidden Treasures

H. A. Lorenz, an authority on Chinese carpets, once wrote, "Whoever has seen hundreds of Chinese rugs has not seen them all." But in fact, many of the rugs amassed by Graham Head of ABC Carpet & Home have rarely been seen by anyone. They were handwoven in the *mid–eighteenth century and in the 1920s* and '30s by the Chinese of Pao-t'ou—a town in Inner Mongolia—for their own homes, then hidden away from the Communists during the Cultural Revolution. The weavers borrowed patterns, symbols, and colors from Chinese *silks* and ceramics, so the designs are highly stylized. There are mats—two-by-six and four-by-six—as well as a *sprinkling of room-size rugs.* (From $395 to $4,500, depending on age and intricacy of design.)

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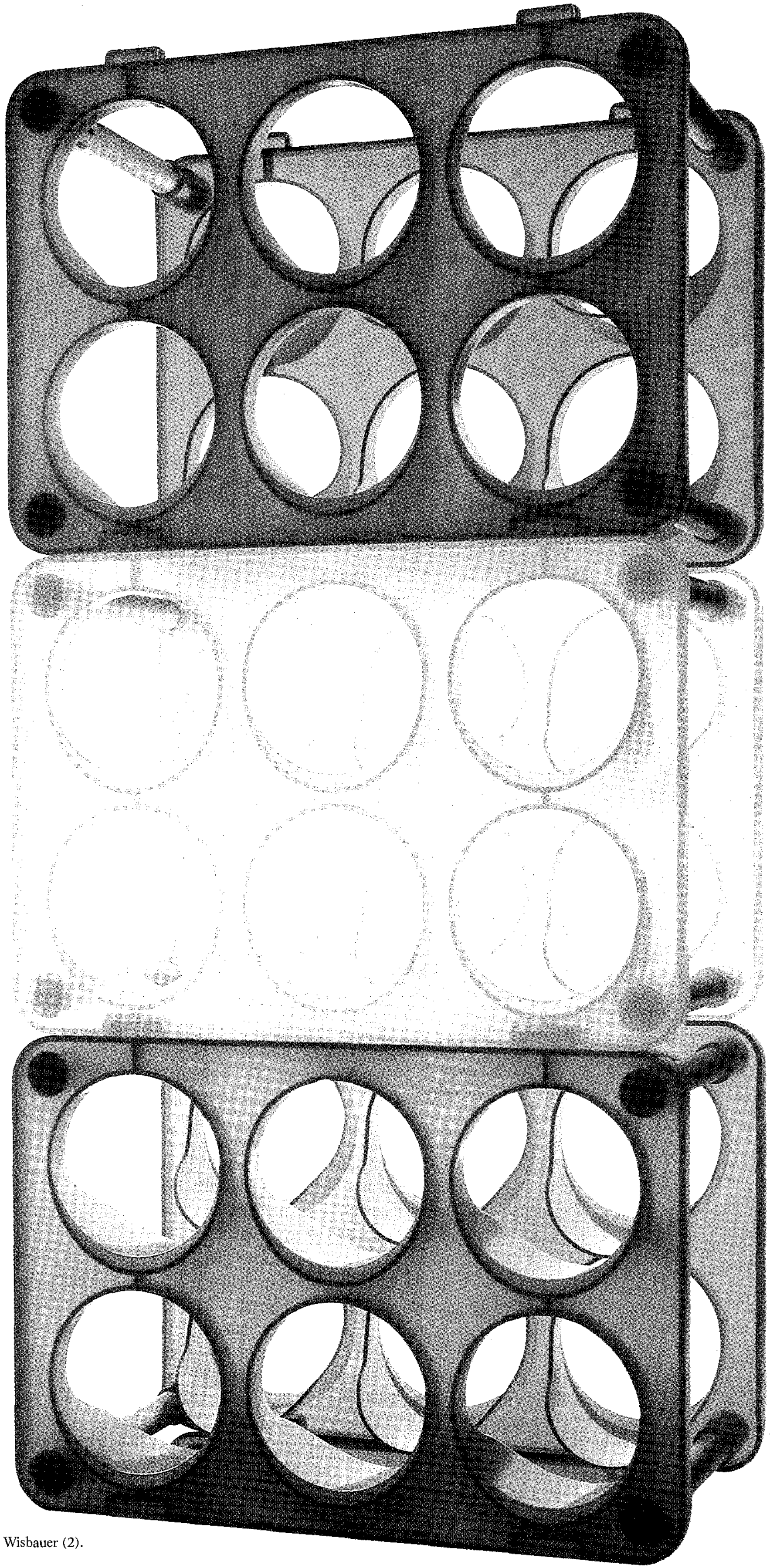

Oeno File

Plastic furniture conjures up visions of the late sixties and/or one's early twenties, but British furniture designer Jasper Morrison, who has just made the transition into housewares, gives it a nineties twist. His translucent stacking wine racks—made in Italy of sturdy ABS plastic—would look rather swell amid all our environmentally correct and grittily authentic wood and metal ($48).

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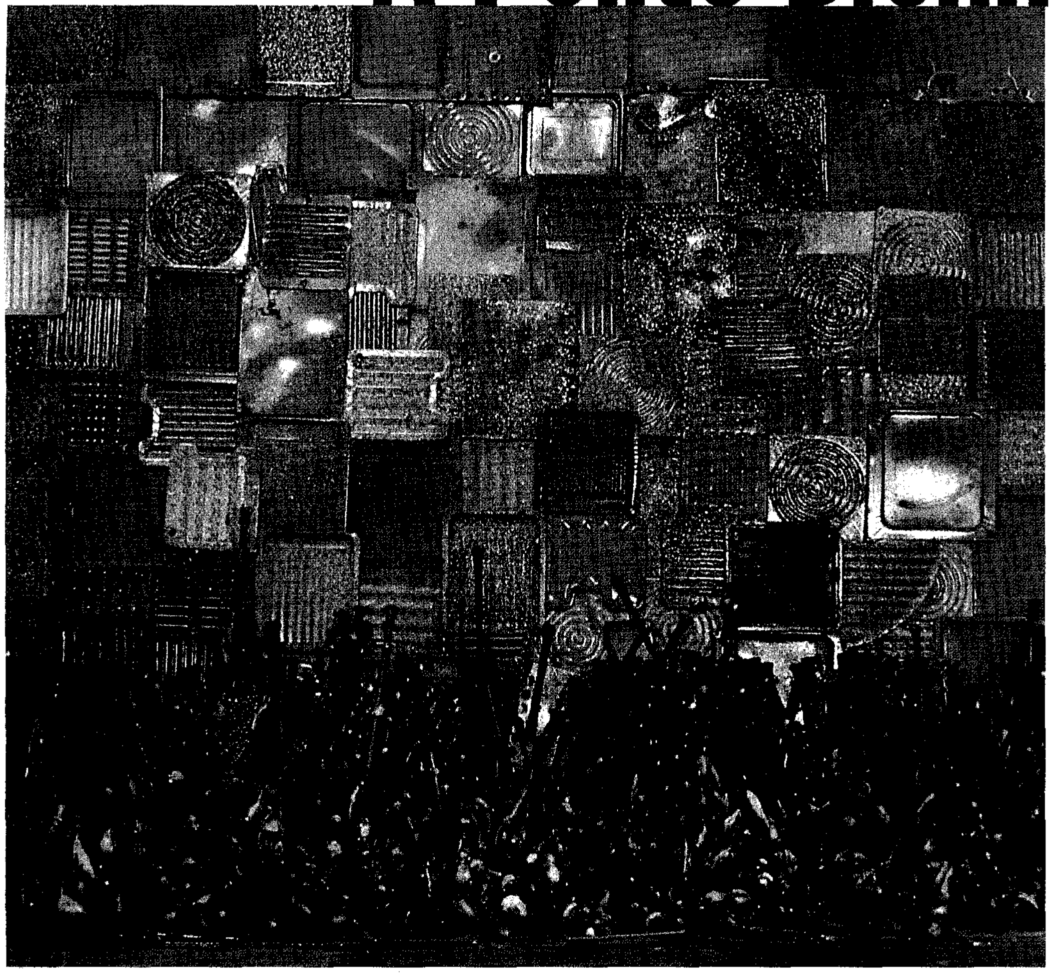
Photographs: clockwise from top left; Jeremy Shatan; Francis Hammond; Steve Wisbauer (2).

ART **MARK STEVENS**

A Polite Biennial

The Biennial is New York's version of a nineteenth-century Paris Salon—it generates more contempt than respect. But that's why we like it.



Above: Nari Ward's *Iron Heavens.* Below: *Woman,* by Milton Resnick.

"ALL IS TURBULENCE, A HURLY-BURLY OF STYLES and colors, a cacophony of tones, enormous trivialities, platitudes of gesture and pose, nobility 'by numbers,' clichés of all kinds . . . in short, there is a complete absence of unity, whose only result is a terrible weariness for the mind and the eyes." Such was Charles Baudelaire's review of the Paris Salon of 1846. It would serve just as well, of course, for Biennials at the Whitney Museum.

The **Biennial** is our version of the Salon, a wearying hurly-burly that generates more contempt than respect. That, of course, is also its charm. For both critics and the art public, it is deeply satisfying to have a big sloppy target every two years. It provides a chance to indulge both the high prophetic voice—to sing, for example, of the decline and fall of art—and the low gossipy whisper. "Can you believe they're showing Sally Schnabel?"

"You didn't know? A friend of the curator."

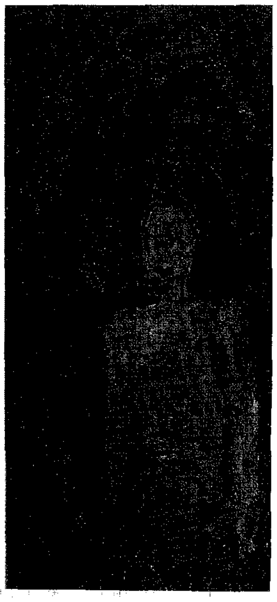
Yet the Biennial, much like the Salon in its day, is also helpful as topical journalism. It showcases what's fashionable. While the art itself is inevitably uneven—and when good or unfamilar, not shown in telling depth—the attitudes of the curators and artists often present a revealing comment on the times. The Biennial of 1993, widely denounced as noisy agitprop, nonetheless highlighted a widespread didactic strain in contemporary art. Its weaknesses revealed, better than any critic could, the exhaustion of the form.

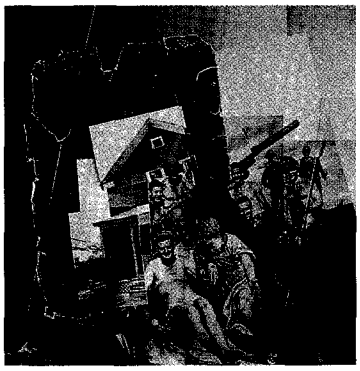
The current Biennial presents the usual Baudelairean hurly-burly—but with a sly difference. Organized by Klaus Kertess, the adjunct curator for drawings at the Whitney (with John G. Hanhardt organizing the film-and-video section), the show includes 89 artists, with work ranging from the elegant calligraphy-inspired paintings of Brice Marden to the nipple rings of Catherine Opie. Despite the latter, what's palpable this time around is a determination not to offend. In this wary survey, "good taste" is often a beard for timidity.

The politics of this show come not from political art but from a refining away of the rough, and through a carefully calibrated nod to various art-world constituencies and expectations. There are too many already-famous artists represented with indifferent work. The assorted currents of contemporary art are invariably presented in their most polite and handsome forms. The best example is that of the painter-provocateur Sue Williams. At the last Biennial, Williams showed a sculpture of an abused woman lying on the floor; nearby was a puddle of *faux* vomit. Now this scabrous artist is presenting paintings whose scatty daubings are almost winsome.

This is the politics of politesse. It comes to the forefront now because, in part, we are living in a conservative period. Perhaps the Whitney, concerned about its reputation for being both trendy and left-wing, is displaying its cozier, corporate side. And, of course, no commanding style or attitude now rules the art world. So the postmodernist impulse, older and more tired, is perhaps turning softer and prettier. In a period of exhaustion, why not sit back and enjoy a carefully composed, undisturbing panorama?

The theme of the show is "metaphor," which is less a theme than a suitcase, and the unremarkable emphasis is upon ambiguity, narrative, and formal values. "What is





being proposed here is not a return to formalism but an art in which meaning is embedded in formal value," Kertess writes in the catalogue. "An acknowledgment of sensuousness is indispensable—whether as play or sheer joy or the kind of subversity that has us reaching for a rose and grabbing a thorn. Art is a platform for experience, not a lesson." The catalogue includes almost no analysis of the art selected. Kertess has instead written a brief introduction and published a poem by John Ashbery, fiction by Lynne Tillman, and an essay by the scientist Gerald Edelman called "The Wordless Metaphor: Visual Art and the Brain."

Kertess has nothing much to say, in short, but hopes to say it well. This approach, despite obvious weaknesses, also has some virtues. It is better than saying too much badly; and, indeed, any art in which meaning is not "embedded in formal value" is just a billboard in the dark. Owing to its low-key character, moreover, Kertess's Biennial brings out some surprising qualities in contemporary art. For example, any portrayal of sexual subcultures—now a fashionable genre—is expected to be sharp, hostile, and aggressive. With a couple of exceptions, however, the imagery here is not only fairly tame but also poignant.

Nan Goldin's wistful *Tokyo Love* is a wall-size grid of big snapshots of what looks like an S&M party. Several figures recur in the photographs, creating a kind of implied narrative. We see in the center panel a vertical progression of images of a young woman arriving, dressing up, and S&M'ing around. In the bottom image, however, she is no longer wearing her tough-girl makeup and dress-up. She holds—with a look of tender sadness, as if she will never attain her dream of outrageousness—a gorgeously grotesque iguana. In the hazy background, there are some Barbie dolls.

Top: John O'Reilly's *Of Benjamin Britten (Home)*. Above: *Curtained Window*, by Catherine Murphy.

In Goldin's piece, lurid color and melodramatic goings-on serve as a foil for the lonely humanity of the figures. She even risks the sentimental. An image on the bottom right shows cherry blossoms fallen on the street. What saves the fallen-blossom image from bathos is an unexpected visual connection, or rhyme, with the picture just above. The eye suddenly passes from fishnet stockings and leopard spots to scattered petals—a visual haiku.

Kertess's show also runs against expectation in celebrating a satirical vein that nonetheless avoids the merely, or the brutally, bitter. Frank Moore's vision of *Yosemite*, for example, is genuinely comic. He evokes Hudson River School painting while showing the park as a kind of hallucinatory Disney attraction, in which the mountains are money and the campfires send up different smoke signals—peace symbol, Mickey Mouse, dollar signs, *Playboy* bunny, AIDS ribbon. The frame, with inset pinecones, is masterful kitsch.

There is more painting this time, usually drawn from the tastier, funnier, or more decorative work of the moment—such as Lari Pittman's Pop fancies, which play the brassy against the elegant. Even the work that is not painting often has a lush surface. Nari Ward's scorched black bats, totems of the inner city, call up Nevelson and Pollock. And in what will be the hit of the show, Nancy Rubins has transformed a flying pile of mattresses and cake into a baroque dream of Tiepolo.

Kertess extends a courteous hand to some who, while well-known in the art world, have received little museum recognition. Milton Resnick, one of the grand old men from the Abstract Expressionist years, is represented by works in which a ghostly figure emerges from the densely clotted paint. In the tradition of Giacometti and Soutine, Resnick brings such intensity to bear upon his materials that they finally yield something entirely immaterial—a kind of light or shimmer that can only be called spiritual. The way he places the figure in the space shows the hand of the true artist rather than that of the decorator. The landscape painter Jane Freilicher also creates marvelous surfaces, in which meaning is always "embedded in formal value." Like Resnick, she has grown dreamier over the years. In a painting of mysterious melancholy, a figure borrowed from Watteau sings to parrots on a New York City rooftop. No less mysterious is the painter Catherine Murphy's stark juxtaposition of naked winter branches and a decorative curtain, or her image of clipped locks of hair in a sink. It's too bad the work of these two painters is displayed in such a dingy room.

> *". . . The show includes* **89 artists,** *with work ranging from the elegant calligraphy of Brice Marden to the nipple rings of Catherine Opie. . . ."*

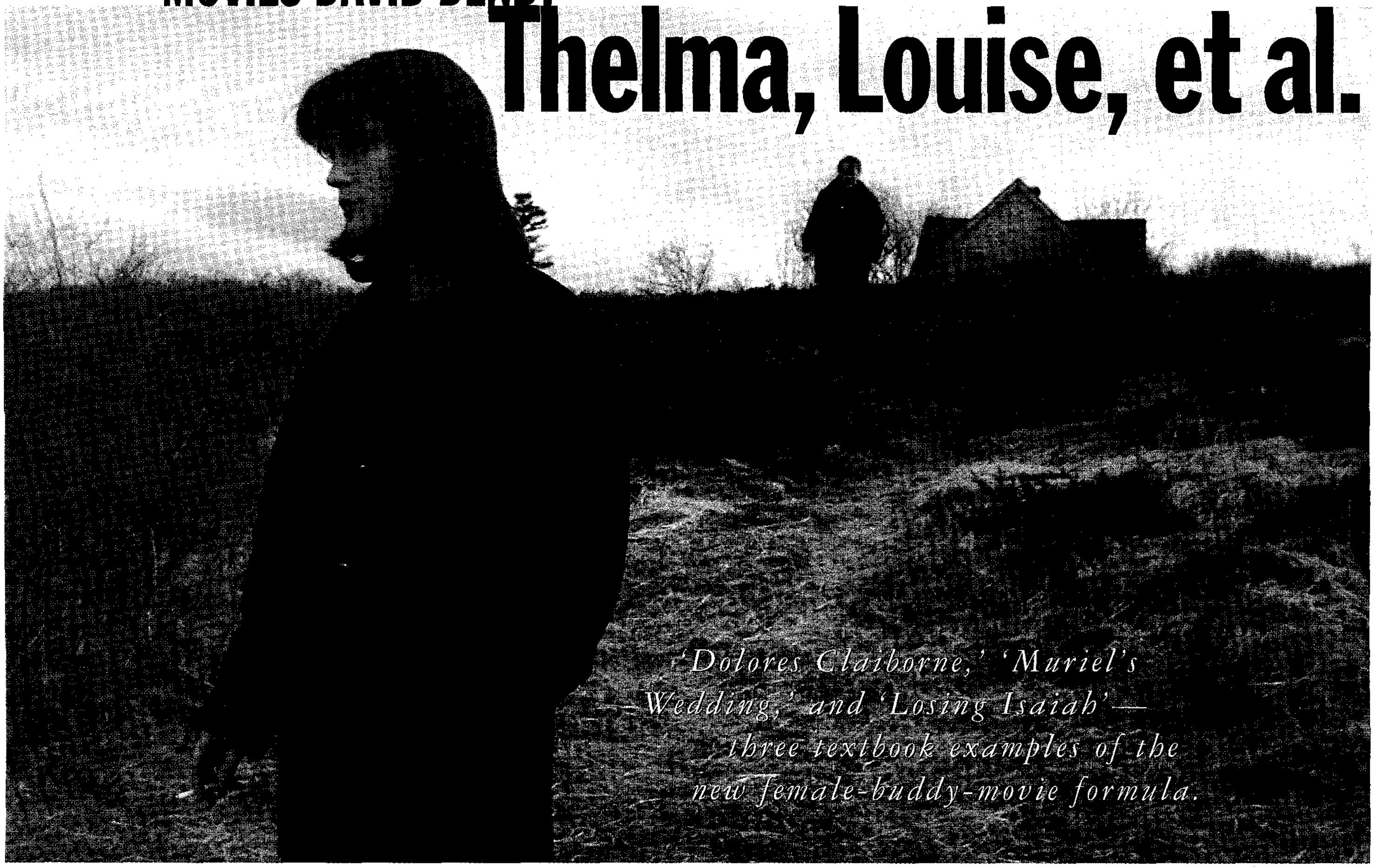
Kertess has also welcomed several little-known artists who fit well with the company. John O'Reilly's erotic musings will remind many of the carefully broken poetry of Joseph Cornell collages. Ellen Gallagher makes an art of strong whispers. She dreams of the sublime perfection of the Agnes Martin grid, yet must also remember, and honor, the anonymous and exaggerated lips of the black minstrel singers and make her grids from impoverished materials. Her surfaces have the poignance of a wall in a sharecropper's shack.

In his complaint a century and a half ago, Baudelaire compared the Salon unfavorably to the "unity" of achievement found in a museum. This is a true but also unfair charge to level at any contemporary survey. Kertess has tried to catch the spirit of today's art by employing a kind of edgy visual charm, which is rather like pursuing a whale (or is it a guppy?) with a butterfly net. But I found his Whitney show stimulating, mainly because a measure of visual charm is now rare. Imagine a contemporary show that honors Watteau and Tiepolo without too much irony! Today's curators usually chase butterflies with a crab net. (Through June 4.) ■

Photographs courtesy of the Whitney Museum of American Art.

MOVIES DAVID DENBY

Thelma, Louise, et al.



'Dolores Claiborne,' 'Muriel's Wedding,' and 'Losing Isaiah'—three textbook examples of the new female-buddy-movie formula.

Jennifer Jason Leigh (left) and Kathy Bates in *Dolores Claiborne:* Great actresses thrown away on the thirty-first Stephen King adaptation.

OF LATE, MOVIES HAVE FAILED AT SOMETHING that once virtually defined their existence—putting men and women together in couples for our delight, excitement, and edification. With rare exceptions like Mike Newell's *Four Weddings and a Funeral* or Richard Linklater's *Before Sunrise,* recent romantic pictures have been depressingly functional and crude, still stuck in old Tracy-Hepburn or Rosalind Russell–working-girl formulas. In the void, filmmakers have begun doubling up women the way the early-seventies rash of buddy movies doubled up men.

I didn't review the Australian comedy **Muriel's Wedding** because I found it too embarrassing to write about. But I keep hearing that people enjoyed it, so it may be time to deposit a little poison into the appropriate ears. *Muriel's Wedding* is about a heavyset girl from the Australian resort town of Porpoise Spit, an excruciatingly shy, inarticulate slug, bullied by her father, dismayed by her beaten-down mother. Muriel (Toni Collette) haunts the bridal stores, thinking of nothing but old Abba tapes and marriage; the film's first-time director, P. J. Hogan, seems to wallow in her troubles—her physical awkwardness, her rejection by her bitchy Barbie-doll friends. Hogan must think he is creating sympathy, but he doesn't realize how offensive it is to ask the audience to sympathize with a blob. Hogan makes everyone look bad—all the characters are caricatures, vile and loud, or so utterly depressed they might be zombies from a horror movie.

Muriel is meant to be a prisoner of false values, but the picture itself has been conceived at the infantile level of tabloid fantasies. Another lonely young woman (Rachel Griffiths), a spike-haired toughie with no fears, takes up with Muriel, becoming her one true friend. Then this dream buddy contracts, in her twenties, cancer of the spine and winds up in a wheelchair. Muriel, meanwhile, marries a beautiful South African athlete with an interesting curl to his upper lip. He doesn't really want her at first—he marries to attain citizenship—but he warms up to her after he, too, discovers her superior qualities. Will she blossom? No—just as this male dish goes to bed with her at last, she leaves him in order to take care of her friend. She has escaped one prison, her father's miserable house, in order to enter another, as a nurse-companion, and this is presented as a victory for her and for the human spirit. I had the same queasy feeling I had during *Boys on the Side,* when Whoopi Goldberg, as a goodhearted lesbian who never has any sex, nurses her friend who has AIDS. Women can do without men, apparently, but they have to be punished in some way. They die or wind up taking care of invalids. This sickly new canonization of female friendship may be a setback for women.

KATHY BATES HAS A ROUND, BEEFY FACE AND HEAVY LEGS, and a voice that can flick meanly across the surface of her lines. Her star status is a triumph of personality and skill. In her latest vehicle, **Dolores Claiborne,** the thirty-first Stephen King text–cum–movie, she plays a widow who lives on an island off the Maine coast—Dolores, the island bitch, the one kids throw stones at. Dolores is believed to have murdered her vicious, alcoholic husband years earlier, and now she's in trouble again, suspected this time of doing away with the wealthy old termagant (Judy Parfitt) she took care of for years. In the midst of all these swirling suspicions, Bates has a fascinating neutrality. Angry without malice, she suggests the reserve and patience of people New Yorkers rarely see: Americans from small towns or trailer parks, conventional in all outward appearance but powerfully individual inside.

Bates might have had a triumph in *Dolores Claiborne*

Photograph by John Clifford/Castle Rock Entertainment.

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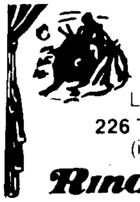

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if the director, Taylor Hackford, had not cut up her performance into so many pieces. The picture is one of those buried-secrets things in which every present action causes one of the characters to have a Profound Memory, which we then see at laborious length, past and present linking up in a structure of reverberant cliché. Stephen King has been churning out this stuff for a long time, and Hackford revels in the cheap movieishness of dreadful material. Hackford isn't imaginative enough for poetic horror; he goes for luridness and clangorous music. A few scenes between Bates and Judy Parfitt's tough old woman have a startling candor, but the heart of the movie is mother and daughter talking things over, and as Dolores's daughter, a hardbitten New York journalist, Jennifer Jason Leigh is lethally bad, all tics and slit-eyed misery. Jason Leigh is a virtuoso of discordant effects, but there isn't a fresh emotion in this performance; and when she works with Kathy Bates, she looks mannered and overwrought—an ambitious killjoy.

IN **Losing Isaiah,** JESSICA LANGE GIVES ALL OF herself, every breath and stray hair. There's something peasantlike about her; she has the physical power of a farm woman cutting wheat. Lange is a great actress stuck in an inferior period of Hollywood moviemaking, and in such films as *Blue Sky,* playing a nymphomaniac Army wife, she seemed cast adrift. But Lange is surprisingly effective in *Losing Isaiah,* a much more conventional movie. Her Margaret Lewin, a Chicago social worker, adopts an abandoned black baby—a boy dumped into the garbage—and then refuses to give him up when his natural mother, repentent and shipshape, wants him back. The screenwriter, Naomi Foner (adapting a novel by Seth Margolis), doesn't simplify things. She makes it clear that Margaret, somewhat estranged from her daughter and husband, latches on to the baby as her salvation (as well as the baby's salvation); and Lange makes the woman stiff and will-driven and not always intelligent, with a streak of righteousness approaching fanaticism. Halle Berry, as the crack-addicted mom who goes straight, doesn't have as interesting a role to play, but she's skillful and moving too.

The material, generically and stylistically, is TV-movie-of-the-week, with each scene making one point and one point only. But Foner and director Stephen Gyllenhaal don't soften anything; they examine the conflicting claims (a stable home against a natural mother of the same race), and they discover that both women are right, both wrong. *Losing Isaiah* is a decent, upright piece of work. The two women fight for the child with logic and emotion, and the movie holds both forces in balance. I wasn't entertained, exactly, but at least I was not insulted. Yet *Losing Isaiah* is not enough. If we're going to have women in pairs, let's have them freed from exhausted old fictions. ■

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BOOKS **WALTER KIRN**

Boy Crazy

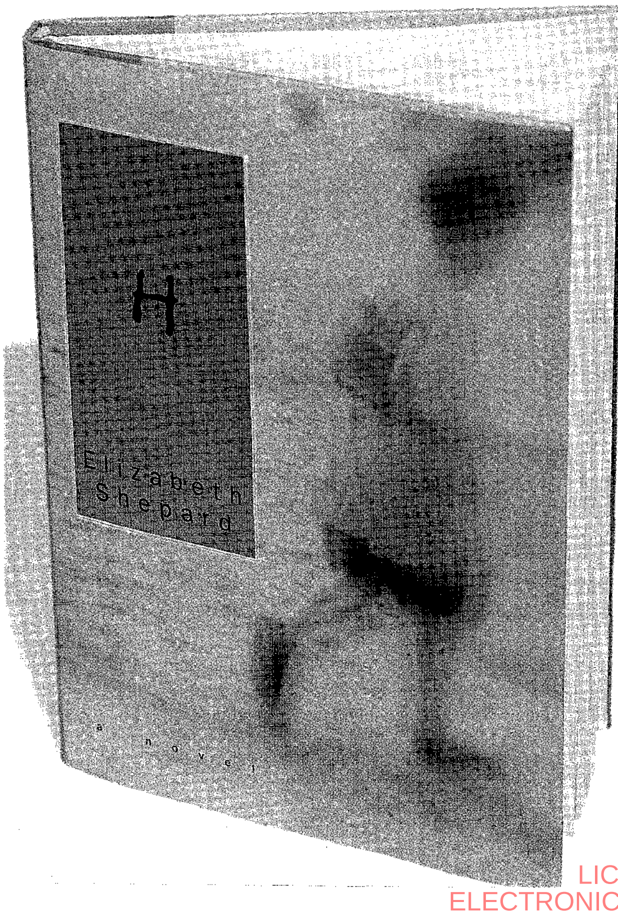
The introvert protagonist of Elizabeth Shepard's smart first novel bunks at Camp Onianta, but lives in his own universe. Worlds collide in fascinating ways.

H
Elizabeth Shepard
Viking; 160 pages; $17.95

FICTIONAL STORIES OF MENTAL illness tend to fall into certain sentimental grooves. Insanity is a higher form of sanity—that's the main one. Blessed are the touched. They take in more light and more darkness both, seeing and feeling through wide-open apertures. Or, when they're all shut down, it's the outside world that's to blame—for being so ugly. In books such as *Birdy, Flowers for Algernon,* and *One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest,* "normal" folks are shamed for smugness, while the off-kilter hero has integrity. The reader takes a powerful, dual pleasure: He sprinkles himself in the high-minded pity he's showering on the misfit, and he gets to condemn society, to boot.

H, Elizabeth Shepard's first novel, knows the clichés of mental-illness fiction and uses, adapts, and resists them with intelligence. The book itself is an oddball little object, compulsive, private, logical, compact. There aren't many pages, and a lot don't have much writing on them. What they purport to reproduce is a flurry of letters, notes, and documents relating to the case of Benjamin Sherman, a strange little fellow, perhaps autistic, whose closest friend is a stuffed letter *H* from the planet Elliottown.

Sometimes you feel like a nut: In *H,* Shepard artfully reimagines the novel of madness, in epistolary form.



The occasion for the letters and notes is Benjamin's first trip to Camp Onianta, a New Hampshire summer camp. It's a great story-starting collision—geeky, introverted teen is thrust into hokey great outdoors—and it brings out a tense, euphemistic falseness in everyone concerned. The suburban-Connecticut father is chilly: "We hope that Benjamin will learn new skills in athletics, particularly softball and swimming." The Manhattan psychiatrist is factual: "Benjamin is a contemplative twelve-year-old. His silence makes him appear wise, but his actions reveal a gap between his actual and development ages." The camp directors are goofily optimistic: "We have purchased some new tools for the shop and a pottery wheel for ceramics. The staff seems like a terrific bunch—energetic and multitalented, with a lot of interest in music." All this good sense and good cheer spells doom, of course. The canned maturity masks panic.

Shepard gets everything right about her caring liberal white folks. She starts with the look of the letters themselves, from the sans-serif font in the doctor's letterhead to the FROM THE DESK OF PEGGY SHERMAN stationery to the *faux*-naïf sunny-day logo of Onianta. Benjamin is kept offstage while his cast of caretakers circles timidly, venting emotion in polite, measured puffs. They seem incapable of saying things straight, of fessing up to anger or alarm. Sparing one's own and other people's feelings begins to seem like a disease they share: the American niceness psychosis. This is a mental-illness-fiction cliché—society's the crazy one—but Shepard plays it beautifully. A careful gender-neutral question in Camp Onianta's questionnaire—"How does your child behave when s/he is afraid?"—suddenly sounds as peculiar as it is.

You can't just read the letters in *H;* you have to *inspect* them. They're crafty artifacts. Shepard is a reverse archaeologist, designing a tiny contemporary lost world for readers to excavate. Everything matters: the dates of the letters, their order of presentation, the inconsistencies among their messages. When Benjamin reaches camp, his mother sends off a string of encouraging notes, each time alerting her son to expect a letter from his father. The promised letter never comes, a fact that Shepard draws no attention to, thus underplaying a big fat clue to Benjamin's illness: paternal neglect. Another touch so subtle you might miss it involves the mother's sign-offs. As reports of Benjamin's withdrawn behavior filter back to her, she replaces the farewell "I Love You!" in her letters with "Hugs and Kisses!" This dwindles to "XXXOOO," then to a telegraphic "XO XO." Her hostility comes through.

As the offspring of these New England emotional minimalists, Benjamin has predictable problems. The kid who the other campers call Spacefuck just can't relate—except to his stuffed toy. The most brutal assessments of Benjamin come from Dave, a party-hardy college-age counselor who's corresponding with a slacker friend. "I swear, this kid is doomed to be the class misfit for life—it's amazing how you can tell that kind of shit. He did a really awesome imitation of me and the things I say, and

Photographs: top, Marion Ettlinger; bottom, Jonathan Gross.

NEW YORK IN BLOOM

THE SPIRIT OF SPRING

Spring is here, and where better to witness the vivid colors and fragrances of the season than New York's extraordinary flower and garden shows? Highlights include the free outdoor Rockefeller Center Flower & Garden Show, which attracted more than one million visitors last year (April 8-16); Macy's annual Flower Show, with the main floor transformed into a floral fantasy (April 9 to 22); the Spring Flower Show at the Brooklyn Botanic Garden (April 1-23); and the Spring Flower Show at the New York Botanical Garden in the Bronx (through May 15). For a global perspective, check out Earth Day '95 festivities, including a Parade for the Planet on April 22. Now's the perfect time to spring into action.

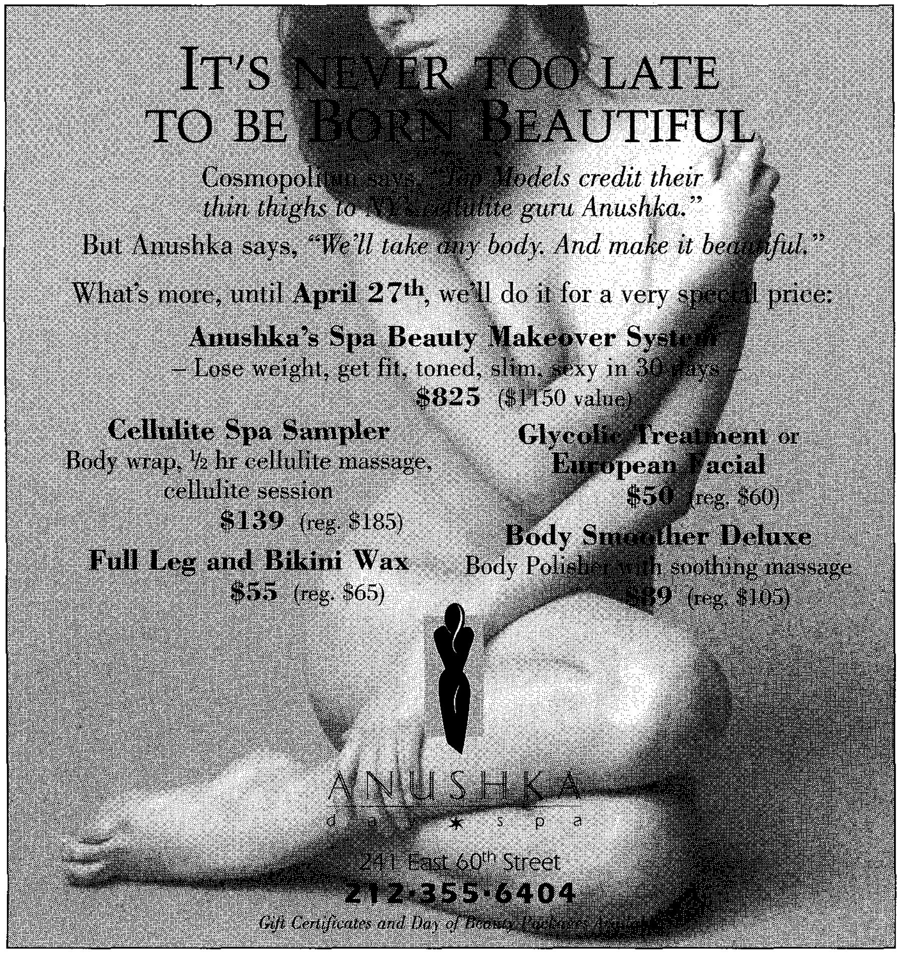
Nature and sylvan landscapes have always inspired artists, but this season a number of museum and gallery shows focus on a world in bloom. For a quietly spectacular take on nature's bounty, take in the Jewish Museum's (1109 Fifth Avenue at 92nd Street, 212-423-3230) "Camille Pissarro: Impressionist Innovator," on exhibit through July 16. A founding member of the Impressionist movement, Pissarro created vivid outdoor paintings that dance with shadows and light. The show features more than seventy paintings and drawings, many from private collections.

The Jewish Museum is also hosting an exciting spring performance series called "Live at the JM!" Among those scheduled to take part are East Village-based musician John Zorn and his group, Masada, on April 3 and cartoonist and author Art Spiegelman in conversation with critic J. Hoberman on May 11. For information, call 212-423-3224.

Hibernating collectors look at the spring season as the perfect chance to seek out the antique treasures they love. Fortunately, they have several shows to scour when the weather turns warmer. More than fifty dealers will gather at Wendy's Park Avenue Antiques Show (Park Avenue at 84th Street; 914-677-5046 for information), March 30-April 2. Highlights include an extensive collection of rare books, manuscripts, letters, and signed photographs. First editions by distinguished authors including Hemingway, Faulkner, and Fitzgerald will also be shown. Jewelry dealers will display Edwardian, Georgian, and Art Deco items whose acquisition is bound to put a spring in anyone's step.

For a decidely different set of collectibles, check out "Psychedelic '60s: Pop, Op, and Peace" at the 26th Street Armory (Lexington Avenue at 26th Street; 201-384-0010 for information), April 1-2. That decade's fashions and furnishings—now classified as vintage—will be shown by more than eighty exhibitors. Expect to see plenty of Eero Saarinen chairs, as well as early versions of the timeless lava lamp.

Spring is also the time to celebrate the return of fresh vegetables and other delectable tastes of the season. At Le Pactole (2 World Financial Center, 212-945-9444), classic and contemporary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Expectant mothers can anticipate the arrival of versatile fashion options this spring at Madison Avenue Maternity and Baby Boutique (1043 Madison Avenue, between 79th and 80th streets, 212-988-8686). The store features exclusive Paris collections focusing on stylish groupings of interchangeable sweaters, pants, shirts, and jackets, translated from non-maternity designs. Casual, business, and evening wear are available in prices ranging from $50 to $300.

Family entertainment reaches its peak with the Ringling Bros. and Barnum & Bailey Circus, presiding under the big top at Madison Square Garden through April 30. Celebrating its 125th anniversary, the "Greatest Show on Earth" continues to dazzle in three rings, with clowns, tigers, elephants, and an international troupe of daredevils who tempt fate and defy gravity. Radio City Music Hall puts on its annual Easter Show from April 8-22, with the lavishly outfitted Radio City Rockettes. They're one part of a production that also includes a cast of more than eighty and a full orchestra.

One unexpected place to find everything from Easter bonnets to porcelain bunnies is the eclectic Grand Central Spring Market, operating in the terminal's Main Waiting Room during the first three weeks of April. Later in the season, Fragrance Week (June 5-9) comes into full flower at a variety of sweet-smelling venues, including Barneys, Bergdorf Goodman, and Lord & Taylor. The theme of "Mystery is in the Air" will permeate in-store events promoting scents for men and women.

Susan Breslow

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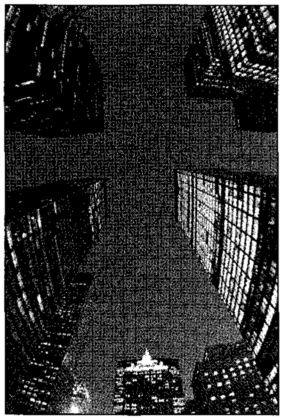

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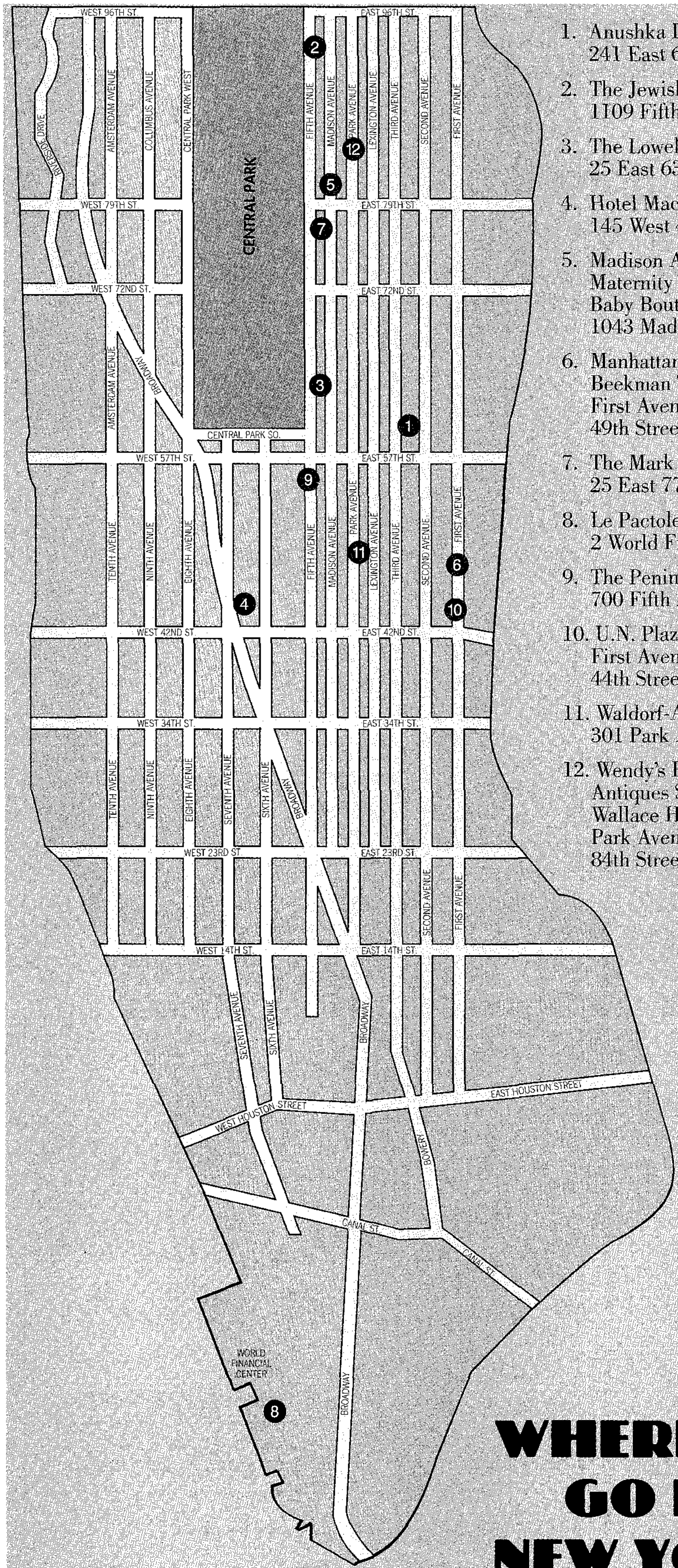
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WHERE TO GO IN NEW YORK

phrases I use like rocking and rad and lame and you know all the words I use a lot." Dave is cruel but honest, his view unclouded by mental-health professionalism. Shepard suggests he has a heart of gold under his mouth of filth.

Part two of *H* gives us Benjamin raw, unfiltered. His parents show up at camp one day and take away his stuffed toy, named Elliot, which the camp directors and Benjamin's psychiatrist have deemed disruptive. Benjamin starts writing letters to Elliot, and Elliot writes back. The inner life that's revealed is cracked, cartoonish—a jerry-built pop cosmology constructed of old Eddie Murphy jokes and *Star Trek* episodes.

The letters are written in a sort of code, the cyber-language of nerdy heavy masturbators. Mom and Dad are "parental creatures," and lunch is a "mid day nutrition supplement." For Benjamin, daily life is barren and foreign, the camp a nightmare of hollow jollity. But his dreamworld is increasingly threatened: "On the day of omicron 2 as the radioactive waves makes their first showing on the horizon Dear Elliot, I have heard there are some more problems in Elliottown. . . ."

The problem, naturally is sex. Benjamin has met a girl, and his longing for what his shrink might call "connectedness" is the Kryptonite that could destroy his fantasy planet. Elliot grows increasingly jealous of host-psyche Benjamin's outside attachment and starts sending SOSs from the depths. Here, the drama bogs down a bit in predictable psychological algebra. As Benjamin reaches out to others, his imaginary friendships wither. By part three, he's entered a mental hospital and is undergoing drug treatment. Benjamin can feel the dreams departing: "Elliottown caught that speed of light ray and soared off past my earth lifetime without me. It means you will be a body without a soul anymore right? Not that you mean to be mean but that you are gone. Please don't catch the speed of light ray and go away from me."

The cuteness quotient is high in such passages, but what makes them work is Shepard's stringency. She sets up a difficult form and sticks to it. Each strand in her web of interactions is precisely traced. By being severe with herself artistically, Shepard makes room for feeling, and we don't resent old sentiments cropping up. For example, it's a convention in such books that when the "cure" comes—when fantasies are shattered by the brute hands of medicine and science—we're supposed to feel wistful, as in a children's book. Madness is a magic kingdom gone *poof.* In *H,* we're allowed to indulge that cozy notion, but only to a point. Past that, madness is saddening isolation, and Shepard shows that too. ▬

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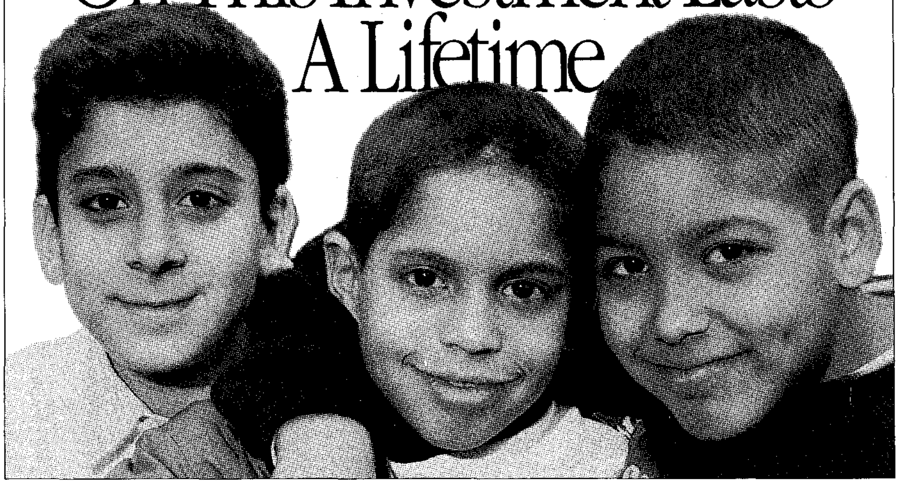

Heartbreakers

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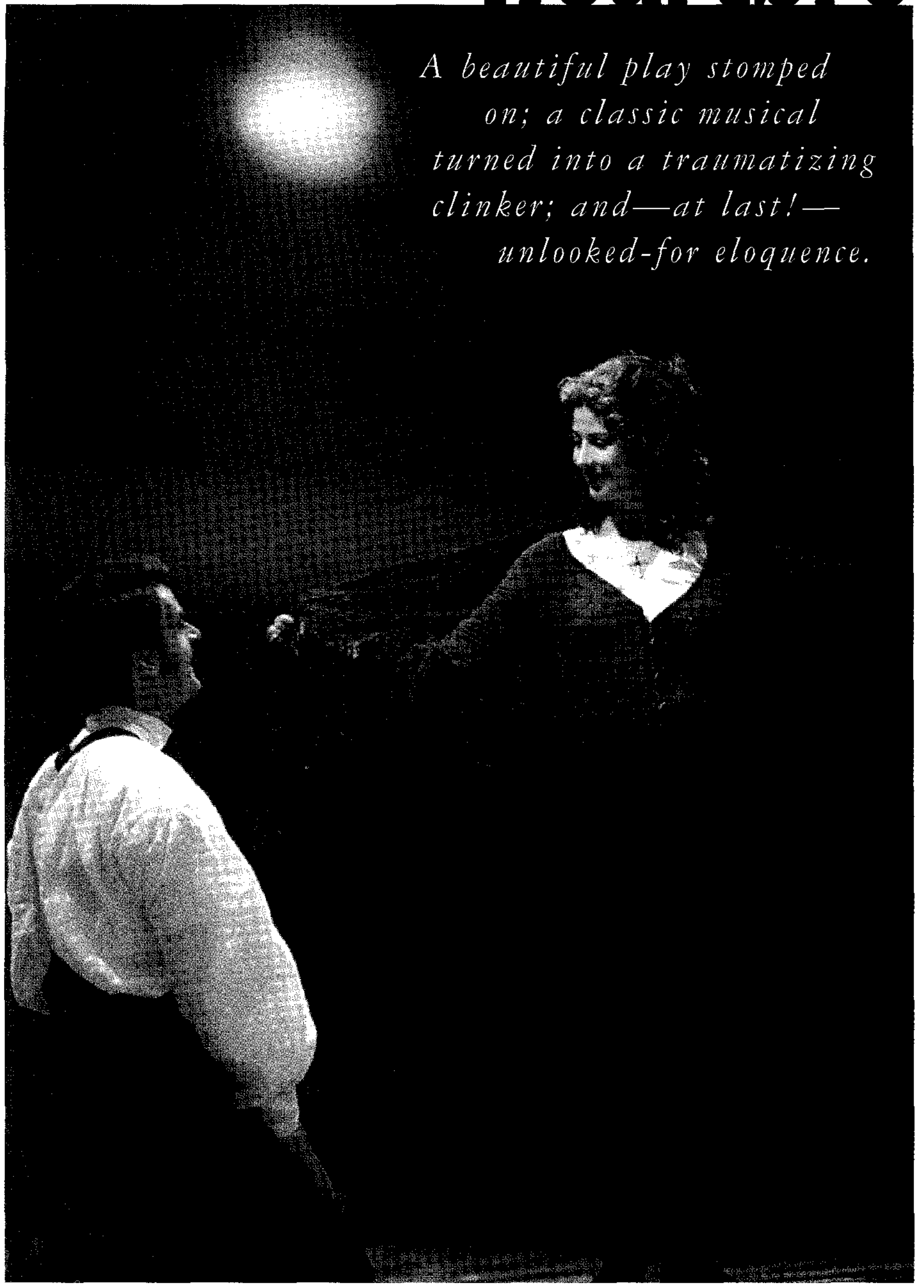


Above, Michael Cumpsty and Dana Delany in *Translations;* opposite page, Matthew Broderick in *How to Succeed.*

BRIAN FRIEL'S **Translations** IS ONE OF THE MOST beautiful plays written in this—or perhaps either—half of the century, but it must, like all fragile, precious things, be handled with delicacy and care. To entrust it to one of the world's crassest directors, Howard Davies, who appreciates neither its subtle humor nor its poetic poignancy, and to his mostly unsuitable cast, is tantamount to letting a professional football team feed off your Meissen china.

We are in Friel's fictitious Baile Beag, in the very real County Donegal of 1833, when the English army is changing Gaelic place-names while the country folk are being taught, in an irregular hedge school, such fanciful things as Greek and Latin but no useful English. Friel's ingenious device is to have both the Irish and the English characters speak English, so *we* can understand all, while most of the dramatis personae can grasp only half. Hugh, the hedge-school master, is a blinkered, egotistic fantast; his lame elder son, Manus, who assists him, is the soul of dedicated but thwarted decency. All the other characters fall somewhere between these extremes.

Take Owen, Hugh's younger son, who has been working with the English for six years and is now preparing, with Lieutenant George Yolland, a book of revised Gaelic place-names. Yolland is a fine young man, an unworldly idealist in love with Ireland and the Irish, who would sooner not change those melodious names in a language he strives to learn. His opposites are his commander, Captain Lancey, a stolid career officer, and the offstage Donnelly twins, purblind Irish patriots. The play concerns language in all its aspects, not merely as communication—rapturous when consummated, tragic when aborted—but also as, along with breathing, the essence of life. Irish and English are ways of drawing different, divisive breath from our common air; Latin and Greek are potentially unifying links to our mythic, empowering past.

The would-be lovers, George and Maire (a strong-minded and strong-bodied young milk vendor), almost succeed in bridging the terrible barriers of unshared language, as do—almost—Owen and George in trying to translate the Irish place-names, those very names whose litany proves the only verbal bridge between Maire and George. Their love scene, one of the greatest ever written, is butchered by the director, who stages it mostly for laughs, and by the actors: Dana Delany, devoid of grace, beauty, and talent, gravel-voiced and all surface; and Michael Cumpsty, who turns a sweet, bighearted Englishman in unrequited love with Ireland into a cretinous drunkard with nothing between his ears except a clownish grin.

Equally disastrous is Brian Dennehy, who transmogrifies Hugh, the soddenly self-centered schoolmaster, into a bearish clod, as convincing as a caveman spouting euphuism. Also Geoffrey Wade, who plays the English captain without knowing how to be English, military, or an actor. Some others merely disappoint: The usually good Miriam Healy-Louie gets carried away with her Hibernianism; the reliable Donal Donnelly, in bad makeup, turns the pathetic Jimmy Jack into someone even more ludicrous than necessary; and Rufus Sewell makes Owen too tremulously introspective, as if the play were all about him.

Only three actors score: Amelia Campbell as the verbally stunted Sarah; David Herlihy as the amiably loutish Doalty; and, best of all, Rob Campbell as a wrenchingly authentic Manus. Even the Donnelly twins, the unseen but threatening shadow of fanaticism, fail to register in this staging. And to think Sam Mendes directed a shatteringly incisive, piercingly lovely production two years ago in London that he could have re-

Photograph by Tom Lawlor.

peated here, if only the producer had been smart enough to hire *him*. The Davies *Translations* might better be called, had Stoppard not preempted the title, *Travesties*.

DO YOU WANT A MUSICAL WHERE THE SCENERY, computer graphics, orchestrations, and amplification do all the work? Where the songs, the story, the people are just so many props serving the above? If so, the revival of **How to Succeed in Business Without Really Trying** is your thing. It is the triumph of packaging over content, of gimmickry over inspiration. I find it scary.

You may remember how, in 1961, the window-washer J. Pierpont Finch (now misspelled "Pierrepont") rose through the assistance of the eponymous self-help book to become the CEO of World Wide Wickets. In the process, he marries his adoring secretary, Rosemary, who dreams of a house in New Rochelle, while the company's married president, J. B. Biggley, dallies with the sexy Hedy La Rue, whom he has installed as a paralegitimate secretary at WWW and who ends up doing very nicely for herself with another man. Frank Loesser wrote the songs, and Abe Burrows (and two others), the book; Burrows also directed. It was a show with pleasantly unassuming sets and costumes, and delicious choreography by Bob Fosse. This sticky wicket of a revival abbreviates the title to *$H_2\$$* and cuts whatever made the original lovable even shorter.

Des McAnuff, the director; John Arnone, the set designer; and Wayne Cilento, the choreographer, gave us *Tommy*, the most frenetic musical ever; *$H_2\$$* runs it a close second. Arnone has designed an enormous three-dimensional Mondrian, a kind of *Broadway Boogie-Woogie* where everything shifts, slides, sidles, sinks, rises, and lights up in different places. Every part of the set can be turned into a door, an elevator, or a light show unto itself. And outside this many-splendored latticework is New York, New Rochelle, or a sky with ever-moving clouds. You feel like hurling at the set the famous injunction to a Method actor "Don't just do something, stand there!"

The sound is smooth, but, amplified to three times what's normal, a piccolo weighs in like a trombone. The orchestrations by Danny Troob and a couple of others see to it that tunes are caged, corseted, teased, and tormented into something unspontaneous, overblown, unmusical. Your mind does not sing along; it cries uncle. Howell Binkley's lights and Batwin + Robin's video design could teach the Spanish Inquisition relentlessness; only the choreography, when it recalls Bob Fosse, pleases.

Matthew Broderick labors doggedly at a lead Robert Morse once breezed through. Though the actor seems to have boned up on his predecessor's work, he hasn't begun to get its enchanting, zany airiness. Even during his happiest moments, Broderick looks like a sardine about to burst into tears. As Rosemary, Megan Mullally is as appealing as a cuddly toy doggie made of stainless steel. Of the others, Jeff Blumenkrantz, Victoria Clark, and Jonathan Freeman are fine. The rest? Just as physics has matter and antimatter, show business has charm and anti-charm. This *How to Succeed* overdoses on the latter; even Susan Hilferty's clothes are circusy cartoons, not stage costumes.

The last straw is the political correctness imposed, even requiring the cutting of one of the best numbers, "Cinderella, Darling." When will the meatheads reviving classics (McAnuff calls this a "revisal") understand that a show about 1961 should sound and feel like 1961? Otherwise, we'll end up allowing only feminist Ophelias and Wasp Shylocks. Me, I've had just about McEnough.

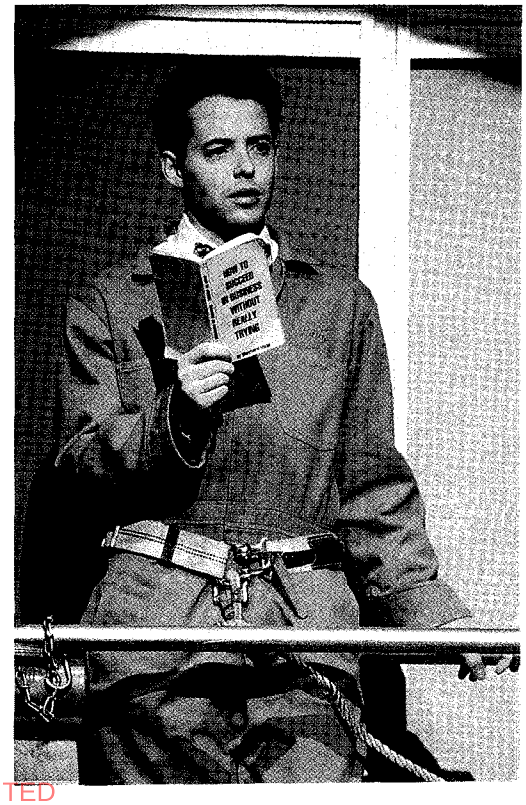
WHO WOULD HAVE GUESSED THAT THE AUthor of a funny but crude Mafia play, *Breaking Legs*, would come up with a civilized and sophisticated one about Ezra Pound, the poet accused of treason and shunted from a cage in Italy to a loony bin in the United States? But that is what Tom Dulack has written in **Incommunicado**—with economy, elegance, and no mean eloquence. An additional boon is the taut staging by Richard Corley.

Pound, who broadcast propaganda for Mussolini, was indeed a traitor and should not have gone unpunished. But neither should he have been kept in a cage unfit for a wild animal, or been left hovering long on the brink of execution. If the death penalty is not for children, may it also not be for artists, whose genius and childlikeness are so often interwoven? Dulack has bridged several difficult gaps: He remains sympathetic to his hero without lapsing into hero worship, he stays faithful in tone and frame of reference to Pound the man of letters without forfeiting the interest of a nonliterary audience, and he finds ways of extending a necessarily claustrophobic stage picture into realms of ecumenical implication.

The play surrounds Pound with a hostile black MP guarding him (Darryl Theirse); a black fellow-prisoner, a soldier about to be shot for rape (Scott Whitehurst); an unfriendly but thorough defense lawyer (Brian Dykstra); and a seemingly solicitous but untrustworthy psychiatrist (Baxter Harris). While all these are deft, Darryl Theirse is rapidly proving one of our most prodigiously versatile and valuable young actors. As Pound, Tom Aldredge offers a firecracker-bright star turn that miraculously succeeds in also being selfless. Just the twinkly way he reads the line "A dictionary is a wonderful thing, even when you know all the words" is worth its weight in Websters. Fine, too, are David Van Tieghem's hypnotic music and Christine Jones's starkly evocative set. Whether or not you agree with *Incommunicado*, you will find yourself thinking throughout—the scarcest of luxuries in today's theater.

"*... This 'revisal' of 'How to Succeed in Business Without Really Trying' is a* **triumph of gimmickry over inspiration....**"

CLIFFORD ODETS'S **Awake and Sing!** IS DRAMATIcally dated but historically interesting, even though Larry Arrick's direction at the Jewish Repertory Theater neutralizes the Marxist passion and lumpen lyricism. There are, however, four remarkable performances. Tovah Feldshuh , only recently a radiant leading lady, has graduated summa cum laude into a gripping character actress. Her Bessie Berger is an infuriating Jewish mother, yet also the glue that kept the family together in fiendish times. As her put-upon son, Stephen Mailer gives an intelligently restrained performance, never pleading for easy sympathy yet compelling affectionate respect. As his sullenly smoldering sister, the lovely Amanda Peet is also impressive. As her seducer, Stephen Lang goes over the top, but with his usual bravura. The others merely help scuttle the show. ▬

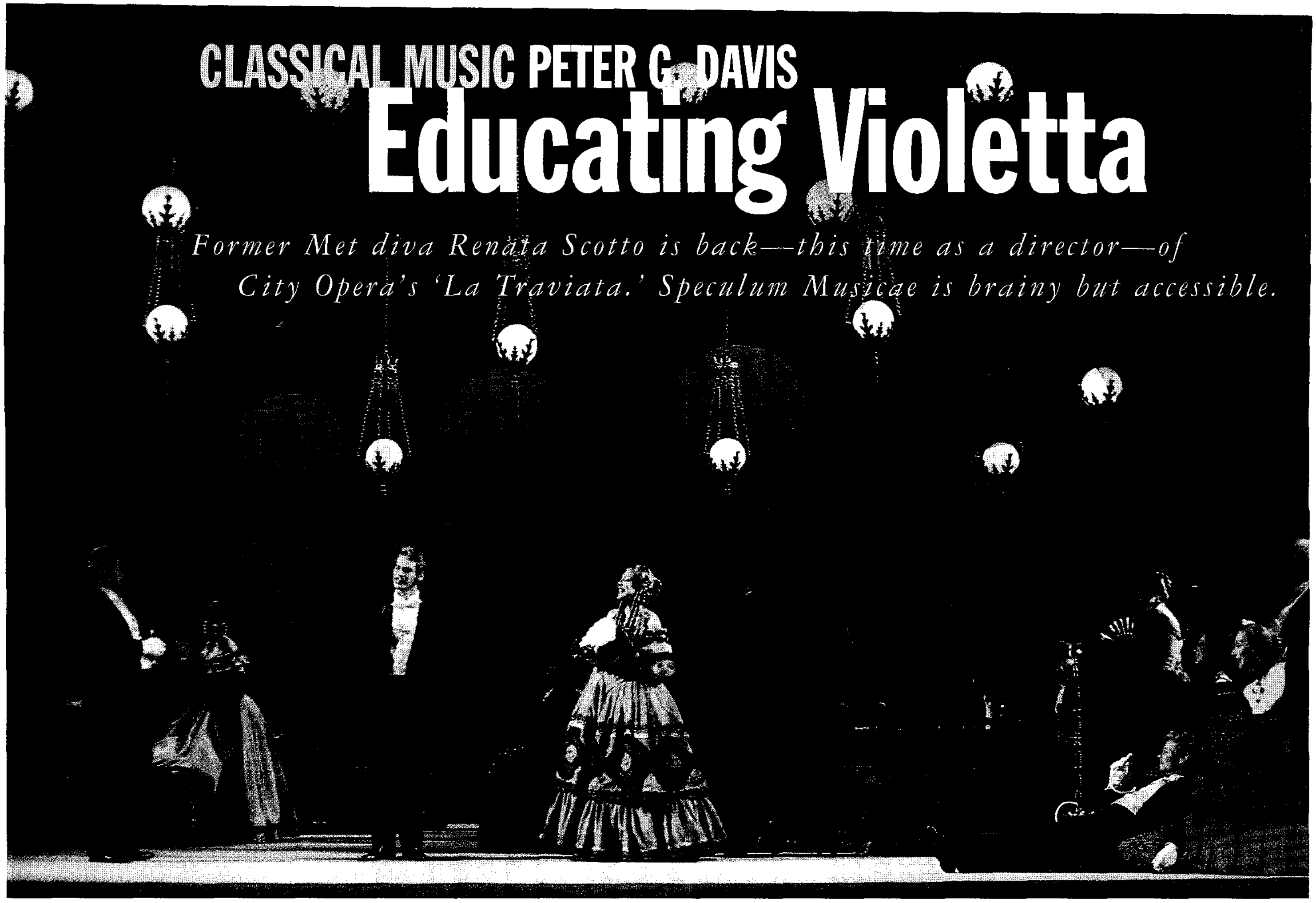

HOW TO SUCCEED IN BUSINESS WITHOUT REALLY TRYING

Photograph by Joan Marcus.

CLASSICAL MUSIC PETER G. DAVIS

Educating Violetta

Former Met diva Renata Scotto is back—this time as a director—of City Opera's 'La Traviata.' Speculum Musicae is brainy but accessible.



A scene from the Renata Scotto–directed production of *La Traviata.*

It's been said that audiences attend the Metropolitan Opera to see star turns and the New York City Opera to watch ensemble performances. That may overstate things, but there's a general truth to it. Take a staple like Verdi's **La Traviata.** The work's performance history at the Met is mainly associated with the names of famous sopranos—Licia Albanese, Dorothy Kirsten, Eleanor Steber, Bidú Sayão, Victoria de los Angeles, Maria Callas, Renata Tebaldi, Anna Moffo, Joan Sutherland, Montserrat Caballé, Renata Scotto, and Beverly Sills, to mention a few noted Met Violettas of the past 50 years. At the City Opera one thinks mainly of *La Traviata* in terms of its productions—Frank Corsaro's gritty actor's-studio treatment, which dates from the sixties, or the more recent, updated version by director Nicholas Muni, who relocated the opera in today's Manhattan and has Violetta expire in an AIDS ward.

Lincoln Center's two operatic worlds blend interestingly in the City Opera's new *La Traviata* staging. The cast functions in the company's best ensemble tradition, but the production has been directed by a star soprano: Renata Scotto, still active as a singer, although both the Met and Violetta are now in her past. I never saw Scotto perform the role at the Met—she sang it there just three times, in the spring of 1967—but she recorded the opera twice, and Violetta was as much her signature part in Europe as Madame Butterfly was in New York. I won't go so far as to say that the new City Opera production makes me feel as though I have now seen Scotto as Verdi's consumptive courtesan, but the imprint of her artistic priorities and special stage presence is unmistakable.

Needless to say, this is a wholly traditional view of *La Traviata,* set in Paris during the middle of the last century as the composer wished. Thierry Bosquet's softly brushed pastel sets for both salon and country estate convey just the right sense of luxury tipping over into decadence, and Jeff Davis deftly creates warm pools of light to enhance the ambience of hothouse romance. Unsurprisingly, Scotto views Violetta as the center of attention—not as a soprano on display in a star vehicle but as a woman around whom everyone revolves and whose needs generate the drama's tension. It isn't Alfredo who's the most fatefully important man in her life (here, he's more of a spoiled brat than usual); instead, it's the young man's disapproving father, Germont. The long Violetta-Germont duet in Act II is correctly treated as the opera's emotional fulcrum, and I have seldom seen it done so well or so movingly—two human beings who meet as defiant social and moral opposites but part as a loving, if still painfully mismatched, father and daughter.

Janice Hall may not command the full range of Violetta's vocal and dramatic requirements (who has?), but her voice is always responsive, her instincts true, and her portrait real. I may be reading things into her performance, but she must have learned much from Scotto, about how to shape phrases and inflect words as well as how a singer can coordinate her voice and gestures to make music with her hands, body, and facial expressions—a dying art, it seems. Louis Otey and Stephen Mark Brown give strong performances as Germont father and son, and the orchestral playing under Yves Abel is always alert and often eloquent. Repertory works like *La Traviata* can benefit from an occasional radical reinterpretation, but the City Opera's current honest, lovingly prepared traditional production is an even more salutary reminder of why this masterpiece continues to be so relevant and timeless.

When the new-music groups **Speculum Musicae** and **Bang on a Can All-Stars** give concerts in the same week, the

Photograph by Carol Rosegg.

temptation is to review their reputations rather than what and how they played. Founded 25 years ago, Speculum Musicae has long been pegged as the voice of uptown academia—if these virtuoso musicians cannot make the mind-bending music of Elliott Carter and Milton Babbitt accessible, then no one can. Bang on a Can, on the other hand, started life downtown nine years ago as a composer-focused alternative, serving the needs of a younger generation and fired by a mission to make new music audience-friendly once again. Philip Glass continues to act as a father figure, but the agenda remains loose. The door is open, says cofounder Julia Wolfe, to all "pioneers who know how to swing."

Both groups have learned to compromise, and their performances only a couple of blocks from each other on the Upper West Side seemed to symbolize the fact. Some purists are even wondering whether success hasn't spoiled the Bang on a Canners as they eagerly reach out and embrace the musical Establishment. Last season, the All-Stars left their scruffy downtown quarters to take up residence in Lincoln Center, which presented their latest concert at the Walter Reade Theater. And now, after releasing three lively CDs on the small independent new-music label CRI, they have been lured to join the giant Sony.

Bang on a Can may still retain its feisty identity, but I can't say that the group chose the most nourishing program, much of it sloppy stuff fed by the most brainless kind of art rock and all of it painfully self-conscious. A tedious piano concerto of sorts by Michael Maguire called *Tristan, Doris, and Geraldo* (as in Isolde, Day, and Rivera) took the prize for noisy ineptitude, although Juliet Palmer's watery *Deep Stew* ran a close second. Some might argue that Norman Yamada reached the nadir with his disheveled *Year One,* which asks the question "How empty can you go?" and answers it more successfully than the composer perhaps intended. I know it's fashionable, even desirable, to be dumb now, but surely Bang on a Can can do better than this.

Speculum Musicae's program in Merkin Concert Hall was considerably more demanding, but only a nitwit would have rejected it as academic and inaccessible. True, the new scores by Wayne Peterson (Duo for Violin and Piano), Elliott Carter (*90+,* for piano), and Eric Moe (*Kicking and Screaming,* for piano and nine instrumentalists) have a tough edge, but they also pay listeners the compliment of inviting active participation. Despite its reputation for severity, Speculum has never shied away from playing music with a theatrical surface, which Jon Deak's *Nature's Cure* and George Crumb's *Quest* possess in abundance, along with a discipline and a poetry that any can-banger could learn from. Much of the pleasure of this concert came, as usual, from hearing these superb players respond to so many substantial and finely wrought musical challenges. ▬

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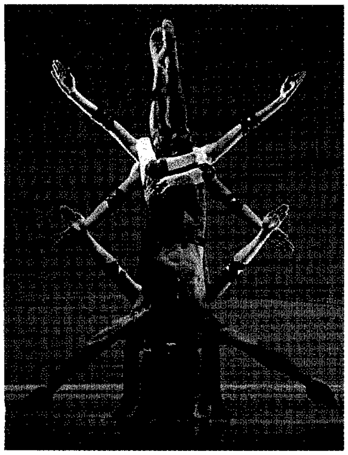
DANCE **TOBI TOBIAS**

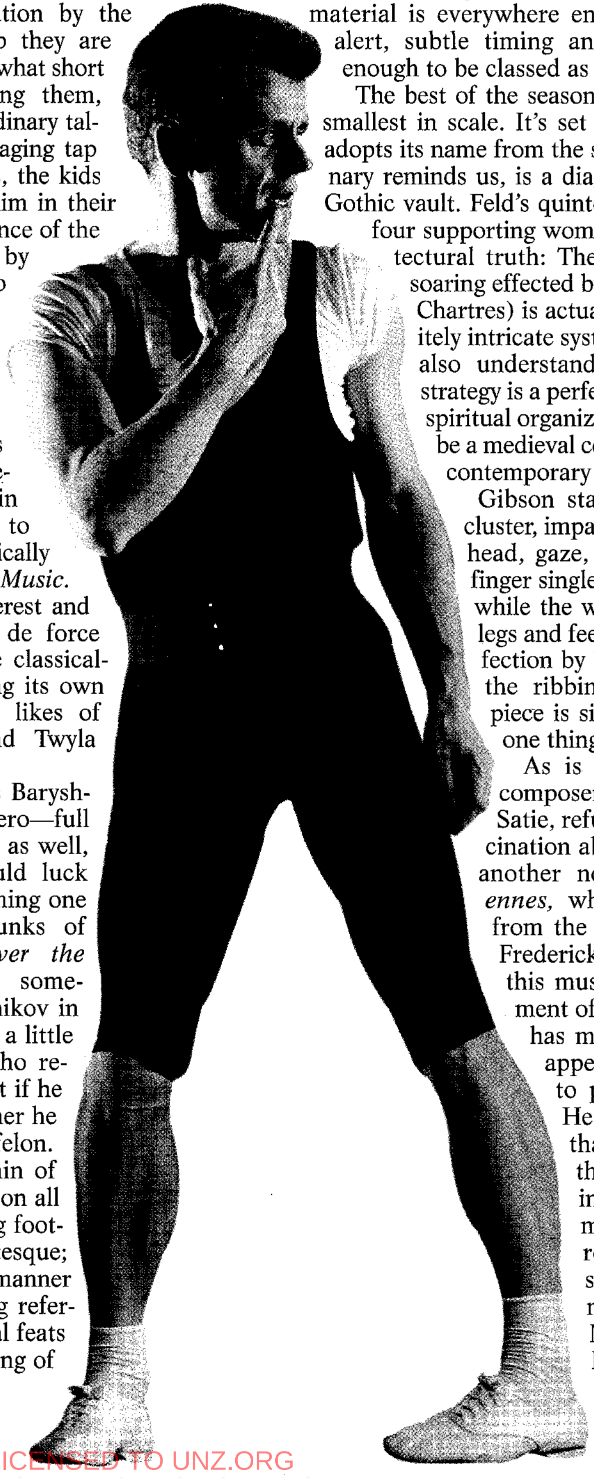
Face the Music and Dance

Eliot Feld's 'Tongue and Groove' is one of the cleverest tours de force ever made for Baryshnikov; 'Ogive' gives flesh to architectural truth.

IT'S TOUGH TO RESIST KIDS, ESPECIALLY WHEN THEY'VE got stars in their eyes. To open its five weeks at the Joyce, **Feld Ballets/NY** staged a gala benefit for its affiliated academy, the New Ballet School, dedicated to developing dancers out of the city's public-school population. The interim results were displayed in a demonstration by the youngsters. As a group they are long on natural charm if somewhat short on technical prowess; among them, there are examples of extraordinary talent. After a brilliant and engaging tap monologue by Gregory Hines, the kids got to soft-shoe along with him in their ballet slippers. The star-presence of the evening was augmented by Mikhail Baryshnikov, in a solo newly created for him by Feld, which he gets to take back home to spike the repertory of his White Oak Dance Project.

The Baryshnikov number is called *Tongue and Groove,* reflecting a classy maneuver in carpentry; it's set to Steve Reich's rhythmically tantalizing *Clapping Music.* It is one of the cleverest and most original tours de force made for this astute classical-ballet émigré, holding its own with efforts by the likes of Jerome Robbins and Twyla Tharp.





In *Ogive,* the appearance of effortless soaring; in *Tongue and Groove,* a Baryshnikov full of fun and malice.

Photographs: left to right, Tom Brazil; Jack Vartoogian.

The piece presents Baryshnikov as a boy antihero—full of fun and of malice as well, quite capable (should luck desert him) of becoming one of the lost-soul punks of Feld's ominous *Over the Pavement.* There's something of the real-life Baryshnikov in this character and more than a little of the smart-alecky Feld, who remarked on opening night that if he hadn't become a choreographer he would probably have been a felon.

Looking like a street urchin of the forties, Baryshnikov tries on all kinds of moves: twisty, sliding footwork with a tinge of the grotesque; voluptuous arm work in the manner of Isadora Duncan; a fleeting reference to the breathtaking aerial feats that made him the onetime king of classical ballet; standard gymnast's stunts rendered with holy purity; and staccato, disjunctive phrases to remind us that life is tough in the here and now. Besides the dancing, there's mime—tongue literally in cheek, punning on the ballet's title; oh-my-aching-back business after a debonairly executed marvel. The richness of the material is everywhere enhanced by Baryshnikov's alert, subtle timing and by a charisma potent enough to be classed as a lethal weapon.

The best of the season's other new ballets is the smallest in scale. It's set to Erik Satie's *Ogive* and adopts its name from the score. An ogive, the dictionary reminds us, is a diagonal arch or rib across a Gothic vault. Feld's quintet, for Darren Gibson and four supporting women, gives flesh to an architectural truth: The appearance of effortless soaring effected by the Gothic church (think Chartres) is actually the result of an exquisitely intricate system of supports. The ballet also understands that this architectural strategy is a perfect metaphor for a culture's spiritual organization, whether that culture be a medieval community of Catholics or a contemporary dance company.

Gibson stands at the center of the cluster, impassioned and exalted, chest, head, gaze, raised arm, and pointing finger single-mindedly thrust skyward, while the women, upended, use their legs and feet, sculpted to abstract perfection by ballet training, to describe the ribbing of the cathedral. The piece is simple and succinct; it says one thing, and that clearly.

As is his obsessive habit with composers, Feld has glommed onto Satie, refusing to let go until his fascination abates. Thus the season got another new Satie ballet, *Gnossiennes,* which also takes its name from the score. For three decades, Frederick Ashton's embodiment of this music—in the second installment of his sublime *Monotones*—has made further interpretation appear unnecessary; Feld fails to prove this notion wrong. He starts out making a dance that depicts human life—in the guise of a woman—being born from a primal female force. The principal roles are predictably assigned to Feld's constant muse, the sweet, lush Buffy Miller, and her alter-ego, Ha-Chi Yu, who undulates sensuously on the floor, her pre-Raphaelite hair unbound.

Matters get complicated by the arrival of four subsidiary clones—who add nothing but length to the discourse on the wonders of woman—and clouded by the subsequent role reversal of the first ladies. Everyone is dressed by Martin Pakledinaz in white unitards complicated by oddly attached giant handkerchiefs that look like sails when they get moving. Everyone writhes and wafts interminably.

Miller and Yu are, indeed, as ravishing as Feld finds them to be, but the ballet that springs from his appreciation of their charms is amorphous and dull. Not as dull, however, as the stultifying *Chi,* Feld's tenth go at Steve Reich's music, which sets Miller in perpetual motion for seventeen minutes, a free but very repetitious spirit who encounters—and overcomes—rigidity in the form of a ballet barre. (I don't even want to consider the latent message here.)

The issue can't be avoided, though, in considering *Ludwig Gambits* (to Beethoven's Fourth Symphony). The imposing music and the cast of twenty (large for the Joyce's stage), many of its recruits from the New Ballet School, raise the question of how Feld's protégés are being trained, and for what. This piece, in which group work dominates, is evidently a vehicle for them to demonstrate their strengths. Even the apprentices in their mid-teens dance well enough to acquit themselves splendidly in its grand-scale formations and juicy gyrations. And at first the dancers' verve and sheer personableness mask the fact that, judged as classical ballet or even a latter-day spinoff of same, the choreography is inadequate. It's part martial drill, part halftime routine, part engaging chorus line. It is also carefully tailored to the level of its performers' present abilities.

The student demonstration at the gala revealed all too unmistakably that talent has been identified and tenderly nurtured—these kids haven't been turned into automatons of efficiency, as far too many ballet pupils are—but that the schooling hasn't been sufficiently rigorous to enable them to perform Petipa, Balanchine, Ashton, or even non-gimmicky Feld. The technique of the young dancers now emerging from the New Ballet School into Feld's company is generally correct—touchingly so—but weak in comparison to that of the neophytes joining companies like the New York City Ballet, American Ballet Theatre, and any number of regional troupes. That's no problem, it can be argued, if the New Ballet School's graduates prefer to make their careers with Feld. But it will become a problem if their restricted range—their weakness in ballet's essential turned-out stance, their lack of precision, the women's awkwardness on pointe—in turn inhibits Feld's options as a choreographer. ■

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The Romanian-born actress Elina Lowensohn as Antonia.

TELEVISION/JOHN LEONARD

American Tragedies

Elina Lowensohn smolders in 'My Antonia' as Kathleen Turner suffers in 'Friends at Last.'

LIKE THE CORNFIELDS AND THE WINDMILLS AND the tombstones under the big dome of blue sky in **My Antonia** (Wednesday, March 29, and other dates; 9 to 11 P.M.; USA), Jason Robards and Eva Marie Saint are themselves iconic: weathered American emblems, with long-distance eyes. If Neil Patrick Harris is sort of funny-looking as their grandson in Nebraska in the 1880s, even briefly preposterous behind a caterpillar mustache, well, Willa Cather was always hard on and dubious about these sensitive young men who would leave the land, and its women, for cities and books. She had trifled herself with Greenwich Village and Henry James, but virtue and grandeur were back on the prairie: "There was nothing but land," she wrote; "not a country at all, but the material out of which countries are made." Plus of course the women who made those countries, like Alexandra Bergson, the farmer, and Thea Kronberg, the singer, and Antonia Shimerda, the Bohemian peasant girl Jim Burden abandoned to study law through rimless glasses.

As Antonia, the Romanian-born Elina Lowensohn manages to smolder even as she flounces. If Alexandra, in *O Pioneers!,* was a "gleaming white body which no man on the Divide could have carried very far," Antonia is smaller, darker, sexier, less riverlike, more wolfish. We meet her one awful winter in a dugout. She's starving, and what we admire is her spunk. No wonder Harris as Jim is smitten, teaching her English. No wonder grandfather Robards, who wanted to be a teacher himself, worries that Antonia will compromise this clever boy's upward mobility. Considering what's in store for her—a suicidal father (Jan Triska), domestic service, unwed motherhood—Antonia's lucky in her childhood acquaintance with Russian Peter (Endre Hules), an anarchist who plays the balalaika, as Alexandra was lucky to know mad Ivar, the Norwegian Thoreau who talked to ducks. There will be more snow than music in Antonia's life. Considering that he's such a wimp—played here like a John-Boy Walton gone to Nebraska for some righteous biscuits—Jim's lucky she even talks to him when he returns to the corn too late to do anything but rhapsodize about "our precious, incommunicable past."

This, I hasten to add, is my own willful misreading, not the novel Cather wrote, nor the TV movie Joseph Sargent has lovingly directed from a faithful adaptation by Victoria Riskin, with a splendid Nebraska always available to suggest immensities. *My Antonia* isn't a prairie rewrite of Dreiser's *An American Tragedy,* or Thomas Mann's *Tonio Kröger,* or even Jacques Demy's *The Umbrellas of Cherbourg,* with music by David Shire instead of Michel Legrand. It just seems that way when you're middle-aged and homesick for first love.

BEFORE IT TURNS INTO A WEEPIE—WHICH WEEPINESS IS probably why it got a network production in the first place—**Friends at Last** (Sunday April 2; 9 to 11 P.M.; CBS) is an uncommonly sharp and savvy look at modern marriage in delirious Manhattan, with Kathleen Turner as the wronged wife with a smart mouth who, after she has been exploited and discarded for the greater glory of her husband's career in journalism, discovers like a lioness her own grace and survival skills. Fanny (Turner) and Phillip Conlon (Colm Feore) seem happy, even playful, on the Upper West Side with their small daughter Diana, till Phillip starts sticking both mother and child into his Wednesday "Manhattan Diary" column for a New York broadsheet newspaper that remains nameless. Suddenly, instead of a person, Fanny is a sort of semiotic signifier, "The Essential Wife," the source of "Fannyisms," and Phillip's ticket to power parties where she's kind of embarrassing, restaurants full of expensive people where she makes a scene, and a Pulitzer Prize, at the presentation of which she is patronized. Having got a book out of her, Phillip no longer needs a wife. He finds, instead, a West 67th Street studio apartment and a Newport, Rhode Island, trophy squeeze (Julie Khaner). Fanny is left with Chinese takeout, a bowl full of Phillip's press clippings, a best friend (Faith Prince) who belongs to a Speaking Bitterness woman's group, and a stressed-out daughter (variously Krista Marie Bonura, Megan Bouchard, and Sarah Paulson) who grows up and goes to Stanford, where "all I want to do is sleep . . . that's what I do when I can't deal."

All this is as closely observed as we'd expect from a script by Susan Sandler, who has lost none of her cunning since *Crossing Delancey.* I think I speak for all of us who wrote Wednesday columns about family life for the New York *Times* back in the seventies when we still had feelings when I say that it even, well, hurts. And Kathleen Turner is terrific. But two thirds through a TV movie as scary in its recognitions as a novel by Richard Yates, *Friends at Last* goes lachrymal. As if it weren't implausible enough that Fanny never finds another man, she must find instead a lump in her breast. Richard Yates turns into Erich Segal. Phillip writes another column.

NEW SERIES: I HAVEN'T SEEN THE PILOT FOR **The Wright Verdicts** (Fridays, starting March 31; 9 to 10 P.M.; CBS) because, at press time, they were reshooting it with a cast change. But Tom Conti as a New York criminal lawyer who talks to himself (when he isn't quoting Shakespeare), Margaret Colin as his ingenious (and insouciant) private investigator, and Aida Turturro as his earthy (but worshipful) office assistant, are altogether engaging, especially in a forthcoming episode called "Ex Corpus Delicti," which involves not only animal rights and vasectomies but also synthetic heroin and stolen sperm. (Just imagine, on Court TV, a prosecutor in a snit about "a scheming succubus who killed her lover for his seed.") *The Wright Verdicts* is executive producer Dick Wolf in his whimsical mode. . . . Instead of talking to herself, Patty Duke in **Amazing Grace** (Saturdays starting April 1; 8 to 9 P.M.; NBC) talks to God. This is because He talked to her first in a near-death experience, after which she abandoned her addiction to pills and a career as a nurse, went into a seminary, and emerged as a single-mother ordained minister. Burt Reynolds shows up next week in a bravura performance as a con man–evangelist who swindles a parishioner out of the $35,000 intended for a new wing of Patty's church. But her very first ministerial problem, besides a male-chauvinist-piggy deacon, is a carpool mother who kidnaps her own son after losing a custody fight. Patty to God: "Why couldn't you have started me off with a nice simple job, like demonic possession?" ■

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HE UNDERGROUND GOURMET **PETER KAMINSKY**

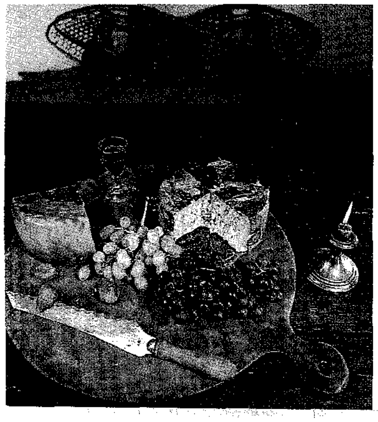
Neo-Mediterranean

Eels are tapas at Il Buco in the Village. La Bouillabaisse is an unexpected French outpost on Atlantic Avenue.

MANY NEW YORKERS DREAM OF LEAVING THE rat race and opening an antiques shop. Others fantasize about owning a restaurant that is a setting for an endless, casually chic dinner party. The proprietors of **Il Buco** (47 Bond Street, between Lafayette Street and the Bowery; 533-1932) have done both. By day they sell antiques, but at six o'clock in the evening, Il Buco morphs into a wine-and-tapas bar.

The space is done, but not overdone. Walls are lined with antique radios and bellows cameras (all are for sale), and a trompe l'oeil painted on a door depicts what looks very much like the best little wine cellar in *MYST.* In fact, the doorway leads to an ancient wine cellar that, according to local legend, inspired Poe's short story "The Cask of Amontillado." Dinnerware is mix-and-match, everything from Fiestaware to rustic Spanish terra-cotta, and the food, too, is an appealing hybrid: Spanish and Italian, much like Il Buco's guiding spirit, Alberto Avalle, a native of Assisi, whose early travels took him to northern Spain's relatively forgotten Atlantic coast for the better part of ten years. Avalle was charmed by the small villages, grandmothers' recipes for simple delicacies like bread stuffed with anchovies, and shellfish harvested by cliff-diving daredevils and prepared in boiling sea water with fresh bay leaves. He is passionate about simple ingredients and direct, uncomplicated tastes. When Avalle recommends something, he does so with a two-handed gesture, like a blissed-out conductor leading an orchestra through a sublime passage. While he supervises the cooking, his partners, Donna Lennard and Giorgio Cappelletti, efficiently handle the small dining room, offering food and wine suggestions and tastes of this and that.

A selection of port (above) and a fruit-and-cheese plate at Il Buco.



Among the tapas, I particularly liked the Serrano-style ham with melon. The ham, aged for eighteen months, was sliced thin and glistened with the silky patina of fat left by a good knife. A plate of little Italian clams, steamed and served with garlic and oil, was finished with red-pepper flakes. Fat corona beans with lamb sausage was a fine interpretation of an Umbrian classic. On one visit, we sampled the smoked-fish plate of steelhead (ocean-going rainbow trout with pink, salmony flesh), Caspian sturgeon, French eels, and catfish—the latter happily not dried to the usual Kleenex consistency. A similar array of smoked meats featured leg of lamb from Amish country, beef, pork, and salchichon de Salamanca, a Spanish country sausage. The steamy polenta integra with shiitake mushrooms was brightened but not overwhelmed by a thick tomato sauce. Galician boquerones, perfectly marinated anchovies, were advertised as a specialty and did not disappoint. Avalle's favorite among the tapas are the angulas Basquas, baby eels that look like linguine with eyes, in garlic with hot-pepper flakes. He recommends a cold Gitana Manzanilla with the eels, a drink that he insists (fervidly) is *not* a sherry but a table wine. The wine list is an eclectic selection of Italian, French, and Spanish wines mostly in the $20-to-$40 range, with a few Alsatians and South Africans thrown in. An equally good list of dessert wines includes a number of sherries and Madeiras by the glass. Tapas and tapas-like offerings like the smoked-fish plate are $4 to $12, and for those who want a substantial main course, the daily stew is around $15, as is the traditional Basque salted cod.

Il Buco is open Tuesday through Thursday from 6 P.M. to midnight and Friday and Saturday till 1 A.M.; beer and wine; reservations accepted; cash only.

WHILE IL BUCO IS JUST STARTING OUT, **La Bouillabaisse** (145 Atlantic Avenue, between Henry and Clinton Streets, at the southern edge of Brooklyn Heights; 718-522-8275), little more than a year old, has resoundingly arrived. Almost from the day it opened, La Bouillabaisse has been full. Still—and this is part of what makes it such an all-around splendid spot—with customers waiting on line just inches from diners in mid-meal, the place manages to feel warm and welcoming, no small feat in a restaurant that seats about 40 people at twelve tables.

Photographs by Kenneth Chen.

A pass-through provides a window into the busy kitchen of chef Neil Ganic, an emigrant from the Balkans who learned to cook in the cramped galley of a freighter (maybe that's the secret of La Bouillabaisse's close-quarters comfort). Twenty-four years ago, he landed in America and since then has worked mainly in and around New York. The idea behind La Bouillabaisse was that an all-seafood restaurant would suit the meat-eschewing, low-cholesterol nineties. And so Ganic installed himself on Atlantic Avenue, where the gentrified Heights meets gentrified Cobble Hill.

The place was an instant success. Ganic's girlfriend, Amanda Green, went on hiatus from her career as a singer-songwriter to take over front-of-the-house duties. A tall, striking blonde with short hair and hoop earrings, she looks like a cross between Marianne Faithfull and Annie Lennox. Green maintains a sense of good cheer while staying very much in charge.

Despite Ganic's original commitment to seafood, requests from his patrons led him to add some meat to the menu. Ganic serves venison and pheasant (which he home-smokes) when both are in season. His braised rabbit with red cabbage, wild cherries, and cranberries was surprising and very good. Equally memorable was a plate of baby-lamb chops, infinitely tender and succulent, coated with bread crumbs that remained crisp and delivered a strong, but not sharp, taste of fresh garlic. You dig into a hearty dish like this and you feel you can tell a cold, rainy early-spring night to go straight to hell.

True to its name, though, La Bouillabaisse is first a fish house, and Ganic has a sure hand. Shrimp-and-calico-scallops Provençal were beautifully done with tomatoes, fresh herbs, and garlic. Prince Edward Island mussels in a natural broth with wine and butter were soft, tasty, and ungritty. The bouillabaisse is a triumphantly inauthentic version of the classic Provençal dish; rather than import a lot of frozen French specialty fish so that the meal can be made according to the canonical rules laid down by Marseilles restaurateurs in 1980, Ganic makes his with fresh local seafood: clams, mussels, scallops, and the noblest fish of the Northeast, the striped bass. An unmiserly addition of saffron is Ganic's way of out-Provençaling Provence. At $14.95, the bouillabaisse is at the higher end of the menu's prices, which top out at $18.95; appetizers average $5, the entrees, $12.

For dessert, a pear poached in a vanilla broth came with perfectly velvety brie. The Linzer torte bore little resemblance to the usual jam-filled cookie—Ganic's is a thick, crisp walnut-based pastry shot through with raspberry preserves ($4).

La Bouillabaisse is open for lunch Monday through Friday from noon to 3 P.M. and for dinner Monday from 5 P.M. to 10 P.M., Tuesday through Sunday till 10:30 P.M.; bring your own; cash only. ■

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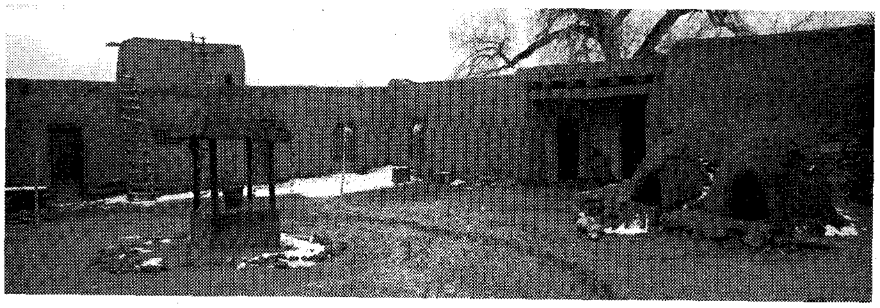

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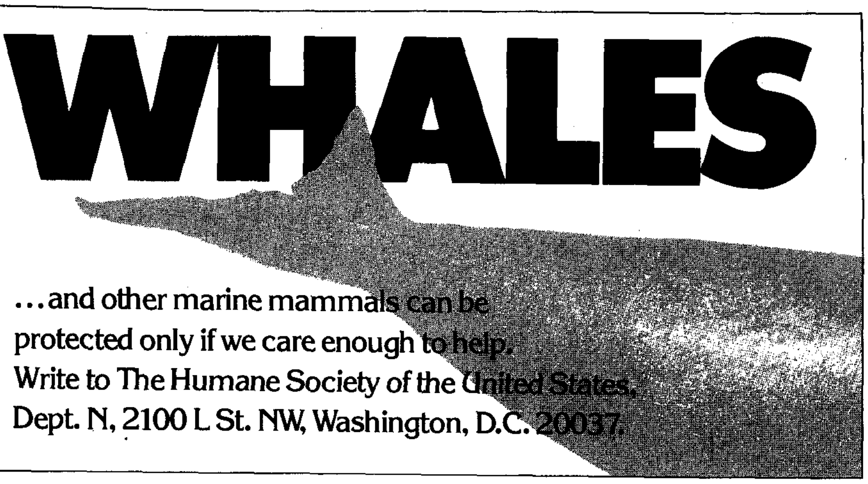

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LEONORE FLEISCHER APRIL 3, 1995

SALES & BARGAINS

Home improvement: everything from a genuine Biedermeier secretary (ca. 1800) to bound wool Berber rugs to an oil portrait of Mom.

Rugged Glory

ABOUT 5,000 CARPET REMNANTS, bound and unbound, plus a variety of European-made Oriental-style area rugs are all greatly reduced at this store in Boerum Hill, Brooklyn. A bound wool Berber, 12 by 15.8 ft., was $339, now $225; Chinese-style area rug, 4 by 6 ft., was $60, now $39; Kirman-style synthetic rug from Belgium, 8 by 11 ft., was $200, now $139; 5.6-by-8-ft. Chinese-design rug, was $150, now $89; 2.6-by-8-ft. Caucasian-design runner, was $75, now $39; unbound nylon plush beige rug, 12 by 8.4 ft., was $200, now $99; unbound nylon plush blue rug, 12 by 12.3 ft., was $300, now $199. A.E., M.C., V. accepted; all sales final; delivery: $35 flat fee for any number of rugs delivered to one address; rug-binding available on premises at additional cost. *D. Kalfaian & Son, Inc., 475 Atlantic Ave., Brooklyn (718-875-2222); by subway: take the Nos. 2, 3, 4, or 5 trains to Nevins Street/Atlantic Avenue; Mon., Thurs., and Fri. 9 a.m.–7:30 p.m., Tues., Wed., and Sat. till 5 p.m., Sun. 10 a.m.–5 p.m.; through 4/2.*

. . . And Furnish It With Love

LORIN MARSH, A FURNITURE DEALER, IS HAVing a sale at its Long Island City warehouse of contemporary and antique European furniture and accessories, and reproductions of antiques, including one-of-a-kind showroom samples and discontinued merchandise. For example: genuine Biedermeier (ca. 1800) secretary, was $36,000, now $12,000; pair of reproduction Biedermeier bergères, was $13,500, now $3,500; French carved-giltwood hall mirror, was $18,000, now $6,000; 7-ft.-high beveled-glass floor screen, was $12,750, now $4,000; contemporary Art Deco–style gunmetal-and-copper dining-room table with an exotic-wood-veneer top, was $13,860, now $4,500; contemporary coffee table with a polished-steel plinth, was $6,600, now $2,000. A.E., M.C., V., checks accepted; all sales final; delivery arranged at additional cost; everything sold as is. *Lorin Marsh, Ltd., 34–15 10th St., Long Island City (718-956-8010); call for directions; Fri., Sat., and Sun. 10 a.m.–4 p.m.; 3/31–4/2.*

DO NOT PHONE: *Send suggestions for "Sales & Bargains" to Leonore Fleischer,* New York *Magazine, 755 Second Ave., New York, N.Y. 10017-5998, six weeks before the sale.*

Hang Your Mother

MICHAEL FISCHER, AN ACADEMY-TRAINED painter and sculptor who has received a grant from the Austrian Ministry for the Arts and displayed his work in galleries in the U.S. and in Europe, is discounting his oil-on-linen and oil-on-wood portraits for a limited time as potential Mother's Day gifts. Prices depend on the number of subjects and the size of the portrait; for example, a single-subject bust (head and shoulders), 13 by 20 in., was $2,000, now $1,650. The artist works from Polaroids that he will take of you in his studio; he will come to your home, but travel expenses are additional and payable in advance. Upon approval of the photos, a contract is drawn up and a 20 percent deposit is required; the balance is due on delivery (installment payments are possible with interest). The discount is in effect if you sign the contract before April 28. Phone or write for an appointment. *Michael Fischer, 470 W. 24th St., No. 11E; New York, N.Y. 10011 (645-9848).*

Cool Clothes

BETWEEN NOW AND AUGUST 15, YOU MAY bring your fur, shearling, wool, or leather garments in to Harry Kirshner & Son for professional cold storage at only $20 each, and you won't have to take them out until January 1, 1996. The company also offers cleaning, repairs, remodeling, relining, and other services on all furs, and special hand-cleaning and repairs on shearlings. A.E., M.C., V., checks accepted. *Harry Kirshner & Son, Inc., 307 Seventh Ave., near 28th St., fourth floor (243-4847); Mon.–Fri. 9 a.m.–6 p.m., Sat. till 5 p.m.*

In a League of Their Own

THIS SHOP HAS BASEBALL JACKETS MADE OF distressed and antiqued leather, with green body and black sleeves; embroidered colorfully on the back is the legend AMERICAN BASEBALL TEMPLES. The jackets originally sold for $1,000; here they're just $175. Most are in size L (44), but there are also quite a few in size M (40) and a limited quantity in XL, XXL and 2XL Tall, and XL Long Tall. No credit cards; checks accepted as deposits only, merchandise held until they clear; all sales final. *Libra Leather, Inc., 259 W. 30th St., sixth floor (695-3114); Mon.–Fri. 9 a.m.–5 p.m.; while stock lasts.*

Mase in Yo' Face

MASON'S TENNIS MART HAS A LIMITED SElection of men's and women's winter tennis togs by such famous makers as Le Coq Sportif, Ixspa, Quantum, Tail, Ellesse, and Wimbledon at half-price. Items for men (sizes M–XL, waist sizes 30–40) include warmup suits, were $190, now $95; shirts, were $48, now $24; shorts, were $48, now $24. For women (sizes 4–14): warmups, were $175–$200, now $87.50–$100; skirts, were $50, now $25; shirts, were $48–$52, now $24–$26; Ellesse shirts, were $82, now $41. A.E., D.C., M.C., V., checks accepted; all sales final. *Mason's Tennis Mart, 911 Seventh Ave., near 58th St. (757-5374); Mon.–Fri. 10 a.m.–6:30 p.m., Sat. till 6 p.m.; through 4/1.*

Le Capitaine Frunch

THIS CHARMING, SMALL FRENCH RESTAURANT seats only 28, and takes reservations only for parties of six or more; but the portions are large, the food is delicious, and the prices are low. The fixed-price lunch ($7.95) includes your choice of appetizer or dessert (appetizers include homemade meat terrine, soup of the day, and mesclun salad); main courses such as roasted chicken au jus with mashed potatoes and warm-salmon salad; and desserts such as tarte Tatin. The weekend Frunch (French brunch), from 11:30 A.M. to 4 P.M., for $9.95, gives you a basket of croissant, brioche, and preserves; coffee or tea; and a main course such as omelette with French ham, porcini, and herbs; warm crêpes with cheese and ham; penne with bay scallops and mussels in a seafood sauce; or sliced chicken breast with tomatoes, goat cheese, endive, and mesclun salad. Dinner is à la carte, but very well priced, with eight appetizers ranging from $4.50 (mesclun salad with walnuts) to $6 (smoked-duck-breast salad). Most main courses are $15, such as filet mignon with black-pepper sauce; red snapper sautéed with tiger shrimp and mango sauce; and napoleon of salmon and fish mousse with red caviar sauce. Cash only. *L'Ardoise, 1207 First Ave., near 65th St. (744-4752).* ■

Cue

A Weekly Guide to Entertainment and the Arts in New York

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BigPictures

Some of the best pictures anywhere—like this 1925 Edward Steichen shot of Charlie Chaplin—are on sale this week, as Sotheby's, Christie's, and Swann Galleries kick off their big semiannual

(page 90)

movies

Jefferson Takes Liberties…Heavy Met

New Films

Ground Rules:

These brief reviews, where noted, are condensed versions of reviews by David Denby . . . A ★ denotes a current release that *New York* recommends, ranging from best-of-the-year picks to worthy curios to flawed movies with one outstanding element . . . Reviews are followed by the Manhattan theaters where the film is playing.

Ballet—Through 4/4. Frederick Wiseman's latest documentary employs the usual techniques: a leisurely, even indulgent, running time; a conspicuous absence of voice-overs or explanatory titles; and a predilection for long, quietly observant scenes. As always, his style is ideally suited to capturing the rhythms and realities of a world—in this case, the American Ballet Theater. Most of it is devoted to practice sessions, with the final eighty minutes showing the ABT on tour, with performance excerpts and scenes of dancers at play. While there is nothing revelatory here, it is engaging and fascinating throughout. Newcomers to ballet, entranced by *The Red Shoes,* will come face-to-face with endless rehearsals and stern taskmasters. And certainly aficionados will find even more to savor. Later scenes showing the dancers relaxing on the beach or strolling in parks seem tangential at best, but like every other glimpse of these dedicated artists, it leaves one thought uppermost in your mind: "I need to work out." (2 hrs. 50 min.; NR) *Film Forum.*

★**Before the Rain**—Writer/director Milcho Manchevski's debut has both poetic immediacy and frightening premonitory force as it tells the story of an anguished country—Macedonia—on the verge of civil war. It features three interconnected stories. The first and third are set in a mountain village in Macedonia, the middle one in London, and all three are seething with the Christian-Muslim hatreds that tore apart Bosnia and Herzegovina. As in *Pulp Fiction*, the stories are placed out of sequence chronologically, and the movie ends by recapitulating its beginning. The first story is set in a monastery high in the mountains, where a slender, handsome young monk (Grégoire Colin) with wide-open eyes and a trusting face—a boy happy in his piety—walks into his room and discovers a frightened girl. The next morning, Christian militia from a nearby village turn up, looking for the girl: She is both a Muslim and an Albanian, and they insist she killed a member of their family. In the London section, Anne (Katrin Cartlidge, from Mike Leigh's *Naked*), another hurt, wary woman, works in a news-photo agency; her lover is the agency's star combat photographer (Rade Serbedzija, a bearded, shaggy, full-bodied man who looks like he's been around). He quits his job and tries to take Anne home to Macedonia with him. In the third section he returns home—and home, of course, is the same mountain village that the Albanian girl and the militia are from. Not all the loose ends are tied up, and Manchevski indulges in a few fancy touches, but the movie is a triumph. In Macedonian. (Denby; 3/13/95) (1 hr. 56 min.; NR) *Village Theater VII; Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.*

The Brady Bunch Movie—The squeaky-clean clan (groovy clothes and wholesome attitude intact) is dropped smack-dab in the Los Angeles suburbs of the present. You don't want to like it, you don't need to see it, and yet you can sing the opening song of this flick without batting an eye. With Shelley Long as Mom. Directed by Betty Thomas. (1 hr. 29 min.; PG-13) *19th St. East; Embassy 2–4; 1st and 62nd St. Cinema; 84th St. Six.*

Bullets Over Broadway—Some of this beautiful-looking twenties comedy is very funny: Dianne Wiest gives a classic performance as the boozy, aging Broadway diva Helen Sinclair; but it's not a satisfying movie. John Cusack, the nominal hero—an eager young playwright with a tin ear—is a sellout. Why care about this guy? What's fatally missing from the movie is any love for the way of life being mocked. There's too much contempt—contempt joined strangely with self-exculpation. With Chazz Palminteri and Tracey Ullman. Cinematography by Carlo Di Palma. (Denby; 10/17/94) (1 hr. 39 min.; PG) *Waverly; 86th St.; First and 62nd St. Cinema; Metro Cinema.*

Bye Bye, Love—On a busy weekend, three ordinary guys (Matthew Modine, Randy Quaid, Paul Reiser)—all divorced fathers who don't understand their own feelings or anyone else's—take custody of their kids, and all their problems with children, wives, and other women come to a head. Cutting back and forth among the three, director Sam Weisman gets some decent comic momentum going near the end—for a scene or two, the movie lifts itself out of sitcom ordinariness. The highlight: Janeane Garofalo (formerly of *Saturday Night Live*) shows up for a blind date with Quaid and gives a fresh performance as a neurotic so convinced men will find fault with her that she can't even bring herself to order dinner. (Denby; 3/27/95) (1 hr. 47 min.; PG-13) *Art Greenwich Twin; Chelsea; Murray Hill Cinemas; Criterion Center; Crown Gotham; Orpheum; 62nd and Broadway.*

Candyman: Farewell to the Flesh—A sequel for the hook-wielding baddie who comes when you call. Directed by Bill Condon. (1 hr. 37 min.; R) *Movieland 8th St.; 19th St. East; 34th St. Showplace; Astor Plaza; Manhattan Twin; Movieplex 42; Orpheum; 84th St. Six; New Coliseum.*

Circle of Friends—Chris O'Donnell maintains his charm and a gentle Irish brogue in this rather predictable romantic drama. It's the story of three Catholic girls in the fifties who go off to school and soon yearn for independence and romance. It offers some interesting, original characters, only to shoehorn them into a by-the-numbers plot that any reader of Harlequin romances will be able stay two steps ahead of. Based on the novel by Maeve Binchy. Directed by Pat O'Connor. (1 hr. 52 min.; PG-13) *Waverly; 19th St. East; Baronet; 84th St. Six.*

Clerks—In Kevin Smith and Scott Mosier's defiantly, and at times hilariously, low-rent Jersey comedy, two hyperarticulate guys waste their days at a convenience store. The guys are guys and nothing but guys. They play roller hockey and curse a lot, and they talk coarsely of women, whom they nevertheless desperately need. A series of blackout comedy sketches shot mainly from the customer's point of view, *Clerks* is naggingly funny, a kind of talented-slacker demo tape. (Denby; 11/7/94) (1 hr. 30 min.; R) *Village East.*

Dolores Claiborne—See review. (2 hrs. 10 min.; R) *Village Theatre VII; Chelsea; 34th St. East; Baronet/Coronet; Criterion Center; Orpheum; Lincoln Square.*

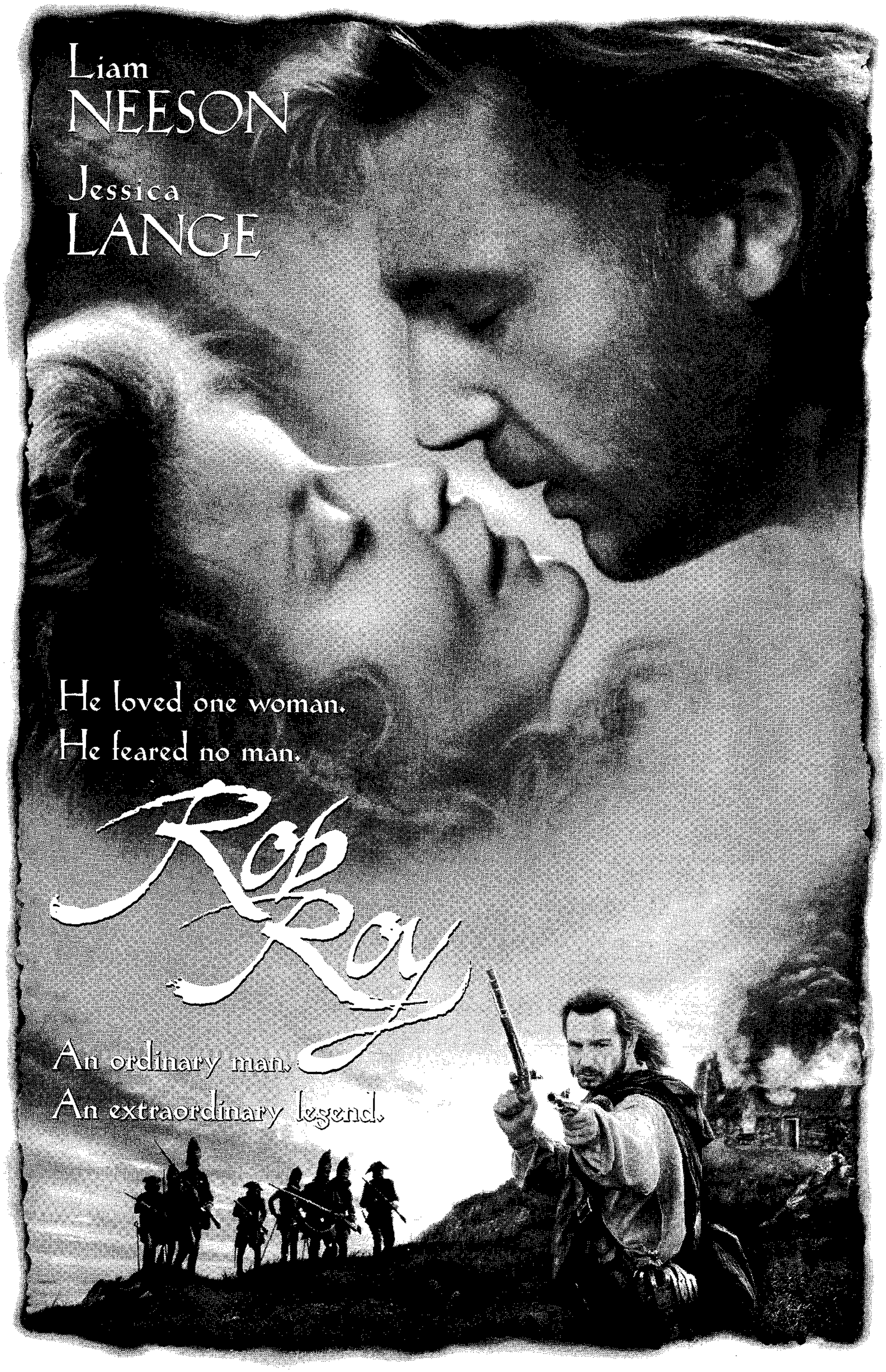
★**Exotica**—It doesn't really come together in your head afterward, but while you're watching it, *Exotica* is quite an experience. Director Atom Egoyan, who is of Armenian descent but was raised in Canada and continues to work there, sets much of

Opening

Tanked Up

Perhaps predictably, the publicity campaign for 'Tank Girl,' starring Lori Petty, has been tarted up for her leap from comic books (where the character is a scrappy supergirl) to the big screen. Need evidence? Check out the subway ads that endow tomboy Petty with centerfold lips and cleavage.

Photograph by Suzanne Tenner/United Artists Pictures.



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UNITED ARTISTS™

OPENS AT SELECT THEATRES ON FRIDAY, APRIL 7TH the film in a lush, palm-treed, pasha-palace strip club, where mysteriously significant rituals are enacted for our amazement. A spectacular young table-dancer (Mia Kirshner), opening her schoolgirl's white shirt, works for her special "client" (Bruce Greenwood), teasing and rubbing up against him. Yet he is forbidden by the rules of the place to do anything more than suffer. For most of the movie, we don't know what their hold on each other is. Their relationship is sex but not sex, love but not love. Egoyan uses the erotic for rapt moments of suspension, and for some of the niftiest jokes in years. A customs inspector, examining an incoming passenger through a one-way mirror, later seduces him and examines him a lot closer. In the morning he confiscates his bed partner's smuggled goods—some rare macaw eggs. *Exotica* is a rare egg itself, odd, speckled, and precious. (Denby; 3/13/95) (1 hr. 43 min.; R) *Angelika Film Center; Murray Hill Cinemas; 68th St. Playhouse; 84th St. Six.*

Festival **Just as spring follows winter, NYU film students will continue to max out their credit cards and hit friends and family up for enough money to go *seriously* into debt making shorts like *Trinity* (above). Check it and more than 100 others out at the First-Run Film Festival March 31–April 8. See "Museums, Societies, Etc."**

Farinelli—More sensational than good, it takes a lurid look at castrati—the rock stars of the eighteenth century—and Farinelli (Stéfano Dionisi) in particular. Particularly attractive, Farinelli has a tormented relationship with his older brother, Riccardo Broschi (Enrico Lo Verso), a minor composer who hangs on to his singing-genius brother as long as he can. The two travel around Europe, and Carlo performs music Riccardo writes for him—soulless virtuoso junk, with much ornamentation and floridly empty "runs." The collaboration goes further. After the performances, the women who go to bed with the great Farinelli discover that Riccardo, by prior arrangement, slips into his brother's place at a certain point and completes the act. Written by director Gérard Corbiau and his wife Andrée, *Farinelli* is emotionally violent but nevertheless irresolute and arbitrary. Worse, it fails to dramatize the real irony in the material: that a man who arouses others to ecstasy can never find satisfaction himself. The Corbiaus may take us to a world of complex pleasures, but they don't have the skill to make it anything more than a historical curiosity. In French. (Denby; 3/27/95) (1 hr. 50 min.; R) *Lincoln Square.*

Funny Bones—First he makes a splash on Broadway, then he stars in a new comedy. Can sitcoms and a book deal be far behind for Jerry Lewis, the once and future king of comedy? Directed by Peter Chelsom (*Hear My Song*), it depicts the travails of a hapless comic (Oliver Platt) forever in the shadow of his famous dad (Lewis). After the son bombs in Vegas, he goes to Blackpool—the Catskills of England—in a desperate attempt to find out what's funny. (2 hrs. 8 min.; R) *Village East; 19th St. East; Cinema I, II, Third Ave.; Lincoln Square.*

Gorilla Bathes at Noon—Yugoslavian-born director Dusan Makavejev premieres his latest feature just as a retrospective honoring him takes place at the American Museum of the Moving Image (see "Museums, Societies, Etc.") Employing the structurally inventive collage technique typical of his early work, Makavejev plunges into post-Cold War Berlin, where a Russian army officer decides to stay after his entire unit deserts. He wanders through the city, taking in the Berlin Zoo, the black market, an attractive German woman (though not her jealous Turkish boyfriend), and prison. In German and Russian. (1 hr. 30 min.; NR) *Joseph Papp Public Theater.*

A Great Day in Harlem—Nominated for an Academy Award for Best Documentary, this is an amiable if unremarkable documentary about an *Esquire* photo shoot in the summer of 1958 that gathered together every notable jazz figure in sight. The historic photograph that resulted has seemed like a miracle—how else to explain one picture that groups together Count Basie, Dizzy Gillespie, Charles Mingus, Thelonious Monk, Sonny Rollins, Coleman Hawkins, Lester Young, and many, many others? This film explains how it all occurred. A pleasant little riff for jazz aficionados. (1 hr.; NR) *Quad Cinema.*

Heavenly Creatures—Nominated for an Academy Award for Best Original Screenplay. Based on the true story of the Parker-Hulme affair, this is the story of two girls who meet in New Zealand and develop an intense friendship that goes dangerously awry. Written and directed by Peter Jackson, it's an exceptionally ambitious movie that takes wild visual leaps when delving into the imaginations of the two girls and succeeds almost every time. It captures the vivid unreality of their insular and ultimately murderous world. (1 hr. 38 min.; R) *Angelika 57.*

★**Hoop Dreams**—Nominated for an Academy Award for Best Editing. An extraordinarily detailed and emotionally satisfying piece of work about American inner-city life, American hopes, American defeat. Two African-American teenagers stand at the center of this documentary, two boys who both want to be NBA players. That is their only desire. They have no fallback position, no middle ground, nothing else they would settle for. The movie follows them through the ups and downs of their high-school years and then into college, and much of it takes place off the courts, among coaches, parents, and friends who apply an annihilating pressure on the young men to succeed. Though graced by much sweet struggle and several euphoric moments, *Hoop Dreams* is nevertheless tragic in its implications. America is interested in making these boys into stars but not into men. (Denby; 10/24/94) (2 hrs. 51 min.; NR) *Quad Cinemas; 23rd St. West Triplex.*

Immortal Beloved—No movie about Beethoven—or Homer or Michelangelo or Shakespeare—is likely to be anything less than kitsch, since the genius's work is sure to outclass whatever interpretive context the filmmaker can provide for it. Some subjects really should be left alone. Having said that, it should also be added that this movie (written and directed by Bernard Rose) is nothing like such florid miseries as Song Without End (the life of Liszt). Parts of it are stirring, even moving, and Gary Oldman is a fiery, sullen Beethoven. This is kitsch of a high order. (Denby; 1/9/95) (2 hrs.; R) *Plaza.*

Jefferson in Paris—The latest exercise in stuffed shirts from Merchant Ivory, which from all appearances is a return to form—but, unfortunately, a return to the form of *The Bostonians* and *The Europeans,* not the form of *Howards End* or *A Room With a View.* In it, Thomas Jefferson (Nick Nolte!) spends time in Paris witnessing the birth of the glorious French Revolution, being wooed discreetly by the Anglo-Italian Maria Cosway, and bedding his young slave girl Sally Hemmings. That last bit isn't historically accurate, according to serious Jeffersonian scholars; neither does it add any dramatic excitement. The Coen brothers should have told them the perils of a large budget and big stars. Written by Ruth Prawer Jhabvala, naturally. Directed by James Ivory. (2 hrs. 20 min.; PG-13) *Paris Theater.*

Just Cause—Director Arne Glimcher follows his unembarrassing but unsuccessful *The Mambo Kings* with this thriller starring Sean Connery, Laurence Fishburne, and Ed Harris. (2 hrs.; R) *Village East; 23rd St. West Triplex; Criterion Center; Gemini Twin; Orpheum; Lincoln Square.*

★**The Last Seduction**—The new neo-*noir* thriller directed by the talented John Dahl (*Red Rock West*) moves with the devastating energy of its viciously inventive dark lady—a lying, cheating tramp named Bridget Gregory, played by the amusingly tough Linda Fiorentino. Before it goes sour at the end, most of this little movie is fast and exhilarating—not radical in form like *Pulp Fiction* but erotically ravenous, exceptionally witty, and impressively knowledgeable about all the dirty deals and low maneuvers that keep a corrupt world going. (Denby; 10/31/94) (1 hr. 50 min.; R) *Village Theatre VII; Sutton; 84th St. Six.*

Little Women—Filled with generosity and high ethical and feminist sentiment, this latest adaptation of Louisa May Alcott's classic novel is about a mother and four daughters surviving in hard times; it's about the endurance of goodness; and it's so beautiful that one wishes it were more interesting. If only the longings of the March family were shaded by darker impulses; if only the feminist consciousness of the mother (Susan Sarandon) were sullied by doubt or error; if only the men (including Christian Bale and Gabriel Byrne) weren't always so gentlemanly. (Denby; 1/9/95) (1 hr. 50 min.; PG.) *Cinema 3.*

Losing Isaiah—See review. (1 hr. 40 min.; R) *Village Theatre VII; Chelsea Cinema; 34th St. Showplace; Embassy 1; Tower East; UA East; Lincoln Square.*

★**The Madness of King George**—This marvelous movie, a full-scale historical re-creation based on Alan Bennett's play, is about the very human George III—the George of schoolboy jokes, the one who reigned for 60 years, taxed the colonies so unpleasantly, and occasionally went out of his head. Nigel Hawthorne renders the king as a virile, fiftyish sport with a bullying voice, a frantic gait, and sudden, convulsive movements. As George drifts off into madness, director Nicholas Hytner's movie moves off in two directions at once—outdoors, to the lawns and heaths around the royal castles, where George rages like a Lear beset by sunshine instead of storms; and indoors, into a greater physical intimacy with the king, whose fits and starts and digestive turmoils are subjected to the high quackery of the royal physicians. The flesh is tormented, the spirit harrowed, and something like poetry takes over. Nominated for numerous Academy Awards, including Hawthorne as Best Actor. (1 hr. 43 min.; NR) *Angelika Film Center; First and 62nd St. Ave.; Lincoln Plaza.*

Major Payne—Damon Wayans plays a hard-bitten soldier who has to turn a motley crew of Junior ROTC cadets into a respectable fighting unit. Directed by Nick Castle, fresh off *Dennis the Menace.* Based on the book *The Private War of Major Benson,* and—it must be admitted—the title change *is* an improvement. (1 hr. 35 min.; PG-13) *Art Greenwich Twin; Chelsea; Movieplex 42; National Twin; 86th St.; First & 62nd St. Cinema; New Coliseum; Nova; Regency.*

Martha and I—Marianne Saegebrecht is a formidable talent who rarely finds movies that can showcase her unique charm. While this World War II–era love story isn't particularly noteworthy, at least it gives her a dramatic role of substance. Saegebrecht is Martha, the German maid of a prominent Jewish doctor in Czechoslovakia. When the doctor's lovely wife dallies with another man, he divorces her and turns to the rather plain and submissive Martha as an easy substitute. Martha's poor family is properly delighted by her rich catch while his is shocked at having to socialize with the help. Their easy compatibility turns to love just as the encroaching Third Reich turns the doctor's role as protector into one of liability: Martha can be severely punished for marrying a Jew. As the war swirls, they both sacrifice themselves repeatedly to help the other, and it should all be much more moving and significant than it is. But it isn't. With Michel Piccoli. Written and directed by Jiri Weiss. In German. (1 hr. 47 min.; NR) *Quad Cinema.*

Mina Tannenbaum—An awkward, unsteady film about

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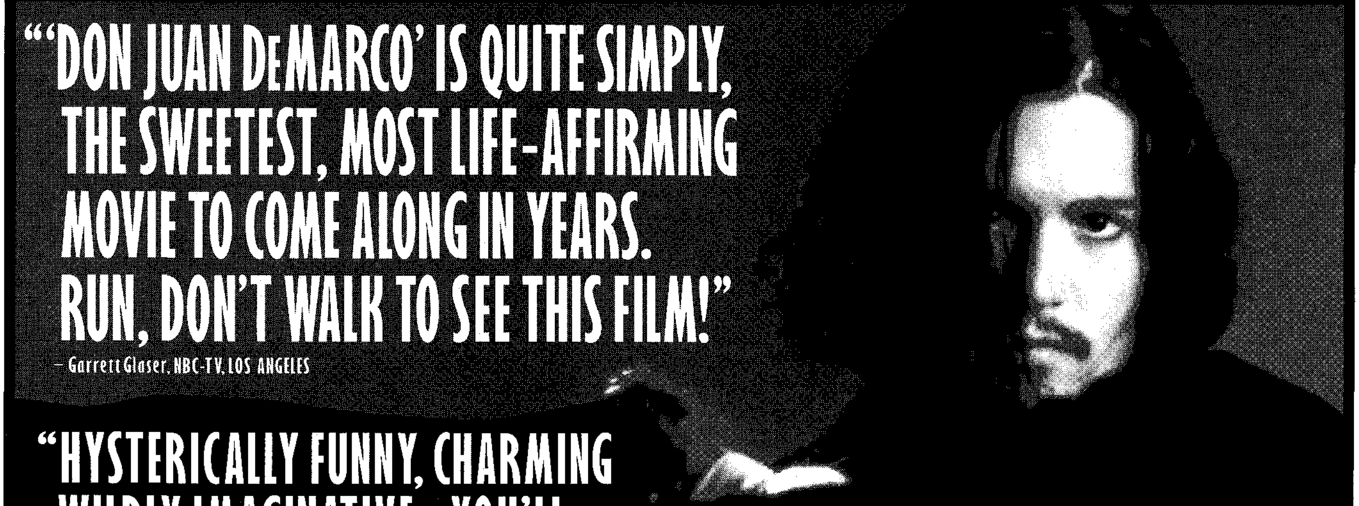

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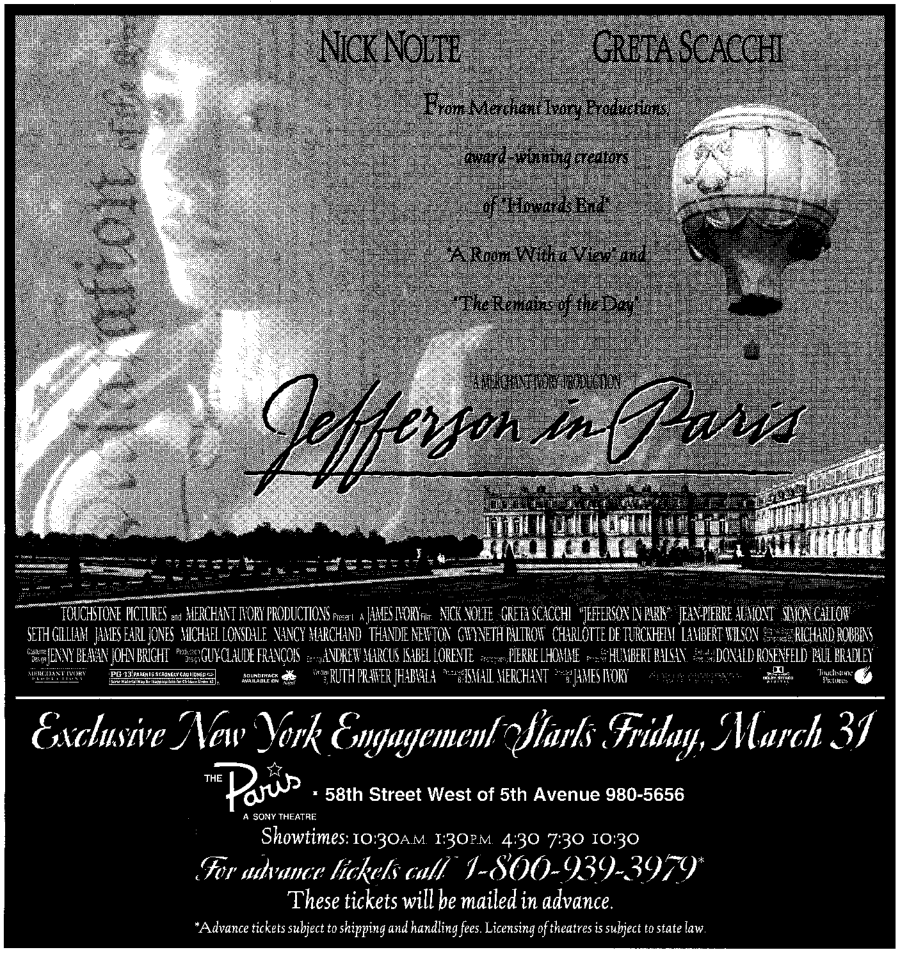
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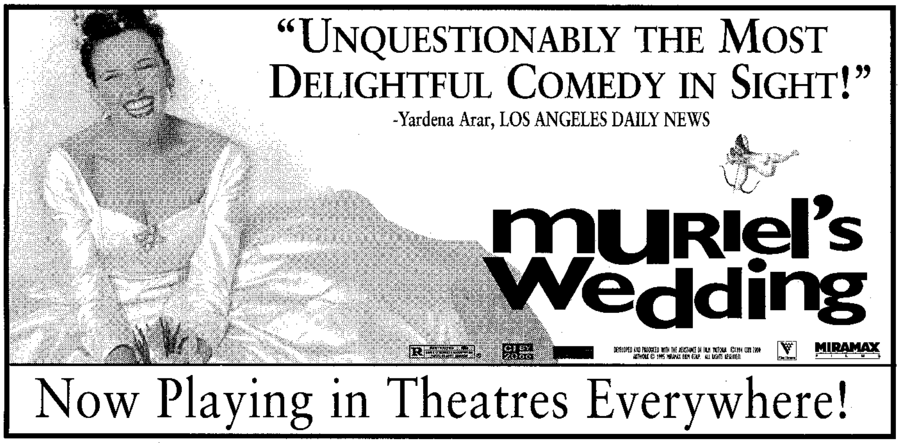
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the friendship (or lack thereof) between the severe and demanding Mina (Romane Bohringer) and the shy but friendly Ethel (Elsa Zylberstein). They meet in ballet class at age 7 and the movie follows them for the next 25 years. Except for some amusing moments of teenage uncertainty about their looks and the prospect of dating, it's essentially a rather dark and serious story. But writer/director Martine Dugowson uses such jarringly whimsical devices as guardian angels to tell it. Increasingly uninteresting as it goes along. In French. (2 hrs. 8 min.; NR) *Quad Cinema; Lincoln Plaza.*

Muriel's Wedding—See review. (1 hr. 45 min.; R) *Village East; Murray Hill Cinemas; 19th St. East; Beekman; Lincoln Plaza.*

Naked Killer—Not for the faint of heart. A gang of female assassins is brutally murdering men, seemingly at random, in this lurid action flick from Hong Kong that hopes to follow in the footsteps of *The Killer.* Graphic violence and a lesbian subplot add to the fun. Directed by Clarence Fok. In Cantonese. (1 hr. 35 min.; NR) *Cinema Village 12th St.*

★**Nobody's Fool**—An affecting chronicle of life in a dim burg where people stay forever, grimly attached to the boarded-up houses, the old bar, the lone diner. Paul Newman (nominated for Best Actor) is Sully, forever unsettled, a lifelong screwup who lives as a boarder in the house of his former teacher (Jessica Tandy) and flirts with the wife (Melanie Griffith) of his sleazy, deadbeat boss (Bruce Willis). The movie is set Thanksgiving-to-Christmas, the season of joy, and Sully comes to terms with his past, forgiving his long-dead father and accepting forgiveness from his son. (Denby; 1/16/95) (2 hrs. 30 min.; R) *Movieland 8th St.; Gemini Twin.*

★**Once Were Warriors**—Based on the novel by Alan Duff, this is a powerful new movie from New Zealand. Jake (Temuera Morrison), a massive Maori with short hair and piercing eyes, gets laid off, goes on the dole, and starts an endless party with his mates that moves from a huge bar to home and back again. His wife (Rena Owen) adores him, but he beats her and ignores the children, who are drifting toward chaos. Beth's rough life doesn't bother her; she revels in it, enjoying the rude, hard-drinking parties as much as anyone. But when Jake boils over—slams her against the wall and pummels her face—she's in danger of losing her life. Owen shows love fighting back rage, and then shame and despair tearing away at love. Her performance is classic, but Morrison doesn't have material of the same richness. Jake is little more than an unreachable brawler, and he's unnecessarily diminished when his self-hatred as a Maori is used against him to explain why he beats up the woman he loves. Director Lee Tamahori seems split in his feelings about this, but split in an interesting way. The Maori live on the wrong side of the freeway and Tamahori revels in the lurid, angry rawness. Yet he also uses red and brown earth colors whenever he can, as if the old communal land of New Zealand were calling the Maori away from their disastrous city life. The movie is a work of pop culture driven by a strong anti-pop animus. (Denby; 3/6/95) (1 hr. 48 min.; R) *Angelika Film Center; Paris.*

Outbreak—A tiny monkey that may be a host animal for a deadly virus is taken to the U.S. and innocently let loose in the Northern California redwoods. What follows is an initially convincing horror story. A kiss or a cough in a crowded theater becomes unwitting murder. Dustin Hoffman, as the supersleuth Army doctor, gives such a lip-biting, anguished performance he absolves director Wolfgang Petersen's movie of slickness. Hoffman isn't good exactly; he's tense, edgy, and righteous, like a B-movie actor from the fifties, but at least he's not Kevin Costner. Somewhere in the middle, though, the movie falls off a cliff and becomes a lamely conventional melodrama in which the tough little humanist Dustin Hoffman fights the tall, cynical military nihilist Donald Sutherland, and all its terror fades. (Denby; 3/20/95) (2 hrs. 10 min; R) *Village Theater VII; 19th St. East; 34th St. Showplace; Criterion Center; Movieplex 42; New York Twin; Orpheum; Lincoln Square; Metro Cinema; New Coliseum; Nova.*

Priest—Young, handsome Father Greg (Linus Roache) is tortured by self-doubt and shame for several reasons. His superior makes no attempt to hide a very physical attachment to the housekeeper that serves them both. A young girl has used the confessional to tell him that her father is sexually abusing her, but won't give the priest permission to act on that knowledge. And Father Greg takes "loving thy neighbor" all too literally (and his vows all too lightly) by cruising the local gay bars. He can deal with his transgression through self-flagellation and shame . . . until he finds himself falling in love. More earnest than effective, the movie hinges on the moral dilemma of the abused girl that seems none too compelling (clearly she was crying out for help). But Roache is a talent to watch. Directed by Antonia Bird. (1 hr. 37 min.; R) *Angelika Film Center; Chelsea; Cinema I, II, Third Ave.; Lincoln Square.*

★**Pulp Fiction**—Two petty thieves sitting in a diner (Tim Roth and Amanda Plummer) announce a stickup, pull out their guns—and the episode breaks off. That's the beginning of the movie, and we return to them at the end, though what appears in the interim isn't all flashback. Some of it takes place before that moment, some after. The two principal characters are hit men in black suits: John Travolta, overweight, puffy, with long hair falling from a knot in strands, and Samuel L. Jackson, lean, curly-haired, and with a mean tongue. They work for a local crime boss who sends them on a job to kill some yuppie punks. There's much more, and the whole is bound with words—anecdotes, debates, rococo profanities, biblical quotations. Nominated for seven Academy Awards, including Best Picture. (Denby; 10/3/94) (2 hrs. 29 min.; R) *Village East; Chelsea; Murray Hill Cinema; Embassy 2–4; 57th St. Playhouse; 86th St. East; First & 62nd St. Cinema; 84th St. Six.*

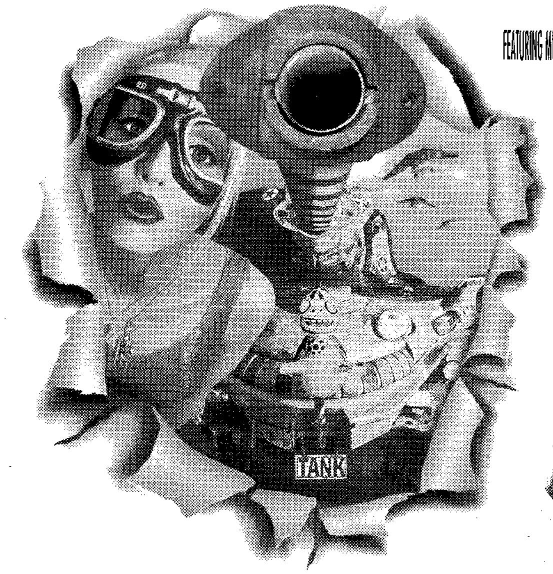
Queen Margot—Isabelle Adjani stars in this bloody tale of passion, romance, and the seductive power of revenge. Directed by Claude Berri. With Vincent Perez and Daniel Auteuil. In French. (2 hrs.; NR) *Village East.*

Red—Nominated for several Oscars, including Best Director. There are moments of great beauty in everything director Krzysztof Kieslowski does, but he's essentially a constructor of intricate puzzlers; an artificer, perhaps, but not an artist. In this movie, Valentine (Irène Jacob) and a young man, Auguste (Jean-Pierre Lorit), who is studying to be a judge, live around the corner from each other in Geneva, each impinging on the other's life, circulating in the other's aura, but they never quite meet—until a catastrophe brings them together at the end of the movie. (Denby; 11/28/94) (1 hr. 35 min.; R) *Quad Cinema; Carnegie Hall Cinema.*

The Secret of Roan Inish—Young Fiona Coneelly comes to the Irish seaside to stay at her grandparents', where she hears the family legends and slowly watches them come to life; the hard part is convincing everyone else. A gentle tale of magic realism and storytelling by the usually acerbic director John Sayles. Cinematography by Haskell Wexler. Exceptionally well-reviewed. (1 hr. 42 min.; PG) *Angelika Film Center; Eastside Playhouse; Lincoln Square.*

Shallow Grave—One wants to respond to director Danny Boyle's excitement. At last, a truly wicked Scottish movie! But its three Edinburgh yuppies—a doctor (Kerry Fox), an accountant (Christopher Eccleston), and a tabloid journalist (Ewan McGregor)—behave in a way so utterly hostile that no one would possibly have anything to do with them. Infantile and sarcastic, like sophomores having a sugar fit, they dump on everyone. The three share a comfortable flat, and they advertise for an additional roommate, insulting every applicant who dares come to see them. When they finally accept someone—a rather diffident fellow—he promptly dies, leaving a suitcase filled with cash in his room. The three roommates take the swag and bury the body, first chopping it into pieces. Soon they are betraying one another. From the beginning, the filmmakers go in for arch dialogue and off-center readings. But a swinish manner is not the same as style. Written by John Hodge. Directed by Danny Boyle. (Denby; 2/27/95) (1 hr. 32 min.; R) *Village Theatre VII; New York Twin; Lincoln Square.*

The Shawshank Redemption—A return engagement for this slow-moving drama in the wake of its multiple Oscar nominations, including Best Picture and Best Actor (Morgan Freeman). Stars Tim Robbins as a successful young banker who is jailed in 1947 for the murder of his wife and her lover. David Denby said on 9/26/94 that "it seems to have been made in another era—the fifties, perhaps, when rehabilitation was a fond idea and prisons could still seem a



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TANK GIRL

UNITED ARTISTS PICTURES PRESENTS A TRILOGY ENTERTAINMENT GROUP PRODUCTION A RACHEL TALALAY FILM "TANK GIRL" LORI PETTY ICE-T NAOMI WATTS AND MALCOLM McDOWELL RIPPERS DESIGNED BY STAN WINSTON MUSIC BY GRAEME REVELL EXECUTIVE PRODUCERS TOM ASTOR ARON WARNER BASED ON THE COMIC STRIP CREATED BY ALAN MARTIN AND JAMIE HEWLETT WRITTEN BY TEDI SARAFIAN PRODUCED BY RICHARD B. LEWIS PEN DENSHAM JOHN WATSON DIRECTED BY RACHEL TALALAY

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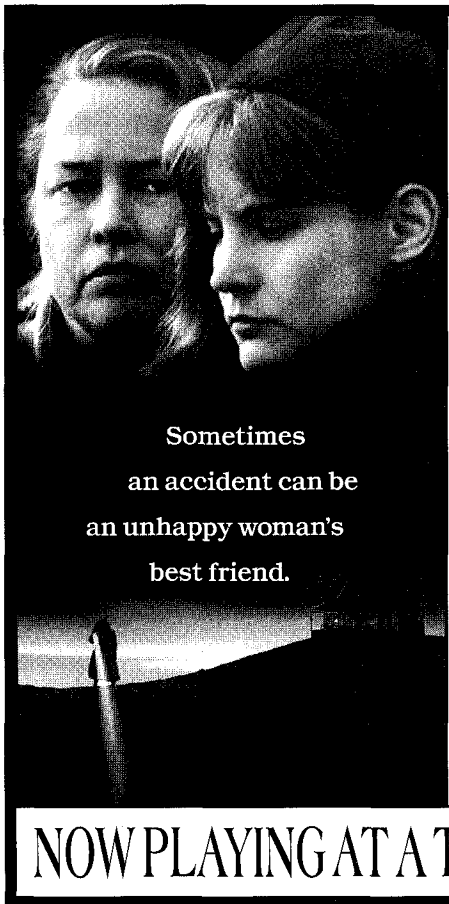

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Dolores Claiborne

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monstrous mistake. The movie burns with dubious ardor. No one could disagree with its point of view. No one is likely to be much interested, either." Directed by Frank Darabont. (2 hrs. 22 min.; R) *Chelsea; Ziegfeld; First & 62nd St. Cinema; Orpheum; Olympia Cinema.*

★**Strawberry and Chocolate**—Nominated for an Oscar as Best Foreign Film. Tomáz Gutiérrez Alea's film is set mainly in an old Havana apartment building whose chipped and gnarled walls offer a nostalgic reminder of the old Spanish Baroque colonial city—sinfully decadent glories, out of place in the austerely functional Communist state. In this peculiar ruin, three characters who seem stranded from a Tennessee Williams play—a flamboyant and intelligent gay artist (Jorge Perrugoría), a retired prostitute (Mirta Ibarra), and a handsome young (male) virgin (Vladimir Cruz)—fall in and out of love and long for greater freedom. The movie doesn't have much of a story, but it's a touching plea for friendship, sex, and art. In Cuban. (Denby; 2/6/95) (1 hr. 43 min.; NR) *Angelika Film Center; Lincoln Plaza.*

The Sum of Us—In this Australian comic drama, Dad (Jack Thompson) is exceptionally open and accepting of his son's homosexuality. Since his son is the quite handsome Russell Crowe (*Proof*), so are many of the local lads. Still, they both search for love, unsuccessfully (at first). Based on a play by David Stevens, it never overcomes its theatrical origins, with stagey dialogue and characters awkwardly addressing the camera throughout. (1 hr. 35 min.; NR) *Village Theatre VII; Carnegie Hall Cinema.*

Tall Tale: The Unbelievable Adventures of Pecos Bill—Good casting, here. Patrick Swayze is cowboy Pecos Bill, Oliver Platt is Paul Bunyan, Roger Aaron Brown is John Henry; they all team up to help frontier lad Daniel (Nick Stahl) defend the family farm against robber barons. Robber barons, of course, raped and pillaged the land in a desperate grab for wealth, though later they would endow numerous libraries and museums at which kids could learn about American legends like Bill, Bunyan, et al. Directed by Jeremiah Chechik. (1 hr. 36 min.; PG) *Village East; 23rd St. West Triplex; Guild 50th St.; Sutton; 86th St. East; New Coliseum; Olympia Cinema.*

Tank Girl—In the future according to *Waterworld*, land is a precious commodity that people will kill for. In *Tank Girl*'s crystal ball, the future looks positively parched, with water subbing as the Holy Grail. Perhaps if Tank Girl Lori Petty and the gilled Kevin Costner mated, their children (and us) would be able to enjoy a world with a saner ecological balance. As for this movie, the biggest buzz so far is for the soundtrack, which was overseen by Courtney Love. But then again, nobody was talking up *Stargate* either. Directed by Rachel Talalay. With Malcolm McDowell and Ice-T. (1 hr. 43 min.; R) *Movieland 8th St.; 19th St. East; Criterion Center; Movieplex 42; First & 62nd St. Cinema; Orpheum; 84th St. Six; New Coliseum; Nova.*

Tommy Boy—Chris Farley must save the family business from the machinations of Rob Lowe and Bo Derek in a comedy that is, depending on one's point of view, the latest attempt to defend the honor of *Saturday Night Live* or a not-so-subtle attempt to spread his wings and fly, fly away. (1 hr. 36 min.; PG) *Waverly; 19th St. East; 34th St. Showplace; Astor Plaza; Orpheum; 84th St. Six.*

The Wild Bunch—Director Sam Peckinpah's elegiac classic, renowned for its sensual, lovingly photographed gun battles, is rereleased in a new director's cut. (2 hrs. 20 min.; R) *Lincoln Square; Film Society of Lincoln Center.*

Window to Paris—A comic fable about the residents of a building in St. Petersburg, Russia, who discover that a window in one of their apartments somehow allows them to cross over onto a rooftop in Paris. With entrepreneurial ingenuity that would make Armand Hammer proud, they soon find themselves carrying out a wildly ambitious transport of goods, driving the young French woman whose home they continually tramp through absolutely batty. (1 hr. 27 min.; PG-13) *Lincoln Plaza.*

Manhattan

Below 14th Street

Angelika Film Center—18 W. Houston St. (995-2000) *Once Were Warriors; The Madness of King George; The Secret of Roan Inish; Strawberry and Chocolate; Exotica; Priest.*

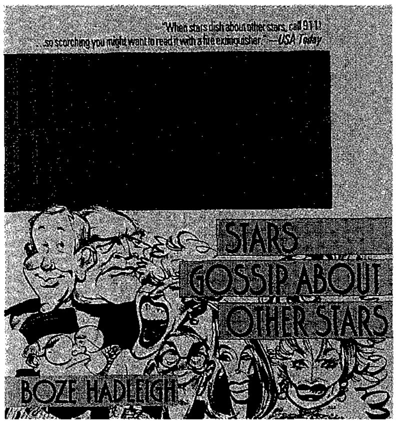
Art Greenwich Twin—Greenwich Ave. at 12th St. (929-3350) *Bye Bye, Love; Major Payne.*

Cinema Village 12th St.—22 E. 12th St. (924-3363) *Naked Killer.* Opening 3/31–4/6: "First-Run Film Festival (see "Museums, Societies, Etc.").

Film Forum—209 W. Houston St. (727-8110) *I am Cuba* (1964). (See also "Museums, Societies, Etc.")

In Print
Idol Gossip

Next time you read the sort of adoring celebrity profile that would *never* mention a star's plastic surgery, supplement your bile intake with this bookful of one-liners from Hollywood stars who aren't afraid to call it as they see it. (Perigee Books; $12.50.)


"When stars dish about other stars, call 911!
...so scorching you might want to read it with a fire extinguisher." —USA Today
STARS GOSSIP ABOUT OTHER STARS
BOZE HADLEIGH

"Kevin Costner is like Oakland: There is no there there." —Marcello Mastroianni

"Mel Gibson is somewhere to the right of Attila the Hun. He's beautiful, but only on the outside."—Susan Sarandon

"Joan Crawford—I wouldn't sit on her toilet!" —Bette Davis

"Richard Gere and Cindy Crawford—he's elastic and she's plastic." —Sandra Bernhard.

Joseph Papp Public Theater—425 Lafayette St. (598-7171) *Gorilla Bathes at Noon.* See "Museums, Societies, Etc."

Movieland 8th Street—42 E. 8th St. (477-6600) *Hideaway; Forrest Gump; Nobody's Fool; Candyman: Farewell to the Flesh.* Opening 3/31: *Tank Girl.*

Quad Cinema—34 W. 13th St. (255-8800) *Lamb; Hoop Dreams; Red; A Great Day in Harlem; Mina Tannenbaum; Martha and I.*

Village East—189 Second Ave., at 12th St. (529-6799) *Queen Margot; Pulp Fiction; Clerks; Just Cause; Muriel's Wedding; Heavenly Creatures; Funny Bones; Tall Tale.*

Village Theatre VII—66 Third Ave., at 11th St. (982-0400) *The Last Seduction; Before the Rain; Shallow Grave; Dolores Claiborne; The Sum of Us; Outbreak; Losing Isaiah.*

Waverly—323 Sixth Ave., at W. 3rd St. (929-8037) *Bullets Over Broadway; Circle of Friends.* Opening 3/31: *Tommy Boy.*

14th–41st Streets

Chelsea—260 W. 23rd St. (513-5402) *The Shawshank Redemption; Pulp Fiction; Dolores Claiborne; Bye Bye, Love; Losing Isaiah; Priest; Major Payne.*

Murray Hill Cinemas—160 E. 34th St. (689-6548) *Pulp Fiction; Exotica; Bye Bye, Love; Muriel's Wedding.*

19th Street East—890 Broadway, at 19th St. (260-8000) *Circle of Friends; The Brady Bunch Movie; Outbreak; Muriel's Wedding; Candyman: Farewell to the Flesh; Funny Bones.* Opening 3/31: *Tank Girl; Tommy Boy.*

23rd Street West Triplex—333 W. 23rd St. (989-0060) *Forrest Gump; Hoop Dreams; Just Cause; Tall Tale.*

34th Street East—241 E. 34th St. (683-0255) *Dolores Claiborne.*

34th Street Showplace—238 E. 34th St. (532-5544) *Outbreak; Losing Isaiah; Candyman: Farewell to the Flesh.* Opening 3/31: *Tommy Boy.*

42nd–60th Streets

Angelika 57—225 W. 57th St. (586-1900) *Heavenly Creatures.*

Astor Plaza—44th St. bet. Broadway. and Eighth Ave. (869-8340) *Candyman: Farewell to the Flesh.* Opening 3/31: *Tommy Boy.*

Baronet/Coronet—993 Third Ave., bet. 59th and 60th Sts. (355-1663) *Circle of Friends; Dolores Claiborne.*

Carnegie Hall Cinema—887 Seventh Ave., bet. 56th and 57th Sts. (265-2520) *Red; The Sum of Us.*

Cinema I, II, Third Ave.—1001 Third Ave., at 60th St. (753-6022) *Tom and Viv; Priest; Funny Bones.*

Cinema 3—2 W. 59th St. (752-5959) *Little Women.*

Criterion Center—1514 Broadway, bet. 44th and 45th Sts. (354-0900) *Dolores Claiborne; Just Cause; Higher Learning; Dumb and Dumber; The Walking Dead; Hideaway; Outbreak; Bye Bye, Love.* Opening 3/31: *Tank Girl.*

Crown Gotham—969 Third Ave., bet. 57th and 58th Sts. (759-2262) *Bye Bye, Love.*

Eastside Playhouse—919 Third Ave., bet. 55th and 56th Sts. (755-3020) *The Secret of Roan Inish.*

Embassy 1—1560 Broadway, bet. 46th and 47th Sts. (302-0494) *Losing Isaiah.*

Embassy 2-4—701 Seventh Ave., bet. 47th and 48th Sts. (730-7262) *Pulp Fiction; Man of the House; The Brady Bunch Movie.*

57th Street Playhouse—110 W. 57th St. (581-7360) *Pulp Fiction.*

59th Street East—239 E. 59th St. (759-4630) *Legends of the Fall.*

Guild 50th Street—33 W. 50th St. (757-2406) *Tall Tale.*

Manhattan Twin—220 E. 59th St. (935-6420) *Boys on the Side; Candyman: Farewell to the Flesh.*

Movieplex 42—244 W. 42nd St. (997-7522) *Major Payne; Candyman: Farewell to the Flesh; Outbreak; The Hunted; The Walking Dead; Hideaway.* Opening 3/31: *Tank Girl.*

National Twin—1500 Broadway, bet. 43rd and 44th Sts. (869-0950) The *Quick and the Dead; Major Payne.*

Paris Theater—4 W. 58th St. (980-5656) *Once Were Warriors.* Opening 3/31: *Jefferson in Paris.*

Plaza—42 E. 58th St. (355-3320) *Immortal Beloved.*

Sutton—205 E. 57th St. (759-1411) *The Last Seduction; Tall Tale.*

Worldwide Cinemas—340 W. 50th St. (246-1583) *Interview With the Vampire; Disclosure; Nell; Star Trek—Generations; Billy Madison; Mrs. Parker and the Vicious Circle.*

Ziegfeld—141 W. 54th St. (765-7600) *The Shawshank Redemption.*

61st Street and Above, East Side

Beekman—1254 Second Ave., bet. 65th and 66th Sts. (737-2622) *Muriel's Wedding.*

86th Street—125 E. 86th St. (534-1880) *Bullets Over Broadway; Major Payne.*

86th Street East—210 E. 86th St. (249-1144) *Pulp Fiction; Tall Tale.*

First & 62nd St. Cinema—400 E. 62nd St. (513-5408) *Pulp Fiction; The Shawshank Redemption; The Brady Bunch Movie; The Madness of King George; Bullets Over Broadway; Major Payne.* Opening 3/31: *Tank Girl.*

Gemini Twin—1210 Second Ave., at 64th St. (832-1670) *Nobody's Fool; Just Cause; Forrest Gump.*

New York Twin—1271 Second Ave., bet. 66th and 67th Sts. (744-7339) *Shallow Grave; Outbreak.*

Orpheum—1538 Third Ave., at 86th St. (876-2400) *Just Cause; The Shawshank Redemption; Outbreak; Bye Bye, Love; Candyman: Farewell to the Flesh; Dolores Claiborne.* Opening 3/31: *Tank Girl; Tommy Boy.*

68th Street Playhouse—1164 Third Ave., at 68th St. (734-0302) *Exotica.*

Tower East—1230 Third Ave., bet. 71st and 72nd Sts. (879-1313) *Losing Isaiah.*

UA East—1629 First Ave., at 85th St. (249-5100) *Losing Isaiah.*

61st Street and Above, West Side

84th Street Six—2310 Broadway, at 84th St. (877-3600) *Exotica; Circle of Friends; The Last Seduction; The Brady Bunch Movie; Pulp Fiction; Candyman: Farewell to the Flesh.* Opening 3/31: *Tank Girl; Tommy Boy.*

Harlem Victoria V—235 W. 125th St. (222-8900) *Alma's Rainbow.* See "Museums, Societies, Etc."

Lincoln Plaza Cinemas—30 Lincoln Plaza, on Broadway bet. 62nd and 63rd Sts. (757-2280) *The Madness of King George; Strawberry and Chocolate; Window to Paris; Before the Rain; Mina Tannenbaum; Muriel's Wedding.*

Lincoln Square—1992 Broadway, at 68th St. (336-5000) *Shallow Grave; Dolores Claiborne; Boys on the Side; The Secret of Roan Inish; Just Cause; The Wild Bunch; Outbreak; Farinelli; Losing Isaiah; Priest; Funny Bones.* IMAX: *Into the Deep; The Last Buffalo.*

Metro Cinema—2626 Broadway, bet. 99th and 100th Sts. (222-1200) *Bullets Over Broadway; Outbreak.*

New Coliseum—701 W. 181st St. (740-1545) *Major Payne; Tall Tale; Outbreak; Candyman: Farewell to the Flesh.* Opening 3/31: *Tank Girl.*

Nova—3589 Broadway, bet. 147th and 148th Sts. (862-5728) *Outbreak; Major Payne.* Opening 3/31: *Tank Girl.*

Olympia Cinemas—2770 Broadway, bet. 106th and 107th Sts. (865-8128) *The Shawshank Redemption; Tall Tale.*

Regency—1987 Broadway, bet. 67th and 68th Sts. (724-3700) *Major Payne.*

62nd and Broadway—1871 Broadway, at 62nd St. (265-7466) *Bye Bye, Love.*

Thalia—250 W. 95th St. (316-4962) *Sankofa.*

Bronx

Bay Plaza—2210 Bartow Ave., behind Bay Plaza Mall (320-3020) *Exotica; Losing Isaiah; Candyman: Farewell to the Flesh; Bye Bye, Love; Outbreak; Man of the House; Just Cause; Hideaway; The Walking Dead; Major Payne; Tall Tale; Dolores Claiborne.*

Concourse Plaza—214 E. 161th St. (588-8800) *Major Payne; Tall Tale; Losing Isaiah; Candyman: Farewell to the Flesh; Bye Bye, Love; Outbreak; Just Cause; Heavyweights; The Brady Bunch; Hideaway; Man of the House.*

Interboro—3462 E. Tremont Ave., nr. Bruckner Blvd. (792-2100) *Outbreak; Candyman: Farewell to the Flesh; The Brady Bunch Movie; Major Payne.*

Riverdale—5683 Riverdale Ave., at 259th St. (884-9514) *Outbreak; Bye Bye, Love; .*

Whitestone—2505 Bruckner Blvd., at Hutchinson River Pkwy. (409-9037) *Exotica; Losing Isaiah; Candyman: Farewell to the Flesh; Bye Bye, Love; Outbreak; Just Cause; Heavyweights; The Brady Bunch Movie; Man of the House; Hideaway; Pulp Fiction; Major Payne; Tall Tale; Dolores Claiborne.*

Brooklyn

Alpine—6817 Fifth Ave., at 69th St. (748-4200) *Tall Tale; Muriel's Wedding; Losing Isaiah; Pulp Fiction; Bullets Over Broadway; Forrest Gump; Man of the House.*

Brooklyn Heights—70 Henry St. (596-7070) *Losing Isaiah; Bye Bye, Love.*

Canarsie—9310 Ave. L, at E. 93rd St. (251-0700) *Outbreak; Major Payne; Tall Tale.*

Cobble Hill—265 Court St. (596-9113) *Dolores Claiborne; Muriel's Wedding; Outbreak; Circle of Friends; Funny Bone.*

Commodore—329 Broadway, at Rodney St. (384-7259) *Candyman: Farewell to the Flesh; Major Payne.*

Fortway—6720 Ft. Hamilton Pkwy., at 68th St. (238-4200) *Major Payne; Dolores Claiborne; Candyman: Farewell to the Flesh; Bye Bye, Love; Outbreak.*

Kenmore—Church Ave. nr. Flatbush Ave. (284-5700) *Candyman: Farewell to the Flesh; Outbreak; Major Payne; Tall Tale; Dolores Claiborne; Heavyweights; Hideaway.*

Kent Triplex—Coney Island Ave. at Ave. H (338-3371) *Outbreak; Major Payne; Tall Tale.*

Kings Plaza—5201 Kings Plaza; Flatbush Ave. at Ave. U (253-1111) *Major Payne; Tall Tale; Pulp Fiction; Candyman: Farewell to the Flesh; Outbreak; The Brady Bunch Movie.*

Kingsway—Kings Hwy. at Coney Island Ave. (645-8588) *Losing Isaiah; Bye Bye, Love; Man of the House; Dolores Claiborne; Muriel's Wedding.*

Marboro—6817 Bay Pkwy., at 69th St. (232-4000) *Just Cause; Outbreak; Pulp Fiction; Bye Bye, Love.*

Metropolitan—392 Fulton St. (858-8580) *Candyman: Farewell to the Flesh; Outbreak; Major Payne; Hideaway.*

The Movies at Sheepshead Bay—Knapp St. and Harkness Ave., off Belt Pkwy. (615-1700) *Losing Isaiah; Bye Bye, Love; Outbreak; The Brady Bunch Movie; Just Cause; Pulp Fiction; Hideaway; Roommates; Major Payne; Circle of Friends; Dolores Claiborne.*

Oriental—1832 86th St. (236-5001) *Tall Tale; Man of the House; Candyman: Farewell to the Flesh.*

Plaza Twin—314 Flatbush Ave., nr. Eighth Ave. (636-0170) *Outbreak; Losing Isaiah.*

Ridgewood—55–27 Myrtle Ave., at Putnam Ave. (821-5993) *Major Payne; Tall Tale; Candyman: Farewell to the Flesh; Outbreak; Man of the House.*

Queens

Astoria—28–60 Steinway St. (726-1279) *Candyman: Farewell to the Flesh; Bye Bye, Love; Just Cause; Outbreak; The Brady Bunch Movie; Hideaway; Major Payne; Pulp Fiction.*

Bay Terrace—211–01 26th Ave. and Bell Blvd., Bayside (428-4040) *Bye Bye, Love; Outbreak; Major Payne; Tall Tale; Muriel's Wedding; Man of the House.*

Center—42–17 Queens Blvd., at 43rd St., Sunnyside (784-3050) *The Brady Bunch Movie; Candyman: Farewell to the Flesh; Outbreak.*

Cinema 5—183–15 Horace Harding Expy., at 183rd St., Fresh Meadows (357-9100) *Circle of Friends; Major Payne; Hideaway; The Brady Bunch Movie; Roommates; Candyman; The Shawshank Redemption.*

Opening

Fast and Loose

The Merchant Ivory team is notoriously scrupulous about the period accuracy of every corset and finger bowl that appears onscreen in its movies. Personal lives are another matter: The focus of 'Jefferson in Paris'—the president's supposed dalliance with a slave—is dubious at best, according to most scholars. Opens March 31.

Photograph by Seth Rubin/Touchstone Pictures.

Cinemart—106–03 Metropolitan Ave., at 72nd Rd., Forest Hills (261-2244) *Tall Tale; Man of the House.*

Continental—70–20 Austin St., Forest Hills (544-1020) *Outbreak; Forrest Gump; Exotica.*

Crossbay—94–11 Rockaway Blvd., at Woodhaven Blvd., Ozone Park (848-1738) *Major Payne; Just Cause; The Walking Dead; Candyman.*

Crossbay II—92–10 Rockaway Blvd., at 93rd St., Ozone Park (641-5330) *Bye Bye, Love; Outbreak; Hideaway; The Brady Bunch Movie; Tall Tale; Man of the House; Dumb and Dumber.*

Elmwood—57–02 Hoffman Dr., Elmhurst (429-4770) *Brady Bunch Movie; Candyman; Tall Tale; Roommates.*

Forest Hills—107–16 Continental Ave., at Queens Blvd. (261-7866) *Muriel's Wedding; Dolores Claiborne.*

Fresh Meadows—190–02 Horace Harding Blvd., at 190th St. (454-6800) *Dolores Claiborne; Muriel's Wedding; Funny Bone; Losing Isaiah; Bye Bye, Love; Outbreak; Pulp Fiction.*

Jackson Triplex—82nd St. at Roosevelt Ave. (478-6777) *Outbreak; Candyman; Major Payne.*

Main Street—72–66 Main St., Flushing (268-3636) *Just Cause; The Brady Bunch Movie; The Hunted; Boys on the Side; Outbreak.*

Midway—108–22 Queens Blvd., at 71st Ave., Forest Hills (261-8572) *Just Cause; Bye Bye, Love; The Shawshank Redemption; Hideaway; Major Payne.*

The Movies at Bayside—38–39 Bell Blvd., at 39th Ave. (225-7711) *Exotica; Dolores Claiborne; The Brady Bunch Movie; The Madness of King George; Losing Isaiah.*

Movieworld—242–02 61st Ave., off Exit 31, Douglaston (423-7200) *Losing Isaiah; Bye Bye, Love; Outbreak; The Brady Bunch Movie; Pulp Fiction; Major Payne; Circle of Friends; Dolores Claiborne.*

North Shore Towers—27–10 Grand Central Pkwy., Floral Park (229-7702) *Dumber and Dumber; The Madness of King George.*

Plaza—103–14 Roosevelt Ave., at 103rd St., Corona (639-0012) *Major Payne; Candyman: Farewell to the Flesh.*

Quartet—160–06 Northern Blvd., at 160th St., Flushing (359-6777) *Major Payne; Tall Tale; Outbreak; Candyman: Farewell to the Flesh.*

Surfside—104th St., Rockaway (945-4632) *Outbreak; Major Payne.*

Trylon—98–81 Queens Blvd., at 66th Ave., Forest Hills (459-8944) *Losing Isaiah.*

Utopia—187–02 Union Tpke., at 188th St., Flushing (454-2323) *Just Cause; Roommates.*

Staten Island

Atrium—680 Arthur Kill Road, nr. Richmond Ave., Eltingville (317-8300) *Forrest Gump; Man of the*

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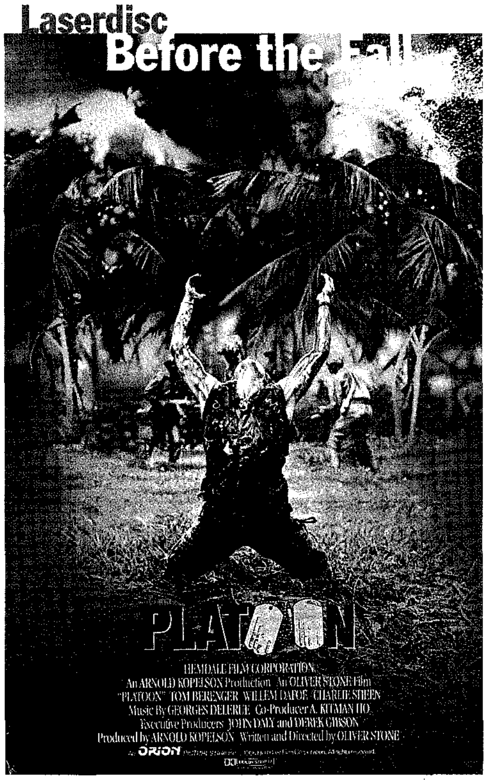
House; Outbreak; Pulp Fiction; Candyman: Farewell to the Flesh; Tall Tale; Major Payne. Opening 3/31: *Tommy Boy; Born to be Wild.*

Hylan Plaza—107 Mill Rd., at Hylan Blvd., New Dorp (351-0805) *Candyman: Farewell to the Flesh; Bye Bye, Love; Outbreak; Tall Tale; Muriel's Wedding.*

The Movies at Staten Island—141 E. Service Rd., at Victory Blvd., Travis (983-9600) *Losing Isaiah; Bye Bye, Love; Outbreak; Pulp Fiction; The Brady Bunch Movie; Hideaway; Man of the House; Major Payne; Tall Tale; Dolores Claiborne.*

Laserdisc

Before the Fall


PLATOON
HEMDALE FILM CORPORATION
An ARNOLD KOPELSON Production An OLIVER STONE Film
"PLATOON" TOM BERENGER WILLEM DAFOE CHARLIE SHEEN
Music By GEORGES DELERUE Co-Producer A. KITMAN HO
Executive Producers JOHN DALY and DEREK GIBSON
Produced by ARNOLD KOPELSON Written and Directed by OLIVER STONE
ORION

Before his egomania overshadowed his movies, Oliver Stone's work struck a chord, as evidenced in this deluxe look at *Platoon* ($124.95; Pioneer). These days—*Natural Born Killers* defines meretricious—he's more likely to simply hit a nerve.

Museums, Societies, Etc.

American Museum of the Moving Image—4/1–4/9: "Mysteries of the Organism: The Films of Dusan Makavejev." The Yugoslavian-born director enjoys a retrospective of his subversively funny and structurally inventive movies just as his latest work—*Gorilla Bathes at Noon*—debuts at the Joseph Papp Public Theater. Makavejev will be in attendance on 4/1 and 4/2. 4/1: *Love Affair, or the Case of the Missing Switchboard Operator* (1967), *A Hole in the Soul* (1994), and *Manifesto* (1988). 4/2: *Man is Not a Bird* (1965) and *W.R.: Mysteries of the Organism* (1971). 3601 36th St., Astoria, Queens (entrance on 35th Ave.; 718-784-0077); $5.

Anthology Film Archives—4/1 at 8: An antinaturalist fashion show to celebrate the release of the album *The Voluptuous Horror of Karen Black;* combined with a screening of *Dwarf Star,* the event is $10. 4/2: *Aerograd* (1935) and *La Passion de Jeanne d'Arc* (1927-1928). 32 Second Ave., at 2nd St. (505-5181); $7.

The Brooklyn Museum—Through 4/15: "New Italian Cinema: Nuovi and Nuovissimi." 3/31: *Towards the South* (1992). 4/1: *Libera* (1993). 4/1 and 4/2: *The Stolen Children* (1991). 200 Eastern Parkway, Brooklyn (718-638-5000, ext. 330); $6.

Donnell Media Center—3/28: *Cabaret* (1972). 3/29: *Beisbol: For Export* (1992) and *Tabacaleros* (1993). 3/30: *Gimme Shelter* (1970). 4/1: *En Clave!* (1993). 4/4: *The Black Pirate* (1926). 20 W. 53rd St. (621-0619); free.

Film Forum—Held over: *I Am Cuba* (1964), *Faster, Pussycat! Kill! Kill!* (1965), and *Mamma Roma* (1962). Through 4/21: "A Production of the Archers," a tribute to Michael Powell and Emeric Pressburger, the duo that made some of the most visually lush and whimsical movies in Britian's history—as well as some of its most cynical. Much more to offer than just *The Red Shoes.* 3/20: *Black Narcissus* (1947). 3/27: *The Tales of Hoffman* (1951). 3/28 and 3/29: *49th Parallel* (1941) and *The Volunteer* (1943). 3/30–4/2: *The Red Shoes* (1946). 4/3 and 4/4: *The Small Back Room* (1949) and *One of Our Aircraft is Missing* (1942). 209 W. Houston St. (727-8110); $7.50.

The Film Society of Lincoln Center (The Walter Reade Theater)—See also "New Directors/New Films." Through 3/31: "Blood of a Poet: Sam Peckinpah." 3/27: *Cross of Iron* (1977). 3/27–3/29: *Convoy* (1978). 3/28–3/30 and 4/1: *The Osterman Weekend* (1983). 3/29–3/30: *The Ballad of Cable Hogue* (1969). 3/31: *The Wild Bunch* (1969). 4/1–4/7: "Cultural Identities in Transition: A Sephardic Film Festival." 4/1: *Return to Oulad Moumen* (1994), *Embroidered Canticles* (1990), *Bride to Be* (1993). 4/2: *Songs for a Shabbat* (1990), *In Berberlan* (1992), *I, Bajou* (1993), *Zohar: Mediterranea Blues* (1993). "Movies for Kids" on 3/25 and 3/26: *Flipper* (1963). 65 W. 65th St., plaza level (875-5600); $7.

First-Run Film Festival—3/31–4/8: NYU's annual showcase of student shorts (more than 88 in all) is at Cinema Village from 3/31–4/6. Or 4/7 at Town Hall, they highlight animatio work and on 4/8 at Town Hall, awards will be announced by Alec Baldwin. Tickets may be purchased day of show only at Cinema Village or in advance for the Town Hall dates. Cinema Village 12th St., 22 E. 12th St. (924-3363) an Town Hall, 123 W. 43rd St. (840-2824); $6.

French Institute—3/28: *Van Gogh* (1991). Florence Gould Hall, 55 E. 59th St. (355-6160); $6.

German Film Club—4/1 at 3: *Fuerst Woronze* (1933). Zion–St. Mark's Church, 339 E. 84t St. (369-7114); call for ticket price.

Harlem Victoria V—See also listing unde "Movies." Ashakara. 235 W. 125th St. (222-8900); $7.50.

Joseph Papp Public Theater—Through 4/11 *Last Tango in Paris* (1973). Bernardo Bertolucci's masterpiece, still shockingly frank, return in a new, pristine print. See also "Movies." 42 Lafayette St. (598-7171); $7.

Museum of Modern Art—Through 4/2: "Ne Directors/New Films." See below for details. 11 W 53rd St. (708-9480); $8.

The Museum of Television and Radio—Through 4/2 "Barbra Streisand: The Television Work.." Through 4/2: *The Judy Garland Show* (1963), o which Streisand and Garland are in fine form duetting memorably when Streisand sings "Happy Days Are Here Again" and Garland respond with "Get Happy." Watch Barbra, still wrapped u in the sheer joy of her voice, unwittingly spu Garland on. Historic. (The duet can also be foun on Streisand's boxed set *Just for the Record.*) 25 W 52nd St. (621-6800); $6.

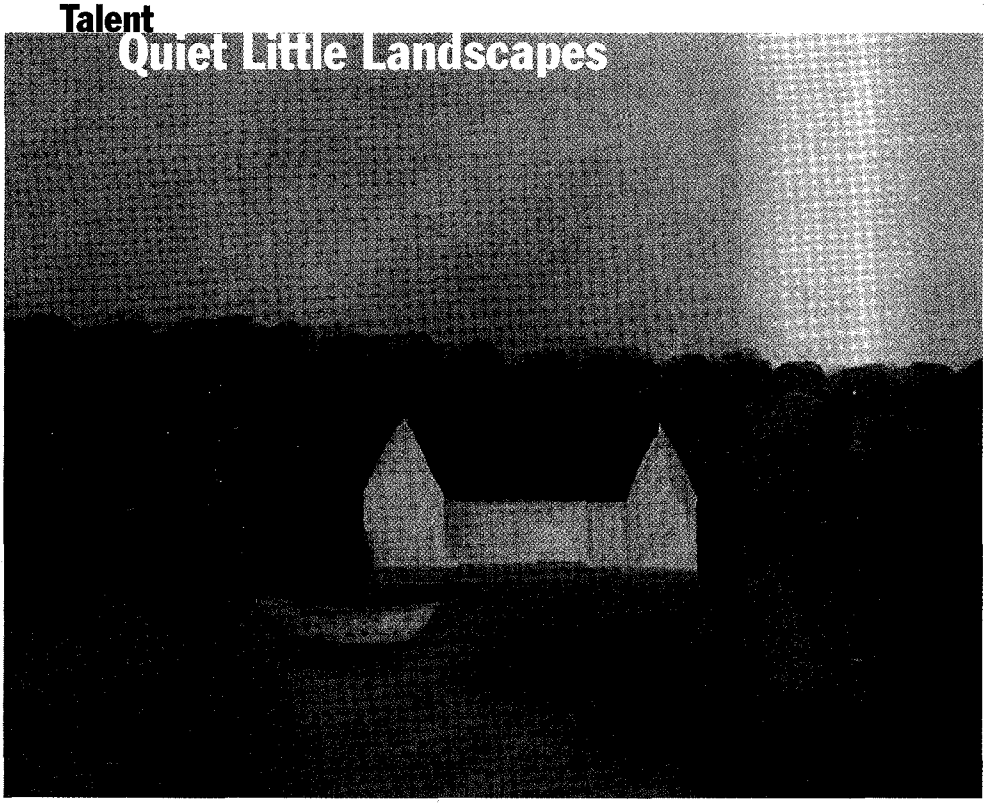
New Directors/New Films—Through 4/2: Twenty-tw programs from fifteen countries, as well as variou shorts. 3/28: *A Light, Sensitive Story* and *Eclips* 3/29 and 3/30: *Borderline* and *A Borrowed Lif* 3/31 and 4/2: *Leona's Sister Gerri.* 3/31 and 4/1 *Nobody Loves Me.* 4/1 and 4/2: *The Day the Su Turned Cold, The Sexual Life of the Belgians,* an *Zinat.* Buy your tickets early or show up and pan handle—someone might take pity on you. Th twenty-fourth year this event was presented b Lincoln Center and MOMA. 11 W. 53rd St. (70 9480); $6.

Whitney Museum of American Art—Through 6/4: Th 1995 Biennial Exhibition, showcasing the be experimental and innovative works in films an video of recent years. 3/29–4/2: *Craft* (1994), b Cheryl Donegan; *Fresh Acconci* (1995), by Mik Kelley and Paul McCarthy; and *New York Ghet Fish Market, 1903* (1993), by Ken Jacobs. 94 Madison Ave., at 75th St. (570-3676); $7

Moody Landscapes...Beuys Fest

Talent

Quiet Little Landscapes



It's late August; the air is heavy; the grass needs cutting. No one is home . . . or is someone? For all their apparent calm, Maureen Gallace's landscape paintings evoke a feeling of foreboding. At Nicole Klagsbrun.

Openings

The sculptures and video installations in "**Looky Loo**"—by Nina Bovasso, Devon Dikeou, Spencer Finch, Rachel Harrison, Jonathan Horowitz, Ross Knight, and John LeKay—explore the inclination to stare, especially at others' misfortunes (opens April 1 at the Sculpture Center, 167 East 69th Street).

Galleries

Solos

Madison Avenue and Vicinity

David Armstrong/Peter Cain—Large-scale silver-gelatin prints taken in Europe and America over the last two years./Paintings, graphite drawings, and cibachrome photographs that depict truncated and/or abbreviated views of cars. Through 4/25. Marks, 1018 Madison Ave. (861-9455).

Robert Baribeau/Diana Moore—Gestural abstract paintings./ Sculptures of the human figure cast in concrete and steel. Through 4/22. Stone, 113 E. 90th St. (988-6870).

Pamela Butler—All completed during the past two years, these narrative drawings range thematically from a homecoming following the artist's return from travels in Central Asia and Tibet to a feminist recasting of the *Little Red Riding Hood* tale; through 4/15. De Montebello, 9 E. 84th St. (472-1496).

Ground Rules:

Galleries are generally open Tues. through Sat., from between 10 and 11 to between 5 and 6.

Susan Crile—These panoramic canvases, executed in an intense palette of blacks and oranges, yellows and lavenders, continue "The Fires of War," a series that was begun four years ago and inspired by the artist's firsthand experience of the burning oil fields in Kuwait; 3/30–4/22. Graham, 1014 Madison Ave. (535-5767).

57th Street Area

Joe Andoe—Evoking sepia-toned photographs, the artist's latest paintings combine his earlier landscapes with his more recent horse images and continue his method of "carving" through an outer layer of dark paint to the original gessoed surface; through 4/15. Blum Helman, 20 W. 57th St. (245-2888).

Andy Goldsworthy—An exhibition titled "Black Stones Red Pools" that includes two installations—a cone made with green slate from Vermont and pools created with rocks from Scotland and filled with water stained with rubbed red sandstone—plus photographs of work made last winter in Dumfriesshire, Scotland, where the artist lives; through 4/22. Lelong, 20 W. 57th St. (315-0470).

Sidney Goodman—Recent figurative works on paper; through 4/29. Dintenfass, 50 W. 57th St. (581-2268).

Al Held/Dorothea Rockburne—In Held's recent paintings, the spatial concepts of his previous works have been merged into centrally organized, hangarlike spaces; through 4/22./Recent monoprints and related small paintings based on the chaos theory; 3/30–4/29. Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St. (752-0124).

Dan McCleary—Los Angeles is the setting for these paintings depicting couples in enigmatic scenes and theater ushers at work; 3/31–4/21. Tatistcheff, 50 W. 57th St. (664-0907).

George Negroponte—Lyrical abstract paintings from the past three years in which pigments are thinned to a watercolorlike transparency; through 4/22. McCoy, 41 E. 57th St. (319-1996).

Giuseppe Penone/Dan Graham—Recent glass and tree sculptures by this Arte Povera artist whose core ideas are drawn from humankind's interaction with nature./A video installation titled "Opposing Mirrors and Video Monitors on Time Delay" (1974), in which mirrored walls present the viewer to him or herself in the act of viewing while a video plays the same viewer's activity on time delay. Through 4/22. Goodman, 24 W. 57th St. (977-7160).

Antonietta Raphaël—The artist, who was Lithuanian and raised in England, became one of the principal members of the Scuola Romana after moving to Rome in the twenties. This exhibit includes examples of her sculptures in carved wood, plaster, and clay from the thirties through the fifties and her expressionistic paintings from the sixties; through 4/15. Baldacci, 41 E. 57th St. (826-4210).

George Segal—Installation pieces that integrate the plaster figure with life-size and oversize photographs of the urban landscape; 3/30–4/29. Janis, 110 W. 57th St. (586-0110).

Joel Shapiro—New painted wood sculptures and recent drawings; through 4/22. Pace Wildenstein, 32 E. 57th St. (421-3292).

Susan Sharp—Recent abstract paintings based on landscape; through 4/28. Kohn, Pederson, Fox, 111 W. 57th St. (977-6500).

SoHo and TriBeCa

John Beerman/Elena Sisto—New paintings of imaginary landscapes./Recent works on paper. Through 4/29. Beitzel, 102 Prince St. (219-2863).

Carolyn Brady—Watercolors of architectural interiors in the South of France; through 4/19. Hoffman, 429 W. Broadway (966-6676).

Anne Chu—Sculptures that combine realistic and fantastic images, and found objects and handmade materials, to create parodies of generic, popular iconography; through 4/22. TZ'Art & Co., 28 Wooster St. (966-9059).

Stan Douglas—Two early 16mm film-loop installations and a group of recent color photographs related to his new film, *Sandman*, which is currently on view in the Whitney's 1995 Biennial; through 4/29. Zwirner, 43 Greene St. (966-9074).

Maureen Gallace—More disquieting than the American naïve and modernist paintings they evoke, these intimately scaled paintings depict pared-down landscapes punctuated by trees and by windowless and doorless houses; through 4/22. Klagsbrun, 51 Greene St. (925-5157).

Photograph by Nicole Klagsbrun.

Douglas Gordon—The Scottish conceptual artist's first solo show in New York consists of three mural paintings of images drawn from the closing frames of Hollywood films; through 4/15. Tilton, 49 Greene St. (941-1775).

Rodney Graham—In *Doctor No,* one of the artist's two recent video-based works, a looped segment of the James Bond film is accompanied by a soundtrack of the artist's own voice; through 4/8. 303, 89 Greene St. (966-5605).

Willi Kopf—A floor sculpture that comprises 1,260 individual terracotta parts; 3/29–4/29. Stark, 560 Broadway (925-4484).

Kevin Larmon—New paintings; through 4/22. Marcus, 578 Broadway (226-3200).

June Leaf—Candid and poetic, these paintings, drawings, and sculptures draw on the ongoing relationship the artist has with her immediate surroundings: the barren landscape of Nova Scotia in contrast with hard realities of day-to-day life in New York City; through 4/22. Thorp, 103 Prince St. (431-6880).

Mary Lucier—A video installation titled "Last Rites (Positano)," based on interviews with the artist's mother and those who knew her; through 4/22. Lennon, Weinberg, 580 Broadway (941-0012).

Fabian Marcaccio—An installation of paintings titled "Paint Zone" in which paintings act both as separate works and as a collective wall installation; through 4/22. Bravin Post Lee, 80 Mercer St. (966-2676).

Allan McCollum/Sol Lewitt—New works./Working drawings. Through 4/22. Weber, 142 Greene St. (966-6115).

Melissa Miller—A survey of paintings from 1986 to the present in which animals are symbols for humans in classical narratives of good and evil, hope and despair, and life and death; through 4/22. Solomon, 172 Mercer St. (941-5777).

Frank Moore—Paintings that depict a surreal, or more intensely experienced, version of a place or scene; through 4/22. Sperone Westwater, 142 Greene St. (431-3685).

Blinky Palermo—A retrospective of editioned graphic works by this German artist (1943–1977), who saw abstraction as an inquiry into the philosophy of phenomenology; through 5/6. Alexander, 476 Broome St. (925-2070).

Jaune Quick-to-See Smith—Paintings that use iconographic imagery and clippings from magazines and newspapers to comment on contemporary Native American life; through 5/3. Steinbaum Krauss, 132 Greene St. (431-4224).

Jessica Stockholder—Mixed-media sculpture; through 4/29. Gorney, 100 Greene St. (966-4480).

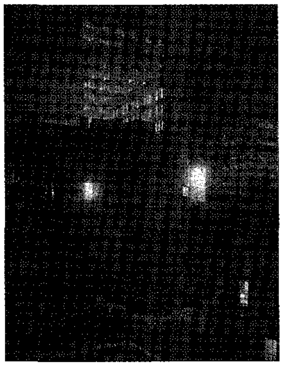
Michel Verjux—This young French artist creates installations by projecting light forms; concurrent with this exhibition, he has made site-specific projections on the buildings housing the Guggenheim Museum SoHo, the New Museum of Contemporary Art, and indoors at the French Cultural Services; through 4/22. Protetch, 560 Broadway (966-5454).

Robert Whitman—The artist's first show with the gallery since 1967 consists of a site-specific installation titled "Backtrack" that is an environment in a constant state of flux in which liquid drips, falls, and spouts; through 4/15. Pace Wildenstein, 142 Greene St. (421-3292).

Auction

Photography Week

For photography collectors, next week is the most crucial, intense time of year. Sotheby's, Christie's, and Swann Galleries all put important prints on the block and inevitably set new records for Sherman, or Stieglitz, or Strand. Excitement starts building this week, when the exhibits go on view to the public (serious players see all three). Raise your paddle at Swann on April 4, at Christie's on April 5 and 6, and Sotheby's on April 7 and 8.



Christie's: *From the Back Window, 291, NY, Winter,* 1915, by Alfred Stieglitz

$70,000/$90,000

Sotheby's: *Bewegungsstudie (Study of Movement),* 1926, by Professor Rudolf Koppitz

$30,000/$50,000

Swann Galleries: *Tom Thumb,* circa 1850, photographer unknown

$12,000/$16,000

Trevor Winkfield—In his recent paintings, the artist continues to combine fragments of imagery to suggest traces of actions that occurred before the "fixed moment" of the scene depicted; through 4/22. Donahue, 560 Broadway (226-1111).

Thomas Woodruff—A series of paintings titled "The Secret Charts," in which images of scrolls, pastoral landscapes, and disturbing theatrical characters combine to create a carnival-sideshow atmosphere; through 4/22. P.P.O.W., 532 Broadway (941-8642).

Other

Kay Rosen—Puns, palindromes, and other plays on letters and words in graphite on white paper; through 4/23. Morris, 530 W. 22nd St. (243-3753).

Group Shows

Madison Avenue and Vicinity

Ubu—16 E. 78th St. (794-4444). A retrospective view of the groundbreaking Surrealist exhibition *Exposition Internationale du Surréalisme,* with works by Breton, Duchamp, Cornell, Ernst, Magritte, Oppenheim, Seligmann, Tanguy, others; through 4/22.

York—21 E. 65th St. (772-9155). Nineteenth- and twentieth-century American still-life paintings by Francis, Heade, O'Keeffe, J. Peale, R. Peale, Sheeler, Stella, others; through 4/29.

57th Street Area

PaineWebber—1285 Sixth Ave. (713-2885). "Common Ground Uncommon Vision: The Michael and Julie Hall Collection of American Folk Art"; through 4/14.

SoHo and TriBeCa

Arstark—568 Broadway (431-7334). Works in various media that explore an obsession with self; by Barney, Belcher, Close, Harris, Hashey, Mann, Mellyn, Wray, others; through 5/6.

Auchincloss—558 Broadway (966-7753). "Mediated Images," with works by Barr, Campus, Nauman, Rovner; through 5/6.

Art in General—79 Walker St. (219-0473). "Split Level," with works by Bieber, Giovinco, Halle, Lins, Pervin, others; through 4/29.

Cristinrose—395 W. Broadway (431-1862). An exibition of abstract paintings by Chow, Haynes, Hudson, Olivas, Solomon, curated by Pat Steir; through 4/22.

Roeder—545 Broadway (925-6098). Paintings by Julia Jacquette, drawings by Yvonne Puffer, and sculpture by Joseph Rhone; through 4/29.

Other

Bard Graduate Center for Studies in the Decorative Arts—18 W. 86th St. (501-3000), Tue., Wed. Fri., Sat., Sun. 11–5, Thur. 11–8:30; $2, $1 seniors "Arthur J. Stone: Master Silversmith"; "English Silver: Masterpieces by Omar Ramsden From the Campbell Collection"; through 5/14.

Baruch College—17 Lexington Ave. (387-1138). "Painting in Poetry/Poetry in Painting: Wallace Stevens and Modern Art" takes a look at the influence of art on Steven's poetry and vice versa, with works by Avery, Bartlett, Gross, Hartigan, Hockney, Johns, others; through 4/27.

Hearn—530 W. 22nd St. (727-7366). A survey of works by artists who have exhibited at this gallery over the past twelve years, among them Bacher, Faust, Heilmann, Pierson, Taaffe, Trockel; through 5/7.

Margolis—251 W. 21st St. (255-0386). Installation pieces by five ceramic artists—Jack Earl, Michael Lucero, Lucien Pompili, Cheryl Laemmle, and Eddie Dominguez—on the theme of the teapot; through 4/29.

P.S. 122—150 First Ave. (228-4249). Paintings, sculpture, and mixed-media works by the first ten artists to request free slide documentation through the Archive Project's recently-started services for artists with HIV/AIDS; 3/30–4/23.

White Columns—154 Christopher St. (924-4212). Wed.–Sun. 12–6. "Flesh, Fetish, and Fashion," with installations by Martinez, Manueta, Grippo; through 4/16.

Photography

Bernd and Hilla Becher—New photographs of industrial facades; through 4/15. Sonnabend, 420 W. Broadway (966-6160).

Lynn Davis—A 20-year survey of photographs, including images of icebergs, nudes, landscapes, and ancient architectural monuments; through 5/13. Houk Friedman, 851 Madison Ave. (628-5300).

I.C.P.—1130 Fifth Ave. (860-1777); Tues. 11–8 Wed.–Sun. 11–6; $4, $2.50 students and seniors "Dorothea Lange: American Photographs"; "The East Side Story: L.A. Gangs, Photographs by Joseph Rodriguez"; through 4/30.

I.C.P. Midtown—1133 Ave. of the Americas (860-1783) Tues. 11–8, Wed.–Sun. 11–6; $4, $2.50 students and seniors. "Workers, An Archeology of the Industria Age—Photographs by Sebastião Salgado"; through 5/26.

Floris Neusüss/Marcel Broodthaers—The photographer who lives in Kassel, Germany, has dedicated his career to the making and study of photograms./Photographs by the Belgian conceptual artist (1924–76) Through 4/29. Sander, 19 E. 76th St. (794-4500).

Florence Paradeis—Diptychs and single prints depicting interior scenes of familiar situations and common, everyday activities; through 4/22. CRG, 9 Grand St. (966-4360).

Laura Stein—Electronically altered photographs of animals; through 4/22. I. C. Editions, 100 Wooster St

Photographs: left to right, Christie's New York; Sotheby's; Swann Galleries

(343-0573).

Ted Victoria—The artist has constructed a freestanding house in the gallery; each of its three rooms contains an installation piece composed of photographic projections of furniture, objects, and windows with views beyond; through 4/22. Baum, 588 Broadway (219-9877).

Museums

American Craft Museum—"Inside/Outside: Ceramic Works and Drawings by William Daley." Through 6/25. . . . "Jewelry From the Permanent Collection." Through 6/25. . . . "Fiber: Five Decades From the Permanent Collection."Through 6/25. 40 W. 53rd St. (956-3535);Tues. 10–8, Wed.–Sun. 10–5; $5, $3 students and seniors.

American Museum of Natural History—"Images of Power: Balinese Paintings." Through 5/3. Central Park West at 79th St. (769-5100); Sun.–Thurs. 10–5:45, Fri. and Sat. 10–8:45; $6 suggested contribution, $4 students and seniors, $3 children.

Asia Society—"New Finds, Old Treasures: Early Chinese Ceramics From the Meiyintang Collection." Through 6/18. 725 Park Ave. (517-8315); Tues., Wed., Fri., Sat. 11–6, Thurs. 11–8, Sun. 12–5; $3, $1 students and seniors.

Bronx Museum of the Arts—"Division of Labor: 'Women's Work' in Contemporary Art." Through 6/11. . . . "The Path to Memory: An Installation by Gladys Triana." Through 6/11. 1040 Grand Concourse, Bronx (718-681-6000); Wed.–Fri. 10–5, Sat. and Sun. 1–6; $3, $2.

Brooklyn Museum—"Thomas Cole: Landscape Into History." More than 60 paintings by the father of the Hudson River School. Through 4/2. . . . "Dale Chihuly: Grand Lobby Installation." Through 9/10. . . . "Leon Polk Smith: Selected Works 1943–1992." Through 5/14. 200 Eastern Pkwy., Brooklyn (718-638-5000); Wed.–Sun. 10–5; $4 donation, $2 students, $1.50 seniors.

Cooper-Hewitt, National Design Museum—"Body Language: Jewelry and Accessories From the National Design Museum." Through 9/3. . . . "Elaine Lustig Cohen: A Modern Graphic Designer." Through 5/23. . . . "The Structure of Style: Dutch Modernism and the Applied Arts, 1880–1930." Through 8/20. 2 E. 91st St. (860-6868); Tues. 10–9, Wed.–Sat. 10–5, Sun. noon–5; $3, $1.50 seniors and students; free Tues. after 5.

Dia Center for the Arts—"Andy Warhol, The Last Supper Paintings." Through 6/18. . . . "Alighiero Boetti and Frédéric Bruly Bouabré, Worlds Envisioned." Through 6/18. 548 W. 22nd St. (431-9232); Thurs.–Sun. noon–6; $3 suggested contribution.

Frick Collection—"Romantics, Neoclassicists, Realists: European Drawings From the Stanford University Museum of Art." Through 5/14. 1 E. 70th St. (288-0700); Tues.–Sat. 10–6, Sun. 1–6; $5, $3 students and seniors; children under 10 not admitted.

Guggenheim Museum—"Ross Bleckner." Through 5/14. . . . "Felix Gonzalez-Torres." Through 5/10. 1071 Fifth Ave., at 88th St. (423-3500); Sun.–Wed. 10–6, Fri. and Sat. 10–8 (Fri. 6–8, pay what you wish), closed Thurs.; $7, $4 students and seniors.

Guggenheim Museum SoHo—"Antoni Tàpies." The first large-scale exhibition of the Spanish artist's paintings to appear in the United States since 1977, with works dating from 1946 through 1991. Through 4/23. 575 Broadway (423-3500); Sun. and Wed.–Fri. 11–6, Sat. 11–8; $5, $3 students and seniors.

Jewish Museum—"Camille Pissarro: Impressionist Innovator." A retrospective tracing his artistic career from his early works made on the Caribbean island of St. Thomas through the last years of his life. Through 7/16. 1109 Fifth Ave. (423-3200); Sun., Mon., Wed., Thurs. 11–5:45, Tues. 11–8; $6, $4 students and seniors.

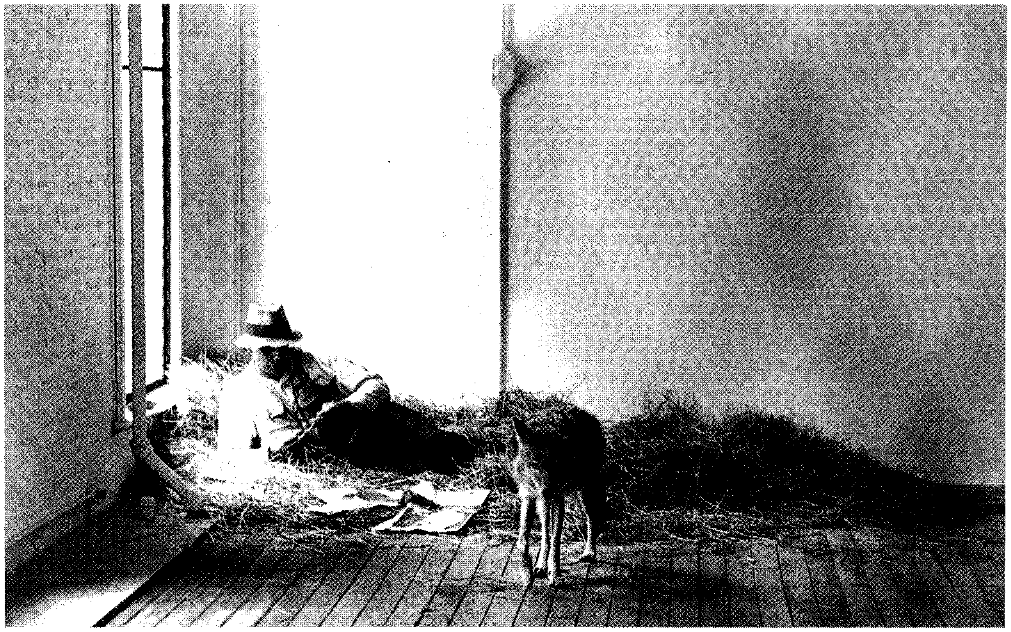
Metropolitan Museum of Art—"R. B. Kitaj: A Retrospective." Through 5/14. . . . "I Tell My Heart: The Art of Horace Pippin." An exhibition of paintings by the black folk artist (1886–1946) that was organized by the Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts. Through 4/30. . . . "Bloom: Fashion's Spring Garden." 4/1–8/20. . . . "Princely Patrons: Three Royal Persian Manuscripts." Through 6/4. . . . "Ancient Peruvian Mantles, The Early Works." Through 4/14. . . . "American Still Life: 1915–1950." Works from the museum's own collections of American art. Through 4/30. . . . "Lucie Rie/Hans Coper." Through 5/21. . . . "The Kilenge of New Britain: Photographs by Philip Dark, 1964–1970." Through 7/28. 1000 Fifth Ave., at 82nd St. (879-5500); Tues.–Thurs. and Sun. 9:30–5:15, Fri. and Sat. 9:30–9; $7 contribution, $3.50 children and seniors. The Cloisters, Fort Tryon Park (923-3700); Tues.–Sun. 9:30–5:15 (closes at 4:45 between October and March).

Museum of African Art—"Animals in African Art: From the Familiar to the Marvelous." 3/31–12/31, 593 Broadway (966-1313); $4, $2 children, students, and seniors.

Pierpont Morgan Library—"In Praise of Aldus Manutius: A Quincentenary Exhibition." Through 5/7. . . . "The Painted Page: Italian Renaissance Book Illumination, 1450–1550." Through 5/7. . . . "The Aldine Press 1495–1995: An American Homage." Through 4/9. . . . "The Collector's Eye: Gifts From the Collection of Julia Parker Wightman." Through 4/2. 29 E. 36th St. (685-0008); Tues.–Fri. 10:30–5, Sat. 10:30–6, Sun. noon–6; $5 suggested donation, $3 students and seniors.

Museum of Modern Art—"Bruce Nauman." Through 5/23. . . . "Kandinsky: Compositions." The Russian artist's monumental "Composition" paintings and related works on paper executed between 1910 and 1939. Through 4/25. . . . "Jacob Lawrence: The Migration Series." The epic 60-panel work that depicts African-Americans' post–World War I flight from the rural South to the industrial cities of the North. Through 4/11. . . . "Max Beckmann Prints." Through 5/9. . . . "American Sculptors on Paper: A Selection From the 1960s." Through 6/13. "Recent Acquisitions: Photography." Through 4/11. . . . "Semblances." Prints depicting portraits and various other representations of human subjects, by Tony Bevan, Chuck Close, Martin Kippenberger, and others. Through 5/9. . . . "Typography and the Poster." Through 6/4. 11 W. 53rd St. (708-9480); Sat.–Tues. 11–6, Thurs. and Fri. noon–8:30, closed Wed. $8; $5 students and seniors; Thurs. and Fri., 5:30–8:30, pay what you wish.

Museum of the City of New York—"All the Frills Upon It: New York Bonnets on Parade." Through 5/14. . . . "Curating New York: The Legacy of Grace M. Mayer." Through 9/8. . . . "A Century Apart: Images of Struggle & Spirit, Jacob Riis and Five Contemporary Photographers." Through 9/3. . . . "Ladies' Mile: Emporia and Entertainments." Through 10/22. 1125 Fifth Ave., at 103rd St. (534-1672); Wed.–Sat. 10–5, Sun. 1–5; $5, $3 students and seniors.



Happening **Beuys admirers are an obsessive lot, and they'll be out in force at the New School starting next Monday to participate in "Considering Joseph Beuys," a weeklong program of films, videos, and lectures examining the life and career of the heroically odd German conceptual artist. Film and video screenings and afternoon lectures are free; evening-panel tickets are $15 ($35 for the series). Call 229-5655 for information.**

Photograph by Stephen Aiken.

National Academy of Design—"170th Annual Exhibition." Through 4/2. 1083 Fifth Ave. (369-4880); Wed.–Sun. 12–5 (Fri. to 8); free.

New Museum of Contemporary Art—"Andres Serrano: Works 1983–1993." Through 4/9. . . . "Valeska Soares: Discontinuous Teasers." Through 4/9. 583 Broadway (219-1222); Wed.–Fri. and Sun. noon–6, Sat. 12–8; $4, $3 artists, seniors, students.

New York Public Library—"La Fontaine." An exhibit of the French poet's books of fables, comedies, librettos for operas, and other works. Through 4/15. . . . "Lawrence Weiner: Books and Other Printed Matter." Through 4/8. . . . "e e cummings @100: An Anniversary Exhibition." Through 4/15. Central Research Building, Fifth Ave. and 42nd St. (869-8089); Tues. and Wed. 11–6, Mon. and Thurs.–Sat. 10–6; free.

Isamu Noguchi Museum—An exhibit of rarely seen works by the sculptor celebrates the tenth anniversary of the museum, joining the sculptures, models for public projects and gardens, elements of dance sets designed for Martha Graham, and Akari lanterns on display in this converted factory building that was Noguchi's studio 32–37 Vernon Blvd., Long Island City, N.Y. (718-204-7088); Wed., Sat., Sun. 11–6; $4, $2 seniors and students.

Studio Museum in Harlem—"Sam Gilliam: Recent Monoprints." Through 5/14. . . . "Emma Amos: Paintings and Prints, 1982–1992." Through 4/2. 144 W. 125th St. (864-4500); Wed.–Fri. 10–5, Sat. and Sun. 1–6; $5, $3 seniors and students.

Whitney Museum—"1995 Biennial Exhibition." Through 6/25. 945. Madison Ave., at 75th St. (570-3676); Wed. and Fri.–Sun. 11–6, Thurs. 1–8; $7, $5 students and seniors ($3.50 Thurs. 6–8).

Whitney Museum at Philip Morris—"Jacob Lawrence: The War Series." Through 3/31. 120 Park Ave., at 42nd St. (878-2550); Mon.–Fri. 11–6, Thurs. to 7:30; free.

Auctions

Christie's—502 Park Ave., at 59th St. (546-1000). 3/30 at 10: "Property from Mar-A-Lago Sold by Donald J. Trump." On view from 3/25. 3/30 at 2: "French and Continental Furniture, Objects of Art and Wallpaper." On view from 3/25. 3/31 at 2 and 4/1 at 10 and 2: "Important 20th-Century Decorative Arts." On view from 3/25.

Christie's East—219 E. 67th St. (606-0400). 4/3 at 1: "20th-Century Decorative Arts." On view from 3/30. 4/4 at 10 and 2: "European Decorative Arts." On view from 3/31.

Sotheby's—York Ave. at 72nd St. (606-7000). 3/31 at 10:15 and 2: "Continental Furniture." On view from 3/25.

Swann—104 E. 25th St. (254-4710). 4/4 at 10:30: "Photographs." On view from 3/25.

theater

Sweet Dreams...Turgenev...Jazz Man

Broadway

Previews and Openings

Arcadia—Tom Stoppard's Olivier Award–winning comedy of ideas, in which two contemporary scholars muse on the nature of time and truth while investigating a centuries-old scandal in an aristocratic household. With Blair Brown, Victor Garber, and Robert Sean Leonard; directed by Trevor Nunn. $37.50–$42.50. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2; Sun. at 3. Opens 3/30. *Vivian Beaumont Theater at Lincoln Center, 150 W. 65th St. (239-6200).*

Gentlemen Prefer Blondes—Anita Loos's Jazz Age fable of high times among New York's smart set in the twenties, as seen through the eyes of a wide-eyed (but hardly naïve) golddigger. K. T. Sullivan is Lorelei Lee, the girl with the best-known best friend (Diamonds) in musical comedy. This production, directed by Charles Repole, originated last summer at the Goodspeed Opera House; Tony Randall's National Actors' Theatre is its New York sponsor. In previews beginning 3/28 for a 4/10 opening. $20–$60; students with valid I.D., $10. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Lyceum Theatre, 145 W. 45th St. (239-6280).*

Having Our Say—A two-character play about changes in the lives of black Americans over the past century. Emily Mann has adapted her text from the best-selling memoirs of the the Delaney sisters, who, at one hundred years of age and counting, have Seen It All. Opens 4/6. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Booth Theater, 222 W. 45th St. (239-6200).*

Now Playing

Beauty and the Beast—A musical based on a movie based on a fairy tale. Setting box-office and, presumably, merchandising records even as we speak. Sarah Uriarte plays the girl; Jeff McCarthy plays the (hairy) boy. With Tony-award-winning costume design by Ann Hould-Ward. Lyrics by Tim Rice and the late Howard Ashman; score by Alan Menken. $20–$65. Evening shows begin at 7:30. Dark Mon. and Tues. Opened: 4/18/94. *Palace Theatre, 1564 Broadway, at 47th St. (307-4100). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

Blood Brothers—Willy Russell's musical about twins who, separated at birth, eventually meet and fall in love with the same girl; directed by Bill Kenwright and Bob Tomson. With Helen Reddy stepping into shoes previously filled by Carole King and Petula Clark. $45–$65. Opened: 4/25/93. *Music Box Theatre, 239 W. 45th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs. 45 mins.*

Cats—Now and for the foreseeable future. By Andrew Lloyd Webber, of course, with an assist from T. S. Eliot. $37.50–$65. Dark Thurs. Opened: 10/7/82. *Winter Garden Theater, 1634 Broadway, at 50th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

Crazy for You—The 1992 winner of three Tony awards, including Best Musical, is currently in its fourth year on Broadway. James Brennan and Karen Ziemba star in this musical comedy, a loose adaptation of the Gershwins' *Girl Crazy*, about a banker's son who's sent to foreclose on a theater in a mining town. Light and frothy, with Gershwin and Susan Stroman's choreography as central pleasures. Book by Ken Ludwig; co-conceived and directed, by Mike Ockrent. $15–$67.50. Dark Thurs. Opened: 2/19/92. *Shubert Theater, 225 W. 44th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs. 40 mins.*

Damn Yankees—A fading boy of summer sells his soul to the Devil for a second chance at playing professional baseball in this revival of the 1955 musical based on Douglass Wallop's best-seller; the show recently reopened after a two-month hiatus, with Jerry Lewis replacing Victor Garber in the latter role. "For the first few minutes, Lewis cuts a reasonably saturnine figure with a glum petulance about him that doesn't displease. But he's a comic whose trademark shtick consists of reverting, sometimes predictably, sometimes arbitrarily, to spoiled, jeering, sarcastic brathood. At these moments, the fans go wild, the rest of us merely numb. Although the old faithfuls, led by Linda Stephens, Jarrod Emick, and Dick Latessa, have as much heart as ever, there are certain theatrical events an adult can enjoy only if he brings a child to the show. To enjoy Jerry Lewis, you may have to bring along a Frenchman." (Simon; 3/27/95) $15–$67.50. Opened: 3/3/94. *Marquis Theater, 1555 Broadway (307-4100).*

Defending the Caveman—Rob Becker's one-man show, which posits a genetically inherited difference from prehistoric days to explain why men ("hunters") and women ("gatherers") get irritated with each other in Bloomingdale's. $39.50. Wed.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 5 and 8, Sun. at 7. After 4/2, Sun. performances are at 3. *Helen Hayes Theatre, 240 W. 44th St. (228-3626, or just dial CAVEMAN).*

Grease!—A crowd-pleasing, neon-heavy, rock-and-roll musical about a group of high-school seniors in 1959. Book, music, and lyrics by Jim Jacobs and Warren Casey; directed and choreographed by Jeff Calhoun. With Brooke Shields as the gum-snapping tough Betty Rizzo. $30–$67.50. Dark Wed. Opened: 5/11/94. *Eugene O'Neill Theatre, 230 W. 49th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

The Heiress—A revival of Ruth and Augustus Goetz's 1947 stage adaptation of the Henry James novella *Washington Square*, in which a domineering and oppressive father squelches his shy daughter's attempt at romance. Suitably Hollywoodized, William Wyler's film version starring Olivia de Havilland swept the 1949 Academy Awards; James, the master of moral irony who experienced the most devastating failure of his career with his single, disastrous foray into dramatic writing, would

Ground Rules:

Except where noted, Broadway shows begin at 8 and are dark Monday. Wallet-watchers should keep in mind the TKTS booths, where half-price tickets are available (for that day's performance only) to many Broadway and Off Broadway shows. TKTS booths are at Broadway and 47th St. and 2 World Trade Center, mezzanine level; call 768-1818 for more info. Involved in a production and want to submit details for a possible listing? Call 880-0740.

Onstage

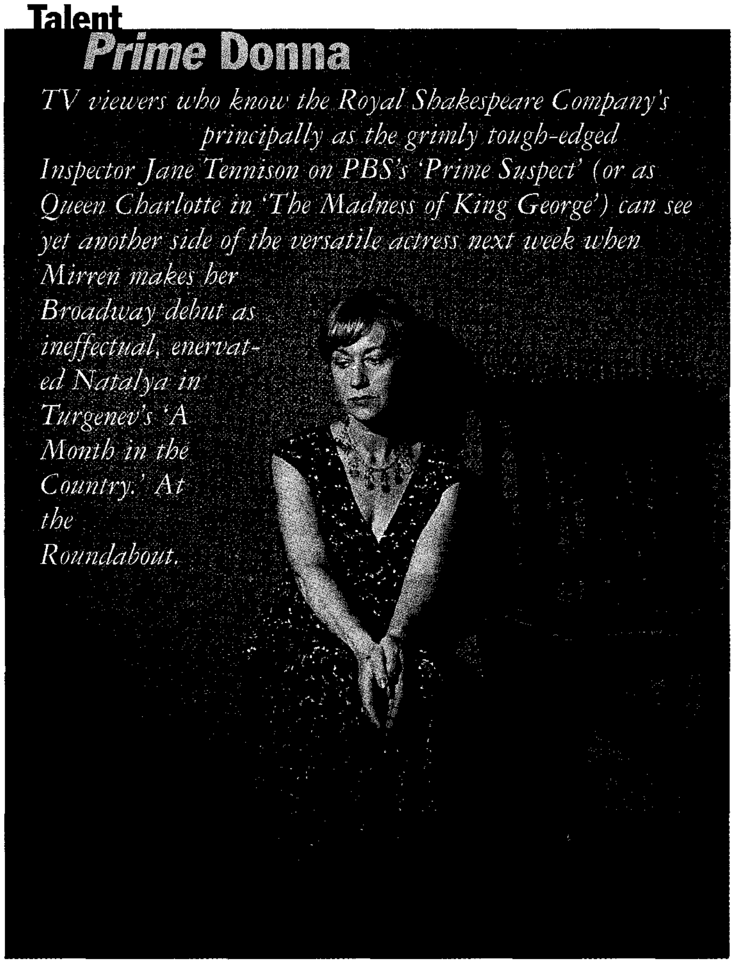
Twinkie Defense

What's a girl to do? "Varla Jean Merman," the eponymous star of Jeff Roberson's *Varla and the Man Who Got Away*, is shown coping, in her fashion, with a uniquely dysfunctional family situation—she claims to be the illegitimate daughter of Ernest Borgnine and Ethel Merman. At Westbeth Theatre Center (741-0391).

Photograph by Mark Contratto.

doubtless have appreciated the joke. With Philip Bosco, Cherry Jones, Frances Sternhagen, and Jon Tenney; directed by Gerald Gutierrez. $20–$42.50. Tues.–Sat. at 8; Wed. and Sat. at 2; Sun. at 3. *Cort Theatre, 138 W. 48th St. (239-6200).*

Talent



Prime Donna

TV viewers who know the Royal Shakespeare Company's principally as the grimly tough-edged Inspector Jane Tennison on PBS's 'Prime Suspect' (or as Queen Charlotte in 'The Madness of King George') can see yet another side of the versatile actress next week when Mirren makes her Broadway debut as ineffectual, enervated Natalya in Turgenev's 'A Month in the Country.' At the Roundabout.

How to Succeed in Business Without Really Trying—Armed only with charming dishonesty, Matthew Broderick, in the role created by Robert Morse, rises swiftly to the top of the corporate world in a new Broadway revival of the 1961 musical. Has much become dated in Shepherd Mead's classic farce about raging ambition? Well, the Man in the Gray Flannel Suit wears Armani these days, but the songs and lighthearted satire are as sharp as ever. $25–$67.50. Mon.–Sat. at 8; Wed. and Sat. at 2. *Richard Rodgers Theatre, 226 W. 46th St. (307-4100).*

An Inspector Calls—A stunning Royal National Theatre production of J. B. Priestley's 1947 mystery thriller about a wealthy British family and its involvement in the suicide of a young girl. Winner of four 1994 Tonys, including Best Play Revival. Gradual turnover for this long-running drama has finally subsided, with the current cast including Nicholas Woodeson, Roy Cooper, Maxwell Caulfield (!), Siân Phillips, Harry Carnahan, and Susannah Hoffman. $45–$55. Opened: 4/27/94. *Royale Theatre, 242 W. 45th St. (239-6200). 1 hr. 50 mins. No intermission.*

Jackie Mason: Politically Incorrect—A one-man show written and performed by Mason, who jokes ruthlessly and effectively about every touchy social issue and racial minority imaginable. $32–$49.50. Opened: 4/5/94. *John Golden Theatre, 252 W. 45th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs.*

Kiss of the Spider Woman—Based on the Manuel Puig novel about two men in a South American prison—a gay window dresser and a revolutionary—who find some tentative common ground. It won seven Tonys, including Best Musical. Maria Conchita Alonso recently stepped into the title role, filling the (big) shoes of Chita Rivera and Vanessa Williams. Book by Terrence McNally; music by John Kander; lyrics by Fred Ebb; directed by Harold Prince. With Howard McGillin and Brian Mitchell. $35–$65. Dark Sun. Opened: 5/3/93. *Broadhurst Theater, 235 W. 44th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

Les Misérables—This pop-opera adaptation of the sprawling Victor Hugo novel, currently in its ninth year on Broadway, recently supplanted *Fiddler on the Roof* as the sixth-longest-running show in Broadway history. With a book by Alain Boublil and Claude-Michel Schonberg; music by the latter; lyrics by Herbert Kretzmer. $15–$67.50. Opened: 3/12/87. *Imperial Theater, 249 W. 45th St. (239-6200). 3 hrs. 15 mins.*

Love! Valour! Compassion!—Terrence McNally's bittersweet drama about eight gay men who come together at a country home over the course of several holiday weekends. With Nathan Lane, John Glover, Stephen Bogardus, Anthony Heald, Randy Becker, John Benjamin Hickey, and Justin Kirk. Directed by Joe Mantello. $15–$45. Tues.–Sat. at 8; Sat. at 2; Sun. at 2 and 7. *Walter Kerr Theatre, 219 W. 48th St. (239-6200).*

Miss Saigon—A reworking of Puccini's *Madama Butterfly* set in Vietnam during the fall of Saigon. Score by Claude-Michel Schonberg; lyrics by Alain Boublil and Richard Maltby Jr.; directed by Nicholas Hytner. $15–$67.50. Dark Sun. Opened: 4/11/91. *Broadway Theater, 1681 Broadway, at 53rd St. (239-6200). 2 hrs. 45 mins.*

The Phantom of the Opera—In its eighth year on Broadway, Andrew Lloyd Webber's blockbuster continues to pack them in, passing the 3,000-performance mark last week and edging into seventh place among the longest running musicals. And strangely—or wisely, depending on your point of view—it's no nearer to becoming a movie than on the day it opened. $15–$65. Dark Sun. Opened: 1/26/88. *Majestic Theater, 247 W. 44th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

Show Boat—Because it covers three generations of show folk, because its action spans four decades, because it shuttles between steamy Natchez and boreal Chicago, and because it touches on such varied subjects as race relations and the dispersal of families, *Show Boat* is usually described as having epic sweep. In a production such as this, certainly. There are problems with the plotting, but director Harold Prince's staging moves so swiftly and involvedly that there is no time for questions. He is seconded by choreographer Susan Stroman, who with this effort surges to the forefront of Broadway dance creators. The cast here is a true constellation: John McMartin's rubber-legged Cap'n Andy; the starchy, beady-eyed Parthy of Elaine Stritch; Rebecca Luker; Mark Jacoby; Michel Bell; Gretha Boston; and Lonette McKee's penetratingly sung Julie, which is also shatteringly acted. This *Show Boat* is a dreamboat. (Simon; 10/17/94) $30–$75. Opened: 10/2/94. *Gershwin Theater, 222 W. 51st St. (307-4100). 3 hrs.*

Smokey Joe's Cafe: The Songs of Leiber and Stoller—They say the neon lights are bright on Broadway, and when this show—drawn from the score Jerry Leiber and Mike Stoller composed to accompany the American baby-boomer childhood experience—breezes into New York City, people gonna scrape and bow. You don't like crazy music? (We keep forgettin'.) Don't feel that way; baby, that is rock and roll. A tip, tip, tip, young blood: Buy yourself a ticket, sit down in the very first row. Have a drink and dig the band. Can't you hear the flügelhorn? Can't you hear the bell? Come to them sickly, they'll make you well. We don't know why our heart flips (and, baby, we don't care); we only know it does. Heart-breakin' nights, only in America. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2, Sun. at 1 and 6. $29.50–$67.50; top price for all shows other than Sun. matinee, Fri., and Sat. is $49.50. At the *Virginia Theatre, 245 W. 52nd St. (239-6200)*? Uh-huh.

Sunset Boulevard—Neither as bad as the gossips may have wished nor as good as the gullible must have hoped. It has two or three nice songs amid the soupy orchestrations; a great deal of sameness—songs that echo one another or previous Andrew Lloyd Webber songs too closely; book and lyrics by Don Black and Christopher Hampton, to be remembered for the most ear-grating rhyme ever, "kosher-brochure"; remnants of an interesting plot from the Billy Wilder movie; John Napier's scenery, its inventiveness truly matching its lavishness; arresting costumes by Anthony Powell; Hollywood-worthy lighting by Andrew Bridge; and unsatisfactory performances almost across the board. (Simon; 11/28/94) $25–$70. Opened: 11/17/94. *Minskoff Theatre, 200 W. 45th St. (307-4007). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

Tommy—The Who's angry rock opera about alienation and rebellion now ends by embracing the nuclear family. With such a famous musical source, the surprise here is that the real draw is director Des McAnuff's slick, cinematic staging. $20–$67.50. Dark Tues. Opened: 4/22/93. *St. James Theatre, 246 W. 44th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs.*

Translations—A revival of Brian Friel's 1981 play, featuring Michael Cumpsty as a young British officer assigned to stamp out Gaelic in Ireland during the occupations of the 1830s and Dana Delany (*China Beach*) as the colleen who causes him to have second thoughts. Directed by Howard Davies. $45–$55. Tues.–Sat. at 8; Wed. and Sat. at 2; Sun. at 3. *Plymouth Theatre, 236 W. 45th St. (239-6200).*

Uncle Vanya—Tom Courtenay plays the title role in Circle in the Square's staging of what is, perhaps, Chekhov's most poignant and affecting play—not his most polished, but for that very reason commanding a rude pathos uniquely its own. Also featuring Amanda Donohoe (star of *L.A. Law*) as Yelena, and directed by Braham Murray, a respected British artist making his Broadway staging debut. $45. Tues.–Sat. at 8; Wed. and Sat. at 2; Sun. at 3. *Circle in the Square, 1633 Broadway, at 50th St. (239-6200).*

Off Broadway

Previews and Openings

The Cryptogram—The newest play by David Mamet is set in a middle-class living room, where unsettling revelations reveal the fragility of love. With Ed Begley Jr., Felicity Huffman, and Shelton Dane. $37.50. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3 and 7. In previews for a 4/13 opening. *Westside Theatre, 407 W. 43rd St. (307-4100).*

London Suite—If It Isn't Broken Don't Fix It Dept.: Neil Simon, author of *Plaza Suite* and *California Suite*, has crossed the Atlantic for the locus of this latest four-vignette *comédie sentimentale*, on view at the Off Broadway Union Square Theatre. (Meanwhile, up on West 52nd Street, the big Neil Simon Theater is dark.) Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. In previews for a 4/9 opening. *Union Square Theatre, 100 E. 17th St. (307-4100).*

Luck, Pluck & Virtue—Playwright and director James Lapine has adapted *A Cool Million*, the novelist Nathanael West's savage 1934 slapstick satire of Horatio Alger–style American superpatriotism, into a stage piece suggestive of Brecht as he might

Photograph by Ken Weingart/Retna.

be played by the Three Stooges. Featuring Neil Patrick Harris (*Doogie Howser, M.D.*) as optimist and dismemberee Lester Price. $35. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2. Sun. at 7. *Atlantic Theater Company, 336 W. 20th St. (239-6200).*

Mrs. Warren's Profession—A daughter and mother come to know each other for the first time in the Pearl Theatre Company's production of George Bernard Shaw's groundbreaking (1902) look at the then-radical notion that women might have something to say about their place in society. Directed by Alex Dmitriev. $15–20 during previews, $20–25 after a 4/2 opening. Tues., Thurs., Fri. at 8; Wed. and Sun. at 2; Sat at 5 and 9. Beginning 4/5, a Wed. performance will be added at 8. Through 5/7. *Pearl Theatre, 80 St. Mark's Pl. (598-9802).*

Night and Her Stars—Playwright Richard Greenberg's take on the TV-quiz-show scandals of the fifties, just in case you were wondering, had its premiere at South Coast Repertory last season, months before the opening of Robert Redford's film. This Manhattan Theater Club production, presented at the American Place Theatre, stars John Slattery as Charles Van Doren; also with, among others, Patrick Breen, Keith Charles, and Peter Frechette. Directed by David Warren. $40. Beginning 3/28. *American Place Theatre, 111 W. 46th St. (239-6200).*

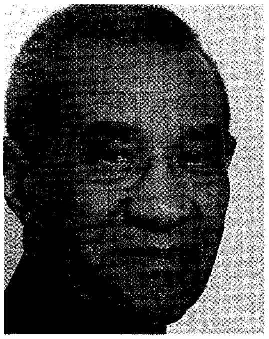
The Only Thing Worse You Could Have Told Me—Fourteen vignettes from contemporary gay culture, written and performed by Dan Butler, best known these days as the aggressively hetero Bulldog on NBC's "Frasier." $25 in previews, $35 after a 4/2 opening. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 7 and 10, Sun. at 3 and 7. *Actors' Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. So., at Christopher St. (307-4100).*

Three Viewings—Jeffrey Hatcher's play about graveside regrets. With Buck Henry, Penny Fuller, and Margaret Whitton. $30. Tues.–Sun. at 7:30, Sat. and Sun. at 3; Through 4/30. *Manhattan Theatre Club, City Center Stage II, 131 W. 55th St. bet. Sixth and Seventh Aves. (581-1212).*

Talent

Moonlight Sonata

Some might consider a reputation as the world's greatest trap drummer accomplishment enough for one lifetime, but, at 71, Max Roach—performer, composer, and (the phrase is unavoidable) jazz legend—is still looking for new worlds to conquer. Roach, who began his professional career in 1942 playing with the Duke Ellington Orchestra at the Paramount Theater, is back on the (theatrical) boards this week as composer of an original score for Keith Glover's play *Dancing on Moonlight,* beginning performances Tuesday at the Public Theater. Its sound is a congeries of styles—bop, string quartet, vocal harmonics, world-beat percussion—that refuses, like Roach himself, to be pinned down to a single easily identifiable idiom. *Dancing on Moonlight* is only the latest evidence of Roach's ongoing interest in the possibilities afforded a composer by the dramatic stage. (He traces that interest back to the forties, when the big bands in which he cut his musical teeth maintained a distinct element of theatrical performance that's since been lost to his kind of popular music. "You used to hold audiences through the medium of sight as well as sound," he says. "Now, with the small clubs and the way things are presented today, the visual aspect doesn't have the same magic.") Roach has previously done music for plays by writers as diverse as Shakespeare, O'Neill, and Ron Milner; his score for *Shepard Sets,* a festival of three Sam Shepard plays performed in rotating repertory at La MaMa, won him a special 1985 Obie Award. Working in the theater, he says, "gives you an opportunity to participate in the total artistic experience; movement, words, sound, lights, costumes, all the wonderful things that create the magic on stage. Recitals are fine, but sometimes you want the whole symphony."



RANDALL SHORT

Now Playing

All in the Timing—Six snappy one-acters by David Ives that are idiosyncratic and astringent—the laughter is steady and has an educated ring. An Outer Critics Circle–award winner for playwriting. Directed by Jason McConnell Buzas. $35–$37.50. Mon.–Sat. at 8.; Wed. and Sat. at 2. Opened: 2/17/94. *John Houseman Theatre, 450 W. 42nd St. (239-6200).*

Awake and Sing!—A sixtieth-anniversary staging, appropriately star-studded, of Clifford Odets's Depression classic about thwarted longings in the Bronx. The Jewish Repertory Theater production features Tovah Feldshuh, Stephen Lang, and Avery Schreiber. $30. Tues.–Thurs., Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sun. at 2, Sun. at 7; dark Mon. and Fri. *Westbeth Theater Center, 151 Bank St. (741-0391).*

Blue Man Group: Tubes—Smart silliness, with toilet paper, neon-colored paint, cereal, etc. Kids love it, and adults can pretend the show's an ironic commentary on performance art. Matt Goldman, Phil Stanton, and Chris Wink are the blue not-so-meanies. Directed by Marlene Swartz. $25–$40. Wed. at 5 and 8; Thurs. at 8; Fri. and Sat. at 7 and 10; Sun. at 4 and 7. Opened: 11/17/91. *Astor Place Theater, 434 Lafayette St. (254-4370).*

Camping With Henry And Tom—Robert Prosky, Ken Howard, and John Cunningham as Thomas Edison, Warren G. Harding, and Henry Ford in Mark St. Germain's fantasy of what the conversation might have been like on a celebrated series of camping trips shared by those three pillars of the new American century in the early 1900s. With costumes by last year's Tony winner Ann Hould-Ward (*Beauty and the Beast*), which is itself reason enough to buy a ticket. $37.50. Tues.–Sat. at 8; Wed. and Sat. at 2:30; Sun. at 3. *Lucille Lortel Theater, 121 Christopher St. (239-6200).*

Carmen—The Ridiculous Theatrical Company presents an astonishingly dark, searing, and emotionally ravaging take on . . . well, no, not really. It's actually another brazenly silly production, this one tackling the story of "a woman with a thousand stars in her eyes and a thousand men in her past." Led by Everett Quinton. $25. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 7. Recently extended—yet again!—through 4/22. *Ridiculous Theatre, 1 Sheridan Square (691-2271).*

The Compleat Works of Wllm Shkspr (abridged)—105 minutes. Everything. Yow. Performed, briskly, by Christopher Duva, Peter Jacobson, and Jon Patrick Walker, taking over from an earlier production at Serious Fun! in 1993. Tues.–Sat. at 8; Wed and Sat. at 2:30; Sun. at 3. $25 Tues.–Thurs.; $27.50 weekends. *Westside Theatre, 407 W. 43rd St. (307-4100).*

Death Defying Acts—An evening of three one-act plays by Woody Allen, David Mamet, and Elaine May. With Linda Lavin, Debra Monk, and Paul Guilfoyle; directed by Michael Blakemore. $35–$45. Tues.–Sat. at 8; Sat. at 2; Sun. at 3 and 7. *Variety Arts Theatre, Third Ave. at 13th St. (239-6200).*

Don Juan in Chicago—In this clever retelling of the Don Juan story, described by its author as a "metaphysical farce," David Ives (*All in the Timing*) applies his distinctive brand of intellectual wit to add a new twist to the tale: In exchange for immortality, the Don must sleep with a different woman each day. After 400 years or so that lead him from Renaissance Seville to 1990s Chicago, this regimen loses its initial charm in a big way. With, among others, Simon Brooking, Peter Bartlett, Nancy Opel, and J. Smith Cameron; directed by Robert Stanton. Tues.–Sat. at 8; Sat. at 2; Sun. at 3. $30 Tues.–Thurs.; $32 Fri.–Sun. *Primary Stages, 354 W. 45th St. (333-4052).*

The Fantasticks—The musical perennial that, happily, refuses to go away. $32. Tues.–Fri. at 8; Sat. at 3 and 7; Sun. at 3 and 7:30. Opened: 5/3/60. *Sullivan St. Theater, 181 Sullivan St. (674-3838).*

Grandma Sylvia's Funeral—An audience-participation comedy akin to *Tony 'n' Tina's Wedding,* written by Glenn Wein and Amy Lord Blumsack. When Grandma Sylvia dies, a power struggle ensues among family members. $35–$45, which includes a mitzvah meal. Opened: 10/9/94. Thurs. at 7:30; Sat. at 7; Sun. at 1 and 5. *Playhouse on Vandam, 15 Vandam St. (691-1555).*

Henry VI—The Theatre for a New Audience follows last season's *Titus Andronicus* with an even more ambitious staging of Shakespeare's three-part epic with the same design team and a cast of 22. It's been distilled into two evenings (*Part I: The Contention* and *Part II: The Civil War*) by director Barry Kyle. Through 4/8. Call for detailed performance schedule. *Theatre at St. Clement's, 423 W. 46th St. (279-4200).*

Holiday Heart—A 12-year-old girl struggles to survive an inner-city childhood with the help of her (unconventional) guardian angel. By Cheryl L. West. Directed by Tazewell Thompson. $40. Through 4/9. *Manhattan Theatre Club Stage I at City Center, 131 W. 55th St. (581-1212).*

I've Got the Shakes—A new theater piece by Richard Foreman, in which Madeline X feels certain she is destined to teach but doesn't know exactly what to impart. Don't expect a straightforward narrative; expect striking images and moments and a sense of theater à la Robert Wilson. Foreman has received numerous awards and encomiums, including six Obie Awards and recognition for his "outstanding record of accomplishment" by the National Endowment for the Arts. With Jan Leslie Harding, Mary McBride, Rebecca Moore, and Michael Osano. $10–$15. Tues. and Thurs.–Sun. at 8. Through 4/9. *Ontological-Hysteric Theater at St. Mark's Church in the Bowery, 131 E. 10th St., 2nd floor (533-4650).*

Jelly Roll!—Vernel Bagneris stars in this musical look at the life of Jelly Roll Morton. He adapted the book from the Library of Congress interviews Morton gave detailing his career. $30–$35. Tues.–Sat. at 8; Sat. at 2; Sun. at 3 and 6. Opened: 8/18/94. Moved this week to the *Kaufman Theatre, 534 W. 42nd St. (307-4100).*

Jack's Holiday—An A.S. (After Sondheim) musical about a serial killer on the loose. "Nothing can sink a show more surely than the lack of a point, or even a point of view, which one seeks in vain in this pointless musical. Mark St. Germain, the word man, and Randy Courts, the music and ancillary word man, end up drearily glamorizing the murderer as the show lumbers all over the place yet never once stumbles on a decent tune and lyric." (Simon; 3/27/95.) $35. Tues.–Sat. at 8; Sat. at 3; Sun. at 3 and 7:30. *Playwrights Horizons, Wilder Theater (279-4200).*

The Man Who—Peter Brook's stage adaptation of Oliver Sacks's *The Man Who Mistook His Wife for a Hat,* a collection of essays about neurological disorders. "Are case histories from a neurologist's files suitable material for the stage? Peter Brook and Jean-Claude Carrière think so, and have

Photograph by Chuck Stewart

truncated Sacks's book into a continuous 100-minute round-robin of examinations and experiments that bleed into one another. Some of this is morbidly interesting—less prurient if quietly read in a book rather than watched as a communal orgy—some of it is boring; and none of it is my idea of theater." (Simon; 3/27/95.) $35–$50. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 3. Through 4/9. Majestic Theater, Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave., Brooklyn (307-4100).

Measure For Measure/Titus Andronicus—The most problematic of the Shakespeares in repertory with the most bloody. Directed by, respectively, Jared Hammond and Lester Shane. $12. Times and days of week vary; call for a detailed schedule. Through 4/16. *Soho Rep, 46 Walker St. (334-0962).*

Miami Stories—A trio of Jewish-themed one-act plays by Saul Bellow, Bernard Malamud, and Laurence Klavan. $30. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 2 and 7. No performance 3/23, 3/28; additional show 4/1 at 2. *American Jewish Theatre, 307 W. 26th St. (633-9797).*

Perfect Crime—Warren Manzi's long-running thriller about a wealthy psychiatrist accused of murdering her husband, and the small-town detective who tries to prove she committed the "perfect crime." $30. Mon. and Thurs.–Sat. at 8; Sun. at 3 and 7; Wed. and Sat. at 2. Opened: 4/5/87. *Duffy Theatre, 1553 Broadway, at 46th St. (695-3401).*

A Royal Affair—An illegal alien who daydreams of working for royalty has a rude awakening when actual aristocrats enter her life. Luis Santeiro's play is directed by Max Ferra. Wed.–Sat. at 8, Sat. and Sun. at 2. $20 Fri. and Sat eves.; all other preformances $15. *INTAR Theatre, 420 W. 42nd St. (279-4200).*

Rush Limbaugh in Night School—A one-man show written and performed by Charlie Varon, in which the titular character, forced into good old American-style economic competition by rival talk-show hosts, finds himself soliciting new audiences in the liberal swamps of the New School and the Delacorte Theater. $32.50–$35. Tues.–Sat. at 8; Sat. at 2; Sun. at 3. *Second Stage, 2162 Broadway, at 76th St. (873-6103).*

Stomp—As the title implies, a loud, aggressive, and energetic show in which a troupe of performers dance, clap, and generally bang on everything in sight. Featuring buckets, brooms, trash-can lids, and, yes, the kitchen sink. More engaging than you might expect. $22.50–$37.50. Tues.–Fri. at 8; Sat. at 7 and 10:45; Sun. at 3 and 7. Opened: 2/27/94. *Orpheum, 126 Second Ave., bet. 7th and 8th Sts. (307-4100).*

That's Life!—A musical revue about contemporary Jewish life in America; conceived, directed, and choreographed by Helen Butleroff. $32.50. Wed.–Sat. at 8; Wed. and Sat. at 2; Sun. at 2 and 5. Opened: 6/12/94. *Theatre East, 211 E. 60th St. (838-9090).*

Three Tall Women—Edward Albee's Pulitzer Prize–winning drama about a wealthy 92-year-old widow who reexamines the events of her life; directed by Lawrence Sacharow. $37.50–$45. Tues.–Sat. at 8; Wed. at 2:30; Sat. and Sun. at 3. Opened: 4/12/94. *Promenade Theatre, 2162 Broadway, at 76th St. (239-6200).*

Tony 'n' Tina's Wedding—A wedding at St. John's Church, 81 Christopher St.; then a reception at 147 Waverly Place, with Italian buffet, champagne, and wedding cake. Wonderfully tacky—and it's lasted longer than a lot of marriages. $60–$75. Tues.–Sun. at 7; Sat. and Sun. at 2. Opened: 2/6/88 (279-4200).

Varla and the Man Who Got Away—This one-woman show written and performed by Varla Jean Merman—who claims to be the illegitimate daughter of Ethel Merman and Ernest Borgnine—is the story of a schizophrenic with male and female personalities who is addicted to junk food. Any surprise to learn that the producer is Suzanne Bartsch? $20. Thurs.–Sat at 8. *The Music Hall at Westbeth Theatre Center, 151 Bank St. (741-0391).*

Watbanaland—Primal desire, from Africa to Ozone Park. Doug Wright's new comedy features David Chandler, Lisa Emery, Ken Garito, Dion Graham, Susan Greenhill, and Emily Skinner. $25. Tues.–Sat at 8, Sun. at 3 and 7:30. *WPA Theatre, 519 W. 23rd St. (206-0523).*

Revival

Late Tennessee

'Clothes for a Summer Hotel,' Tennessee Williams's penultimate (1980) play, is a meditation on Scott and Zelda Fitzgerald in which the archetypal Doomed Romantic of the fifties confronts his Jazz Age counterparts. The York Theater Company's production, starring Carrie Nye, begins perfomances Wednesday.

Off-Off Broadway

Door Wolves—A new work by Elizabeth Gilbert, depicting a woman's journey through a male-dominated world, directed by Don Wilson Glenn, is the premiere production of the Mutt Rep theater company. $12; students and seniors $10. Wed.–Sun. at 8. Through 4/2. *Studio Theater 4-A, 29 E. 19th St. (262-7250).*

Ghost on Fire—A play by Michael Weller about death, disillusionment, and the loss of faith. $12. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. 3/1 at 2, Sun. at 3. Through 4/2. *Samuel Beckett Theater, 410 W. 42nd St. (718) 522-2858).*

Gilgamesh—The ancient Sumerian epic, in a stage adaptation by the Common Ground Stage & Film Company, featuring music, dance, and puppetry. $15. 3/30–4/2, 4/6–8 at 8, plus a 4/2 matinee at 2. *Ohio Theater, 66 Wooster St. (388-8100).*

Kokoro—Velina Hasu-Houston's play (the title means "True Heart") mixes Kabuki and contemporary theater techniques to render a story about a tradition-bound Japanese wife and the consequences of her husband's infidelity. Directed by Tina Chen. $12. Thurs.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 7, plus matinees 4/1 at 2 and 4/2 at 3. Through 4/2. *28th Street Theatre, 120 W. 28th St. (996-7287).*

Laura Dennis—The fourth and final production of the Signature Theatre Company's Horton Foote season is a world premiere of the playwright's newest script. Set in a small Texas town in 1938, the play follows the trials of three families as their children make the difficult passage into adulthood. $15. Mon. and Wed.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 3. Through 4/9. *Kampo Cultural Center, 31 Bond St., bet. Lafayette and Bowery (279-4200).*

The Mousetrap—Agatha Christie's classic murder mystery, the longest-running play in history (43 years to date and counting), in a production by the Yorkville Repertory Company. $10. Thurs.–Sat. at 8, 4/1 and 4/8 at 2. Through 4/8. *St. Stephen of Hungary Church, 414 E. 82nd St. (737-7289).*

Napoli Milionaria—In Naples during World War II, the poor but honest family of Gennaro Joive learns to survive by trading on the black market. But when Joive returns from a German labor camp, he finds his family transformed by greed: His son is a thief, his daughter is a tramp consorting with soldiers, and his wife has grown rich through sordid dealings. Written by Eduardo De Filippo, one of Italy's most popular playwrights. This first English translation of the play is by Tori Haring-Smith. Directed by Robert Hupp. From the Jean Cocteau Repertory. $24. Thurs.–Sat. at 8; Sun. at 3. Through 4/16. *Bouwerie Lane Theatre, 330 Bowery, at 2nd St. (677-0060).*

The Red Doors—The politics of Judaism, the Kathie Lee–ization of femininity, and Charlie Rose's sex appeal are just a few of the themes of Jennifer Farber's new play. Directed by Tim Cunningham. $10. 3/29, 3/31; 4/1–2, 4/5–6, 4/7–9. All performances at 8. *Workhouse Theatre, 41 White St., bet. Church and Broadway (334-9594).*

Roberto Zucco—A new play by Bernard-Marie Koltes based on the true story of a patricide and serial killer in France and his travels through an increasingly garish underworld. With Elina Lowensohn and Kirk Acevedo; directed by Travis Preston. $15; students $10. Wed.–Sun. at 8. Through 4/21. *Cucaracha Theatre, 240 E. 3rd St. (966-8596).*

The Secret Warhol Rituals—Is there material in the downtown Manhattan performance-art scene ripe for irreverent satire? Do fat men eat pie? Stephen DiLauro's "post-pop costume comedy" follows a troupe of alternative performers during and after the death of Andy Warhol. $10. Mon.–Wed. at 8. Through 4/12. *Tribeca Lab, 79 Leonard St. (966-9371)*

Two Boys in a Bed on a Cold Winter's Night—Two veterans of gay life in the eighties, searching for warmth in the nineties. James Edwin Parker's play features Michael Curry and Paul C. Rice. $15. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 7:30. *William Redfield Theatre, 354 W. 45th St. (353-3665).*

We Won't Pay! We Won't Pay!—A political comedy by the Italian farceur Dario Fo, presented in both that language (Fri. at 8; Sat. at 2) and English (Thurs. and Sat. at 8; Sun. at 3) by the recently formed New York Italian Theatre Company. With Paolo De Paola, Francesca Di Mauro, Francesco Gulli, and Carddi Nardulli. $12 ($10 seniors). Through 4/2. *Duality Playhouse, 119 W. 23rd St. (929-6392).*

Photograph by Carol Rosegg.

Rebar...Robyn Hitchcock...Cecil Tayl

Talent

Just Say Noa

Israeli-born, New York–bred Yemeni Noa (Carnegie Hall, March 30) has serious cross-cultural appeal. Recently, she even became the first Israeli to sing for the pope ("Ave Maria," of course).

Concerts

Tom Petty and friends—MTV's last Everyman plays with an equally simpatico crew of plainclothesmen, The Jayhawks. Some years ago, the R.E.M.-worthy twang and Gram Parsons–ish songwriting of Mark Olsen and Gary Louris got this Minnesota outfit declared the "the only country-rock band that matters." Their latest, *Tomorrow the Green Grass*, is full of the plaintive and ruminating songs we've come to expect, only fleshed out by the organ, piano, and singing of newcomer Karen Grotberg. Live, Olsen's wife, singer-songwriter Victoria Williams (toasted on the *Green Grass* song "Miss Williams's Guitar"), often shows up to jam. 4/2 at 8 P.M. *Nassau Coliseum. $35–$42.50.*

Weezer—The reigning cutups of the post-grunge age owe quite a bit to the young Spike Jonze, the video-savant who masterminded both "Undone" and the irresistable *Happy Days* homage "Buddy Holly." Can these (admittedly witty) guys live up to Mr. Jonze's MTV vision in the flesh? They play with Chapel Hill's excellent Archers of Loaf—who also sling some funny clacker commentary in with their torqued-up indie-rock—and Tuscadero, whose titular invocation of a minor *Happy Days* character completes the circle of seventies pop-culture hagiography. 3/28 at 7:30 P.M. *The Roseland. $15.50.*

Noa—Who knows whether Noa (née Achinoam Nini) anticipated becoming the "Middle Eastern Madonna" when she adopted a one-word name and began a singing career in New York. Regardless, the Yemeni's cross-cultural adventures (she returned to Israel to serve in the army) formed the groundwork for a distinctly cosmopolitan career. Right now, she's probably Israel's most popular female singer and recently sang her contemporary version of "Ave Maria" for the pope—and about 100,000 others—at St. Peter's Square. Her new self-titled record was produced by Pat Metheny and has the breezy, expansive sound associated with the similarly globe-trotting jazz guitarist. 3/30 at 8 P.M. *Carnegie Hall, 154 W. 57th St. (247-7800). $25–$250.*

Jazz at Saint Peter's—Singer Ronny Whyte and bassist Boots Malleson. 3/29 at 12:30 P.M. *Saint Peter's Church, 619 Lexington Ave. at 54th St. (935-2200). $5 donation.*

Clubland

Academy—A grand old theater, whose big-time rock acts and bruising sound system vie against the 100,000th rendition of "Memories" being sung a few blocks away. 4/1: They Might Be Giants play with the noisily inventive local combo Cibo Matto. Show at 7:30. *234 W. 43rd St., bet. Seventh and Eighth Aves. (249-8870).*

Blarney Star—Expert Irish musicians congregate here every Friday, their instruments ranging from button accordion to uilleann pipes, and their origins from the Bronx to County Clare. 3/31: The Strayaways, with Oregonian Randal Bays on guitar and County Clare-born fiddler Martin Hayes. *43 Murray. (732-2873).*

Bottom Line—Robyn Hitchcock, the squire of literate eighties quirk-rock, returns, bolstered by Rhino record's rerelease of nine of his albums. The former leader of England's Soft Boys crosses sixties psychedelia with John Lennon-style introspection, Syd Barrett-style eccentricity and art-school-style surrealism. When it's not overbearingly "weird," Hitchcock's wonderful songwriting is transporting—smart, surprising, and slyly, tunefully subversive. He plays solo acoustic 3/30–3/31, joined by the ethereal singer Jill Sobule. 4/1–4/2: John Cale. 4/4: Mike Stern Trio. Sets at 7:30 and 10:30. *15 W. 4th St. (228-6300). $.*

Brownie's—Quite a cozy little dive, for all the bare brick and Alphabet City street cred. Low-rent rock bands and the occasional big name trying to keep a low profile. 3/28: San Francisco's Timco. 3/30: James Chance and the Contortions; Skeleton Key. 3/31: Oral Groove; Gefkens; Jenifer Convertible. 4/1: Ultra Bide. 4/3: Chris Knox; Cake Kitchen. 4/4: Cherokee Sex Workshop. Shows nightly at 9. *169 Ave. A, at 11th St. (420-8392). $.*

CBGB & OMFUG—Ground zero of punk's stateside explosion and, twenty years later, still a smoking, flier-strewn pit—in a good way. Sundays and Mondays are audition nights and are usually better spent elsewhere. 3/30–4/1: N.Y.U. Independent Music Fest. *15 Bowery, at Bleecker St. (982-4052). $.*

Chicago B.L.U.E.S.—A new big-budget venue dedicated to bringing us the best and brightest from the Midwestern blues capital. With comfy sofas. 3/28: Ernie Williams and the Wildcats. 3/29–3/30: Larry Burton. 3/31–4/1: The Kinsey Report, featuring Big Daddy Kinsey. Shows nightly. *73 Eighth Ave., bet. 13th and 14th Sts. (924-9755). $.*

Coney Island High—East Village, not Coney Island, but plenty festive nonetheless. 3/29: Wax; Spanky. 3/30: Hammerbrain; Nudeswirl. 4/3: "Double Dutch," a soul, house, and dance party that run all night. *315 St. Marks Place. (674-7959).*

The Cooler—The meat-packing district's subterranean, steel-corridored home to alternative rockers, avant-garde jazz musicians, and mind-expanding D.J.'s. 3/29 Hil & Barry's Fishtank; Free Association, with Michael Blake, trumpeter Steven Bernstein an avant-slide-guitarist Dave Tronzo 3/30–4/1: "N.Y.U. Independen Music Festival." 3/31: Run On Stratotanker; Sleepyhead; Polara. 4/1: Jonathan Fire Eater; Slant 6; The Warmers. *416 W. 14th St. (229-0785).*

Fez—Mingus fever and lush *faux*-Moroccan ambienc make this the neo-boho place to be on Thursdays when the mighty Mingus Big Band holds forth 3/28: Francis Dunnery. *380 Lafayette St. (533-2680)*

Irving Plaza—A midsize, bi-level rock venue that's a bi of a crush near the stage but has an amiable bar, 119 right around the corner for a pre-show *aperitif.* 3/31 "Beer Bash," with G.E. Smith and the High Plain Drifters; 5 Chinese Brothers; Adam Roth. 4/1: Joa Osborne. 4/3–4/5: Post-punk standard-bearer Ia MacKaye leads D.C.'s Fugazi, the staunch bureau o indie-rock morality for a good eight years now. Expect impassioned, drop-to-your-knees punk believers and a cruelty-free mosh pit. Saturday nights, th trendily decadent party "Grey Gardens" fills the hal

Ground Rules:

In clubland, promptness is *not* next to godliness; expec shows to start much later than promised. $ = cash only.

Photograph by Dennis Keele

with gothic ambience, house music, and pale dancers. The next day, "Savoy Sundays," a weekly swingfest of dancing. *17 Irving Pl. (777-6800).*

Knitting Factory—Adventure-seeking guitarist Henry Kaiser brings the strange, austere white-soul music of Norway to town for an evening of midnight-sun jamming on 3/28. Acoustic guitar phenom Adrian Legg plays solo. 3/29: Prima Materia plays the music of John Coltrane, with latter-day Coltrane drummer Rashied Ali and Downtown bass M.V.P. William Parker; Boston-based jazz pianist Laszlo Gardony performs solo. 3/30: Avant-trombonist and didjeridoo-ist Craig Harris leads Tailgater's Tales, performing stuff from his new *F-Stops* and bringing to bear experience with such disparate visionaries as Sun Ra, Abdullah Ibrahim, David Murray, and Henry Threadgill. 4/2: Spanish Fly plays music for the 1922 Valentino classic *Blood and Sand*. 4/3: David Murray Big Band, conducted by Lawrence "Butch" Morris. Shows at 8 and 11. *74 Leonard St., bet. Broadway and Church St. (219-3055).*

Limelight—The mighty Moby, god of techno, celebrates the release of his new record *Everything Is Wrong* here on 4/4. Wednesday nights it's the B&T dance fever ward, "Disco 2000." *Sixth Ave. at 20th St. (807-7850).*

Manny's Car Wash—A little more Chicago on the Upper East Side. 4/2: Blues Jam with Boxcar Joe Laing, with the Bill Perry Blues Band. 4/3: Johnny Allen. 4/4: Benny Hi-Fi and the Aces. 4/5: Tab Benoit *1558 Third Ave. (369-BLUES).*

Maxwell's—Hoboken's indie-rock central or CBGB West, the site of many of rock's recent groundswells. 3/28: Mary Lou Lord—the itinerant busker and Olympia scenester who Courtney Love recently chased out of an L.A. club up Sunset Boulevard—holds forth, belting out reminiscences of, among other things, life with, and without, Kurt Cobain. 3/31: The Berkeley-based punk faves Samiam, scenemates to Green Day and quite a bit more reflective, play with The Goops and Chokebore. 4/1: Richie Havens; Jill Sobule. *1039 Washington St., Hoboken (201-798-4064).*

Mercury Lounge—Once a headstone parlor, now one of the most happening venues for nowish music, presenting country, folk, and rock artists groomed for the more *au courant* time slots on MTV. 3/31–4/1: Urban Dance Squad. 4/4: Magnetic Fields; Chris Knox; Lois. Shows nightly. *217 E. Houston St. (260-4700).*

Sidewalk Cafe—The backroom Fort is the new home to New York's "anti-folk" scene, presenting impassioned, oft-wacky guitar- and poesy-wielding artists, with the occasional Beat refugee. 3/28: The Antihootenanny, with anti-folk founder Lach. Shows nightly at 8. *94 Avenue A. 473-7373).*

Tramps—Despite the ringing walls and mid-stage column, this is one of the city's better venues for great roots music and happening indie rock. 3/28: Stuttering John, of the Howard Stern Show, breaks out. 3/31: Graham Parker and the Episodes. 4/1: Milo Z. 4/5: Bettie Serveert; Love Battery. *51 W. 21st St. (727-7788).*

Webster Hall—Four floors of disco inferno, plus a café. 3/29: "The Designers and Models Spring Ball" brings new styles by 100 designers. In the house: Clive Barker, Chi Chi Valenti, Octavia St. Laurent—she-male star of *Paris Is Burning*—Debbie Harry, and a huge list of other fabulites. Joi Cardwell, singer of the club hit "Club Lonely," performs at 10. *Webster Hall, 125 E. 11th St. (353-1600).*

Wetlands—A groovy club-kid/activist hang with neo-hippie atmosphere and far-flung musical guests. *Nota bene:* Tuesday night is (Grateful) Dead Night. 3/30: Marmalade; Billygoat. 3/31: Niagaras. *161 Hudson St. (966-5244).*

Jazz

Birdland—A two-tiered, Art Deco–ish club whose fine jazz musicians rarely draw large crowds, probably owing to the longish uptown trek required to see them. 3/31–4/1: Cynthia Scott. 4/2: Swing Masa Quintet. 4/3: Stan Edwards Quartet. 4/4: Kathi Farmer and her trio. *2745 Broadway, at 105th St. (749-2228).*

Blue Note—Probably the city's highest-ticket jazz spot, the self-titled "jazz capital of the world" often presents two stars in one evening and, as its empire expands (most recently taking Indonesia with the Blue Note Djakarta), charges accordingly. 3/28–4/2: Cuban alto sax sensation Paquito D'Rivera plays with vibraphonist Dave Samuels, and steel drummer Andy Narell. Also, the Dave Valentin Quintet, with pianist Bill O'Connell, bassist Lincoln Goines, drummer Robbie Ameen, and percussionist Milton Cardona. 4/4–4/9: Nancy Wilson. Sets at 9 and 11:30. *131 W. 3rd St. (475-8592).*

Bradley's—A smallish, dark-paneled room into which some of the city's best jazz musicians creep after hours. Sets at 10, midnight, and 2 A.M. *70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440).*

Context—Tuba and bass trombonist Jack Jeffers leads The New York Classics, a 12-piece crew that performs M.O.R. jazz classics. They play here 3/20. Shows at 8 p.m. *28 Avenue A, bet. Third and Second Sts. (505-2702).*

Fat Tuesday's—A snug subterranean nightclub out of the downtown jazz circuit, Fat Tuesday's regularly presents excellent jazz vocalists, plus the guitarist-inventor Les Paul, who holds forth every Monday night. Through 3/26: The rootsy jazz pianist and martini-dry singer Mose Allison. 3/28–4/2: The great McCoy Tyner. 4/4–4/9: George Coleman. *190 Third Ave., at 17th St. (533-7902).*

Happening

Snog Away

Does anyone know Rebar?" Oasis frontman Liam Gallagher asked midway through the band's sold-out show a few Wednesdays back. " 'Cause we're having our party there afterward and you're all invited." And as it happens, even if the leaders of the latest British invasion hadn't dropped the name of New York's ranking Anglophile hangout, much of the audience would have shown up at the Chelsea club anyway. Wednesday nights, Rebar belongs to Snog (the term is a punk-era Brit euphemism for kiss) a weekly party that attracts U.K. expats, music-industry people, and assorted British rockers. Recently spotted: a visibly unsteady and less-than-gracefully aging Simon Le Bon (photo, right), U2's Adam Clayton and Larry Mullen, the boys from Blur, Adam Ant, Mick Jones (Big Audio Dynamite), Trent Reznor (who is American, but has convincingly *faux* British sullenness), and the ubiquitous Ethan Hawke. Five bucks gets everyone a glimpse of hot local acts (Thin Lizard Dawn, Cheater), and occasional surprise performances (The Jesus and Mary Chain, The Specials, Luna). The Wednesday party evolved out of an *Absolutely Fabulous* bash thrown last fall by British promoter Oberon Sinclair (photo, left), who unintentionally caricatures herself when asked why the party has become such a phenom. "It's not about the room, sweetie," she purrs in her best Patsy-and-Edina tone, "It's the *vibe*!"

JAMES PATRICK HERMAN

55 Bar—A smoky West Village watering hole where the fleet-fingered electro-bop guitarist Mike Stern plays most Mondays and Wednesdays. Shows at 11. *55 Christopher St. (929-9883).*

Five Spot—A palatial *Dick Tracy*–looking ballroom and regular host to smooth jazz musicians. 3/29–3/30: David Lahm. 3/31–4/1: Singer Lauren Kinhan. *4 W. 31st St. (631-0100).*

Iridium—Every Monday, a surprising mix of guitar heavies—Larry Coryell, Jack Wilkins, Vic Juris, David Gilmore, Russell Malone—play the music of Mingus, backed by his mighty big band's rhythm section. 3/28–4/2: Pianist Harold Mabern leads a trio, with bassist Jamil Nasser and drummer Tony Reedus. 4/4–4/9: "Soul-jazz" and hip-hop/jazz precursor Lou Donaldson leads a quartet, playing music off his excellent new record *Sentimental Journey*. Sets Sat. at 9:30, 11, and 12:15 A.M. *44 W. 63rd St. (582-2121).*

Knickerbocker Bar & Grill—A wood-paneled and brass-railed restaurant with Old New York ambience and excellent pianists. *33 University Pl. (228-8490).*

Metropolis Cafe (Downstairs)—The elegant restaurant right off Union Square may be out of the Village jazz loop, but its basement regularly hosts top-notch jazz stars and R&B acts. Every Tuesday, George Gee's orchestra plays swing classics from Basie to Woody Herman. Wednesdays, jazz D.J. Ben Duncan hosts a jam session, with free eats from 10 to 11. 3/29: Jilian Fleisher. 3/30: Trisha O'Brian. 3/31: The wonderful jazz singer Susannah McCorkle. *31 Union Sq. W. (675-0851).*

Red Blazer Too—Early Friday evening is the time to catch Lew Anderson's crack big band, before its members head off to their gigs in Broadway orchestra pits. *349 W. 46th St. (262-3112).*

Small's—A newish, feisty jazz club that's come-as-you-are and stays open all night, offering after-hours jazz until 8 A.M. Nightly jams start round about 2 A.M. and often involve free beverages and food. Thurs.–Sun., shows start at 10. *183 W. 10th St. (929-7565). $.*

Sounds of Brazil—Probably the city's premier world-music venue, presenting many acts that could fill stadiums back home. On Tuesday nights, it's the steamy seventies-funk dance night Soul Kitchen, preceded by the poetry-and-rap jam "Flippin' the Script." Thursday nights, it's Giant Step, the long-running throwdown of saxophone-, guitar-, and turntable-playing musicians. Through 3/28: Cachao, the legendary Cuban musician, performs. 3/29–3/31: Gato Barbieri, the gruff-toned Argentinian tenor sax virtuoso, takes over. Most live shows start at 9. *204 Varick St. (243-4940).*

Sweet Basil—An intimate downtown restaurant with good food and high-profile jazz acts. Every Monday, Miles Evans directs the Monday Night Orchestra, playing the music of Gil Evans. Every Sunday, Doc Cheatham plays from 2 to 6. Through 3/26: John Scofield Quartet. 3/26–4/2: Jerry Gonzalez and Fort Apache. 4/4–4/9: Dewey Redman Quartet. Sets at 9 and 11, with extra sets Fri. and Sat. at 12:30 A.M. *88 Seventh Ave. So., at Bleecker St. (242-1785).*

Tavern on the Green—A pricey, somewhat overwrought restaurant in a touristy Central Park rest stop. Still, the Tavern's Chestnut Room is a top-flight jazz club—with excellent sound and a full roster of stars. Through 4/2: Nancy LaMott, the restrained, tasteful, and elegant cabaret singer, holds the floor. 4/4–4/16: DIVA, all-woman big band, backs up the Brooklyn-born Canadian jazz vocalist Ranee Lee. *Central Park at W. 67th St. (873-3200).*

Village Vanguard—Perhaps the world's greatest jazz club, and certainly the most steeped in history, this dark, smoky institution is revered by fans around the world. This month, the major jazz labels are helping the Vanguard celebrate its sixtieth anniversary by booking the prides of their rosters. 3/28–4/2: Cecil Taylor Quintet. 4/4: Joe Lovano Trio. Sets at 9:30, 11:30, and 1 A.M. *178 Seventh Ave. So., at W. 11th St. (255-4037). $.*

Visiones—Spanish food and good, surprisingly

Photograph by Magda.

avant-jazz guests. 3/28: Sam Newsome Quartet. Every Monday, the Maria Schneider Orchestra plays. Every Sunday, it's the Gust W. Tsilis Quintet. *125 MacDougal St., at W. 3rd St. (673-5576).*

Comedy

Boston Comedy Club—Boston comedy circles produced Jay Leno and many other greats who came through this club. Wednesdays, Rod Reyes hosts All-Star Comedy Nights at 9:30. *82 W. 3rd St. (477-1000).*

Caroline's Comedy Club—The big-budget site of A&E's series *Caroline's Comedy Hour,* right off Times Square. Wednesday nights, it's "El Barrio U.S.A.," a look at the lighter side of Latino-Puerto Rican living, starring Angel Salazar and Elizabeth Testa. 3/30–4/2: Robert Schimmel. Shows at 8, with extra shows at 10:30 on Fri. and Sat. *1626 Broadway, bet. 49th and 50th Sts. (757-4100).*

Comedy Cellar—The cozy subterranean home to some of New York's top comics. Through Through 4/2: Rick Crom; Gregg Rogell; Kevin Brennen; Dave Attell; Greer Barnes. Shows Sun.–Thurs., 9–2. *117 MacDougal St. (254-3480).*

Comic Strip—Every Wednesday, the interactive comedy group Short Order Theater takes over, improvising sketches and songs based on audience suggestions. Mon.–Thurs., shows start at 9; Fri. at 8:30, 10:45, and 11; Sat. at 8, 10:30, and 12:30 A.M. *1568 Second Ave., bet. 81st and 82nd Sts. (861-9386).*

Dangerfield's—Founded by the respect-deprived comedian two decades ago, this is now one of the city's oldest comedy establishments. Through 4/2: Vic DiBetteto; Mark Unger; Danny Curtis; Al Romero; Nancy Redman; Scott Bruce. 4/3–4/9: Tom Whitely; Johnny Lampert; Mike Robles; Al Romero; Mark Unger; Scott Bruce; Danny Curtis. *1118 First Ave., bet. 61st and 62nd Sts. (593-1650).*

55 Grove Street—4/1: "Jest for the Pun of It," an April Fools comedy fund raiser for the N.E.A., stars Joe Franklin, Sallie O. Elkordy, Silver Saunders, Al Martin, and many others. Show at 8. *55 Grove St. (366-5438).*

Jane's Comedy Club—A new comedy spot that serves food and presents regulars from Comedy Central, *An Evening at the Improv,* and *Caroline's Comedy Hour. 254 Greene St., bet. 8th St. and Waverly Pl. (475-5263).*

New York Comedy Club—Every Friday, the NYCC presents "New York's Best African-American and Latino comics." Every Wed. and Thurs., there's sketch comedy at 7 p.m. Through 4/1: Gabe Abelson; Sam Greenfield. Shows Mon.–Fri. at 9, with extra shows Fri. at 7 and 11; Sat. at 6, 7:30, 9:30, and 11:45. *241 E. 24th St. (696-5233).*

Stand-up New York—Robin Williams is known to drop by here unannounced to warm up for his Letterman appearances. 3/31–4/2: Joe Yannety; Rich Ceisler; Louie C.K.; Linda Smith. Sun.–Thurs. at 9; Fri. at 9 and 11:30; Sat. at 7:30, 9:30, and 11:30. *236 W. 78th St. (595-0850).*

Cabaret

Algonquin Hotel—Beginning 3/28, Julie Wilson emphasizes the sassy, highspirited side of cabaret in her new show, "Are You Having Any Fun?" Tues.–Sat. at 9 (dinner at 7); Fri.–Sat. also at 11:30 (supper at 10:30). $30; $15 minimum. *59 W. 44th St. (840-6800).*

Cafe Carlyle—Barbara Cook, spreading her acidulous wit through 4/8. $40 cover; no minimum. 8:45 and 10:45 nightly. *35 E. 76th St. (570-7189).*

Cafe Pierre—Dancing from 9 to 1, with singer/pianist Kathleen Landis and her trio. $10 music charge in the bar; no music charge for dinner and dancing. Jacket and tie required. *2 E. 61st St. (838-8000).*

Eighty-Eight's—On 4/5, Marilyn Volpe sings the songs of Cy Coleman in a show called "You Fascinate Me So," at 8. $12, with a two-drink minimum. Weeknights, first performance at 8; Fri.–Sat. at 8:30; Sun. all day. *228 W. 10th St. (924-0088).*

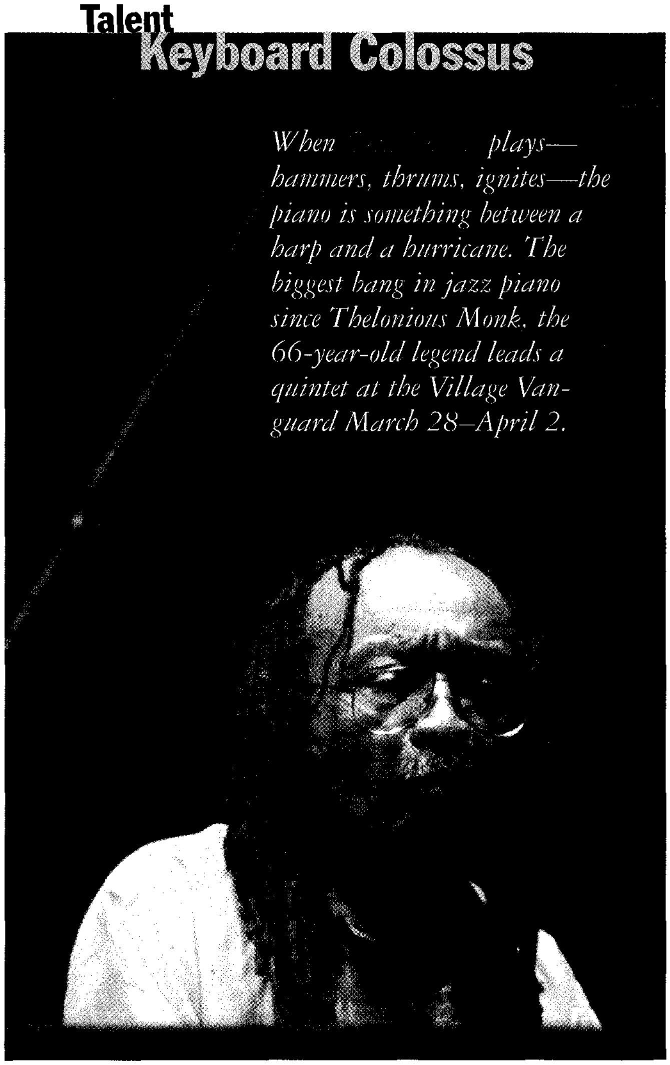
Michael's Pub—As always, Woody Allen and the New Orleans Funeral & Ragtime Orchestra on Mon. at 8:45 and 11. $35 minimum. Tues.–Sat.: "You Keep Coming Back Like a Song," a musical memoir of Irving Berlin. Nightly at 9 and 11. *211 E. 55th St. (758-2272).*

Rainbow and Stars—Leslie Uggams is working the quintessential New York room with a show based on her new CD, "Painted Mem'ries." Tues.–Sat. at 8:30 and 11; through 4/1. Beginning 4/4, Liliane Montevecchi and David Staller do the romantic-French-boite thing in "April in Paris." $40 cover, no minimum. *30 Rockefeller Plaza, 65th floor. (632-5000).*

Sardi's—The Joe Traina Quartet has extended its successful Friday-evening engagement here indefinitely, playing jazz and swing with various guest vocalists at 10:30. *234 W. 44th Street, Club Room, 2nd floor (221-8444).*

Talent

Keyboard Colossus



When [illegible] plays—hammers, thrums, ignites—the piano is something between a harp and a hurricane. The biggest bang in jazz piano since Thelonious Monk, the 66-year-old legend leads a quintet at the Village Vanguard March 28–April 2.

Photograph by Jak Kilby/Retr

Bars

Beekman Bar and Books—A determinedly upscal lounge for men and the women who will marr them. The clientele is much younger than it pre tends to be and is very serious about being civi lized. Very serious. Very civilized. Expect cigar an whiskey know-it-alls; expect striped ties an strings of pearls; expect O.J. jokes and college figh songs. *889 First Ave., nr. 50th St. (980-9314).*

Brooklyn Inn—The arty and underemployed bang el bows with Brooklyn Law School cutups in th raucous cattle car. The self-consciously cool juke box is equal parts Tom Waits, the Pogues, and Joh Coltrane. Pints of Guinness and Schaeffer an everything in between. Ask the regulars about th bartenders: They all have strong opinions. *Berge St. at Hoyt St., Brooklyn (no phone).*

Dama—Man-about-downtown Jean Claude Iacove and three fellow Eurocharmers have opened playroom for themselves and their elegant an oversexed young trendies—some of whom (fc fun, not profit) dance nearly naked. Though ur necessary, oysters are served until 3 A.M., or unt they run out. *9 Seventh Ave. So., at Carmine S (675-2638).*

d.b.a.—Beer geeks in an airplane hangar. The bee selection is so complete that it moves many of th customers to soliloquy. An empty stomach and healthy curiosity about the dangers of increase degrees balling, fruity phenolic esters, and th Sumerian beer god Nimkasi are a must. *41 Fir Ave., nr. 3rd St. (475-5097).*

Holiday Cocktail Lounge—There is a spellbindin young woman who is married now and has beautiful towheaded son, and who, in what sh called her wild years—though she was recentl stopped by the police for driving her motorcycl topless, down Avenue A—would hunt men in th basement barroom. She would sit at the end c the dimly lit, semicircular bar and write in he journal, indifferent to the gaggle of suitors wh gathered around her. Once bored of the youn men's feigned nonchalance, overenthusiasti laughter, and lame efforts to read over her shoulder, she would look up and—her mind long sinc made up—take one for the night. *75 Saint Mark Place (777-9637).*

The Liquor Store—The low-key haunt you've bee hoping for in TriBeCa. Not only do you not hav to raise your voice above a mutter to be heard i this former liquor store, but you'd feel like a jerk you did. Fashionable draft beer, a free bowl of pre zels from the bar, and a great view of the mounte unit from the 1st Precinct as it rounds the corn from Ericsson Place at the start of its evening tou *235 W. Broadway (no phone).*

Malachy's—There is a disturbing lack of hones to-badness beerhalls on the increasingly soulle singles strip mall called the Upper Westside. Th bleary Irish drop-by is unapologetic. The out c focus big-screen TV makes you feel drunker tha you are but the cheap beer will make up the di ference pretty quick. *103 W. 72nd St. (874-426*

Mare Chiaro—The bartender is deaf, and the own has been known to dance about in his underpant The Little Italy that existed before tourists were invented. *176 Mulberry St., nr. Broome St. (226-9345*

Spring Street (Shark) Lounge—Takes low tech to ne heights—with the notable exception of the to of-the-line pinball machine. *Mulberry St. and Spri St. (226-9347).*

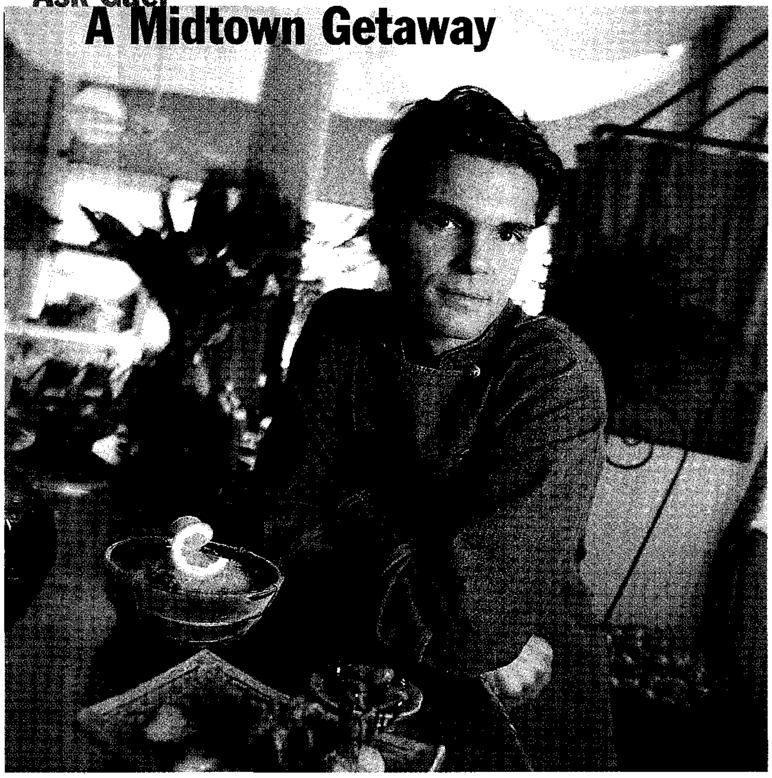
2A—Probably among the first generation of whi boy bars in what was once called Alphabet City. survived, for the longest time, as a doff-you baseball cap and welcome all comers. That's wh the velvet rope between the first and second flo feels so out of place. *E. Second St. at Avenue A (phone):*

The Watermellon—Leave the guns at home. The tw handsome monsters at the door conduct weapons check that verges on a cavity searc Great dance-hall music and more traditional re gae from a D.J. that turn a get-drunk for old-time into a late-night, always-room-for-one-mo dance party. 1 OUT OF 79 WOMEN IN NEW YOR CITY HAS AIDS reads the big yellow sign plaster across the condom machine in the men's roo next to a handwritten reminder: "Don't forget wash your hands." *1302 E. Gunhill Rd., in t Bronx (no phone).*

Flowering Chives...Aphrodisiac Tea...Savoré

Ask Gael

A Midtown Getaway



Give me tranquillity at lunch...

There is a welcoming softness about Matthew's at lunchtime, the diffused daylight, the escape from midtown madding. All the better to rediscover the chef's vibrant flavors. His tuna tartare with caraway toast and green olive tapenade or spicy grilled octopus with rapini and giant beans could be a perfect midday meal. Explore what Moroccan spicing and "tomato jam" can do to eroticize a chicken sandwich on thick country toast. And hope the pasta of the day is fusilli with radicchio, white beans, pancetta, and hints of rosemary. 1030 Third Avenue, at 63rd Street.

Manhattan

Lower New York

Boom—Postmodern Asian in a rain-forest setting. Fans like the energy and are pleasantly surprised by how good the food is. *152 Spring St. (431-3663). (E) AE.*

Can—Pole position on SoHo's main drag. Inventive French-Vietnamese cuisine in an elegant, minimalistic dining room. *482 W. Broadway, at Houston St. (533-6333). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, TM, V.*

Capsouto Frères—Landmark French bistro with talked-about soufflés. Flemish-style building hosts local business folks at lunch. Dinner is a New York mix of neighborhood regulars, tourists, and trekkers from uptown. Brunch on Saturday and Sunday is great. Yes, that was Bruce Weber. *451 Washington St. (966-4900). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Ecco—A beacon in the wilderness that is Chambers Street. Old-world charm and an excellent seasonal antipasto offering. The very charming, narrow booths line the east wall and tile floors take you back to the guilded age. *124 Chambers St., nr. Sixth Ave. (227-7074). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Filli Ponte Ristorante—A former longshoremen's hotel, newly renovated with a spectacular view of the Hudson River and New Jersey beyond. Join the throng—made men and gawking hangers-on—for fine Italian fare. *39 Debrosses Street (226-4621). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Fraunces Tavern Restaurant—A landmark pub with a museum upstairs that's a must for your historically minded out-of-town friends. *54 Pearl St., nr. Broad St. (269-0144). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

L'Ecole—This modern French bistro is unique in that its chefs are students from the French Culinary Institute. Special three- and five-course menus are available, so come with either an empty stomach or a doggie bag. Private parties. Closed Sundays. *462 Broadway, at Grand St. (219-3300). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Le Pactole—Contemporary and classical French cuisine in sophisticated surroundings, with a breathtaking view of the Hudson River. Host-owner Romeo DeGobbi makes brunch on Sunday a must. *2 World Financial Center, on the balcony of the Winter Garden (945-9444). (M–E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Le Pescadou—This inovative Provençal bistro serves fresh seafood enhanced by a variety of infused oils. Oyster fans will find a wide variety of fresh ones. Catch the jazz brunch in this cozy dining room every Sunday. *18 King St., at Sixth Ave. (924-3434). (M) AE only.*

Montrachet—Owner Drew Nieporent now has three places in New York, including Nobu and TriBeCa Grill, and another in San Francisco. But this is his baby—attractive, lively, and one of the first truly great restaurants in lower Manhattan. There's lunch on Fridays—try the Roquefort-and-pear salad—and dinner Monday through Saturday. *239 W. Broadway, off White St. (219-2777). (E) AE only.*

Raoul's—The dull roar in this cavelike bistro—aging gracefully amid the high-strung Thoroughbreds of SoHo's restaurant racetrack—is a heartwarming sound. *180 Prince St., bet. Sullivan and Thompson Sts. (966-3518). (M–E) AE, MC, V.*

SoHo Kitchen and Bar—Grape nuts celebrate the 96-spigot Cruvinet, ordering flights of Cabernets or seven Pinot Noirs to taste and compare, but SoHo neighbors love it, too—for all those beers on tap, for the thin-crust pizza, for a glance at the game on the TV overhead. *103 Greene St., nr. Prince St. (925-1866). (I) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Tennessee Mountain—An original 1807 landmark farmhouse, this BBQ joint serves up chicken and ribs that you're not likely to forget. Bring those breath mints and Handi Wipes for all-you-can-eat on Monday night. *143 Spring St. (431-3993). (M) AE, DS, MC, TM, V.*

Vegetarian Paradise—Vegetarian Chinese cuisine with a new menu. Completely vegan. The mood, like the walls, is pink. Predictably, there's no smoking allowed. *33 Mott St. (406-6988). (I) ($)*

Zoë—Charmingly hosted, megadesigned, and packed at lunch. Contemporary American dishes: crispy-noodle-wrapped shrimp, wood-oven-braised lamb shank with herb gnocchi, spit-roasted monkfish with lobster-potato home fries. *90 Prince St., bet. Broadway and Mercer St. (966-6722). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Zutto—Japanese in a Zenlike setting of mahogany and brick walls. Very soothing spot for good sushi. *77 Hudson St., nr. Harrison St. (233-3287). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

South Street Seaport

Cafe Fledermaus—Soups, salads, sandwiches, and other cold fare, served in a glass-enclosed dining room on the promenade with a view of the passing herd and the occasional street performer. *1 Seaport Plaza (269-5890). (I–M) AE, DC, MC, TM, V.*

Fulton Street Cafe—A teeming outdoor café on the cobblestone promenade is the highlight of this seafood restaurant. Stop by and watch the show. *11 Fulton St. (227-2288). (I) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Gianni's—A standout among the meager pickings at the Seaport. Good view of the people on parade, if that's important. Yes, an Italian menu. *15 Fulton St. (608-7300). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, TM, V.*

Harbor Lights—Comfort food in elegant Frenchish environs with a breathtaking view of three bridges. *Pier 17, promenade level (227-2800). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

Liberty Cafe—A hangar-size oyster bar with a panoramic view of the East River and the harbor. The attached dining room also offers seafood and an astounding view of the financial district, the harbor, and the tangle of masts of the *Peking, Ambrose,* and *Waverley,* moored along the Seaport Museum. *Pier 17, promenade level (406-1111). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, TM, V.*

Macmenamin's Irish Pub—If you're not impressed by

Ground Rules:

Here lie a few hundred of the city's more noteworthy restaurants, some *New York* advertisers among them. The price guide, admittedly imperfect, is as follows: (E) = expensive, $35 and over per place; (M) = moderate, $15–$30 per place; (I) = inexpensive, $15 and under per place.

Following each listing there is also a code indicating acceptable methods of payment: ($) = cash only, AE = American Express, CB = Carte Blanche, DC = Diners Club, DS = Discover, M = MasterCard, TM = Transmedia, V = Visa. "AE only" indicates that American Express is the only accepted charge/credit card.

Photograph by Warren Salowe.

the magnificent view of the harbor from the outdoor deck, there's pub grub, a wide selection of beers, and televised sports. *Pier 17, promenade level (732-0007). (I) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

North Star Pub—Stocked like a London pub, frequented by Wall Streeters and homesick tourists. Fish and chips and bangers and mash just about as close as you'll get to the real thing. *93 South St. (509-6757). (I) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Pedro O'Hara—Nouveau Mexican and barrel-size frozen drinks on the promenade. *Pier 17, second floor (227-6735). (I–M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Roebling's Bar and Grill—No view of the bridge designed by the eponymous builder, but wood paneling and brass lend old-world charm to this second-floor sea grill. *11 Fulton St., in Fulton Market Bldg. (608-3980). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

Sequoia—Comfort food amid the thematic collegiate yacht-club ambience. If only there were scull races in the East River, this would be the perfect vantage point. *Pier 17, second floor (732-9090). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Sgarlato's Cafe—Italian cooking and a view of the three bridges that span the East River south of 59th Street. *Pier 17, promenade level (619-5226). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Below 14th Street, East

5 & 10 No Exaggeration—Come in for some southern cooking and leave with some antique bric-a-brac—or an armoire. This wonderfully cluttered restaurant doubles as a collectibles shop. *77 Greene St. (925-7414). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Grotta Azzurra—No joke. This Southern Italian spot has been around since 1908; that's four generations in the Davino family. May be old-fashioned, but the cozy, cavelike nooks are ideal for that special someone you don't want to be seen with. *387 Broome St., at Mulberry St. (925-8775). (M) ($)*

Haveli—A standout on a block so thick with Indian restaurants that you lose track of where you've been unless there's something pretty special going on. *100 Second Ave., at 6th St. (982-0533). (I) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Knickerbocker Bar and Grill—A subdued steakhouse decorated with vintage posters—Hirschfelds, copies of the *Saturday Evening Post*—and nineteenth-century curios. A sophisticated combination of gastronomy and history. *33 University Pl., at E. 9th St. (228-8490). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Rose Cafe—This quiet and casual American bistro draws a diverse crowd. *24 Fifth Ave., at 9th St. (260-4118). (M) AE, DS, MC, V.*

Below 14th Street, West

Boxers—A lively neighborhood American bistro on a heavily trafficked corner of Sheridan Square. The giddy bar scene brings them in, and the high-spirited frenzy and good pub food keep them coming back. *190 W. 4th St. (633-BARK). (I) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Cafe Melville—This exposed-brick West Village café is cozy and comfortable without being claustrophobic. *110 Barrow St., at Washington St. (924-0110). (M) AE, MC, TM, V.*

Caribe—Good jerk washed down by pretty great tropical drinks. The sun shines all the time here. *117 Perry St., at Greenwich St. (255-9191). (I) MC, V.*

Da Silvano—Trattoria with tables out front converts this thoroughfare into a people promenade. Great food and views of the local color. Yes, that was Anna Wintour. *260 Sixth Ave., nr. Bleecker St. (982-0890). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Eclectic—Traditional American food with a hint of Provence, served in the most romantic of settings. Bring a date. *30-40 Carmine St. (807-1939). (I) AE, TM.*

El Charro Español—Heaps of thoughtfully prepared Spanish cooking. A sleeper worth getting in on. *4 Charles St., nr. Seventh Ave. (242-9547). Also 58 E. 34th St. (689-1019). (M) AE, CB, MC, V.*

Murami—Neighborhood Japanese eatery with a dab of downtown. The limited à la carte sushi offering is augmented by imaginative specials. *546 La Guardia Pl., nr. Bleecker St. (979-7055). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Old Homestead—You can find New York's oldest steakhouse even if you're blocks away from the city's meat market: Just look for the larger-than-life cow on the façade. Wood panels and original stained glass decorate the dining room. There's a $150 cut of Kobe beef on the menu and an extensive wine list. Valet parking. *56 Ninth Ave., at 15th St. (242-9040). (M) AE, CB, DC, V.*

Panchitos—Broken-marble-and-granite floors lend an understated elegance to this well-worn Mexican hang. Don't bother asking for Cuervo Gold in your Margarita; it's already in there. *105 MacDougal St. (473-5239). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Rincon de España—Intimate and rustic Spanish restaurant offering excellent paella and seafood. *226 Thompson St. (475-9891/260-4950). (I) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Salaam Bombay—Indian food has made it to the heart of TriBeCa. Marble floors and a canopy above each table decorate the dining room. There's a dance floor for an after-dinner twirl. *319 Greenwich St. (226-9400). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

Trattoria Pesce Pasta—Good old Italian comfort food. The attraction of this spot? Specialties that include lots of fish dishes and a casual dining room with a well-worn feel. *262 Bleecker St. (645-2993). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Villa Moscone—Peter Moscone and his brood offer a menu as reliable as traditional Italian home cooking. Find this old-world anachronism in the heart of Greenwich Village. *69 MacDougal St. (673-0390). (M) AE, DS, MC, V.*

Zinno—An unexpected coupling of Northern Italian fare and live jazz. Sets end early, so you can catch a few and relieve the baby-sitter at a reasonable hour. *126 W. 13th St., nr. Sixth Ave. (924-5182). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

14th–42nd Streets, East Side

An American Place—Larry Forgione was one of the first chefs to devote a restaurant strictly to American fare. American harvest offerings in a barn-size space. Try game from upstate purveyors. *2 Park Ave., at 32nd St. (684-2122). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Back Porch—Italian fare buttressed by delightful outdoor tables. *488 Third Ave., nr. 33rd St. (685-3828). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Brew's—As casual and comfortable as a burger joint gets. This two-story landmark brick pub always pleases. *156 E. 34th St., nr. Lexington Ave. (889-3369). (I) AE, MC, TM, V.*

Burke & Burke—Gourmet sandwiches, soups, and salads that are perfect to tote. The tables at some locations make for easy lunch dates. *485 Madison Ave., nr. 52nd St. (366-4020). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Christine's—Polish diner-café. Open late for simple peasant fare. Try the delicious, simple chicken and a zesty sauerkraut soup. *462 Second Ave., at 26th St. (779-2220). (I) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Crystal Fountain—As the name promises, this restaurant features a large fountain in the center of its dining room, with water that moves magically against gravity. Continental fare and proximity to Grand Central attract a business-and-tourist crowd. *Grand Hyatt, Lexington Ave. at 42nd St. (850-5998). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Hunan Fifth Avenue—Midtown-style Chinese food, business lunches and all. Dinner is a quieter scene. *323 Fifth Ave., nr. 32nd St. (686-3366). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Il Mare—Hearty Italian fare draws primarily business types to this midtown spot with a large bar and tons of seating. Fairly extensive menu with —surprise!—an emphasis on seafood. *10 E. 38th St. (447-1854). (M) AE, DC, V.*

La Colombe d'Or—Provence without a plane ride. Delightful brownstone setting. *134 E. 26th St. (689-0666). (M–E) AE, DC, MC, TM, V.*

Les Halles—Even though it hasn't been around forever, this utterly perfect re-creation of a Left Bank bistro seems like it has. This is the place to come for onion soup, steak frites, celeri rémoulade, crème caramel—that sort of thing. *411 Park Ave. So., bet. 28th and 29th Sts. (679-4111). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Metronome—One of the biggest in a neighborhood known for cavernous dining. The Deco theme and American kitchen are pleasing. *915 Broadway, at 21st St. (505-7400). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Park Bistro—Provençal offerings prepared and served with notable agility in an intimate—sometimes crowded—setting. *414 Park Ave. So., bet. 28th and 29th Sts. (689-1360). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Patria—Zesty Latin American fare, brought to you in a festive, high-energy atmosphere. The three-story dining room suits the changing mood of diners: bright and airy by day, warm and earthy by night. Chef Doug Rodriguez comes from Miami. And Ariel Lacayo may be the coolest maître d' in town. Try the Mojito, Patria's signature drink, made from sugarcane. *250 Park Ave. So., nr. 20th St. (777-6211). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Pigalle—What it lacks in size, it more than makes up for with style and food. A bistro with a heavy French accent. *111 E. 29th St. (779-7830). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Rossini's—Northern Italian fare served in a musical room: a strolling guitarist Mondays through Thursdays, live piano music on Fridays, and an opera trio on Saturdays. *10 E. 38th St. (683-0135). (M) AE, DC, MC, TM, V.*

Royal Canadian Pancake House—Big, big, big! Are those chocolate chips in the corn bread? You bet. Oversize and proud o it. *180 Third Ave., at 17th St. (777-9288). (I–M) MC, TM, V.*

Secret Harbor Bistro—

Takeout There are 32 herbs and spices in the Lebanese aphrodisiac tea at the specialty grocery Kalustyan's (123 Lexington Avenue), among them sage, black tea, fenugreek seed, fennel, cinnamon, cardamom, and anise. "I send a lot of it to Beverly Hills and Hollywood," says store manager Arpiar Afarian. "Pounds at a time."

neighborhood lunch crowd from the outskirts of the fashion district. At dinner, local residents with hotel guests stop in for generous portions of American food with an Italian accent. *303 Lexington Ave., at 37th St., in the Shelburne Murray Hill Hotel (447-7400). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Steak Frites—Only a few places manage not to get lost in this bustling intersection of restaurant rows. A menu complete enough to hit the nail on the head and almost small enough to do everything well. *9 E. 16th St. (463-7101). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Stella del Mare—A surprisingly good hideaway for fresh seafood and intimate settings. *346 Lexington Ave., nr. 39th St. (687-4425). (M–E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Water Club—The setting and view from this East River barge are what all the fuss is about. The American fare is fine. *500 E. 30th St. (683-3333). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

14th–42nd Streets, West Side

Cafe Americanstyle—An ideal rest stop for Lord & Taylor shoppers, whether they're simply grabbing a bite or resting their weary feet for hours. American fare in a simple setting. A welcome respite from the unruly retail throng. *424 Fifth Ave., nr. 39th St. (391-3344). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Lola's—A lively front room gives way to a vast and airy back room, made surprisingly private by the centrally located banquettes. Regulars swear by the onion rings. Yes, that was Luther Vandross. *30 W. 22nd St. (675-6700). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Man Ray—Popular with those on their way to the Joyce Theatre for its reliable and very current American offerings. *169 Eighth Ave., at 19th St. (627-4220). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Moran's—Charming and timeless New York City pub that's been around for 38 years. The friendly staff is—you guessed it—Irish. *146 Tenth Ave., at 19th St. (627-3032) (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

The Rocking Horse Mexican Cafe—Mexican-themed café, with plenty to do and plenty to drink at the tables. The dining room's gold walls are adorned with art that customers have drawn at the tables. *182 Eighth Ave., nr. 20th St. (463-9771). (I) AE, MC, V.*

World Yacht—It's about a boat ride. Take an out-of-town visitor to see the sights—all of them—over dinner. The luxury yacht boards at six and sails from seven until ten. *Pier 81, W. 41st St. and the Hudson River (630-8100). (E) AE, MC, V.*

Zip City—Pub grub and award-winning microbrew to wash it down. Collegial—if collegiate—atmosphere. *3 W. 18th St. (366-6333). (I) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

43rd–56th Streets, East Side

Ambassador Grill—Contemporary cuisine with global accents befitting the U.N. bigwigs who stop by for lunch. Friday-night seafood fest offers an unlimited raw bar. Yes, that was Jacques Cousteau. *44th St. in the U.N. Plaza–Park Hyatt (702-5014). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Brasserie—Upbeat rendition of French-bistro classics 24 hours a day. Choose from the newly renovated dining area or grab a quick bite at the counter. *100 E. 53rd St. (751-4840) AE, MC, V.*

Bull & Bear—As the name suggests, a good-old-days watering hole and steakhouse for a strictly business crowd. The dark-wood club ambience draws a well-suited crowd for dinner that stays for drinks at the bar. *301 Park Ave., entrance on Lexington Ave. at 49th St. (872-4900). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Cafe Centro—A big, shiny brasserie-cum-café; there's inventive cooking going on here, and the joint is as fun and good as non-expensive midtown gets. In the loud little café in the back, one of the best hamburgers in town. Closed Sundays. *200 Park Ave., 45th St. at Vanderbilt Ave. (818-1222). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Chiam Inn—Hong Kong–style Cantonese fare served in a spacious wood-paneled dining room. Be bold. The menu will reward you. *160 E. 48th St. (371-2323). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Christ Cella—Sixty-nine years old and counting. This steakhouse is run by the third generation of the Cella family. The place specializes in steaks and lobster. A jacket and a tie are required. *160 E. 46th St. (697-2497) (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

The Four Seasons—Philip Johnson designed this cathedral of modernity. Picasso did the tapestry. And the place remains a classic 30 years later. The Grill Room is where the term *power lunch* got its start in the seventies. The Pool Room is where the rest of us go for achingly expensive fare like foie gras and figs and chocolate velvet. *99 E. 52nd St. (754-9494). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Fresco—That's a sky at your feet, and those are hearty portions of modern Tuscan fare (homemade pasta, grilled pizza, chops, and fish) on the table. The Scotto family attracts a mostly business crowd. It's packed at lunch and for dinner. Yes, that was Al Roker. *34 E. 52nd St. (935-3434). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Giambelli 50th Ristorante—Elegant Northern Italian fare served in a warm and cozy atmosphere. *46 E. 50th St. (688-2760). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

La Côte Basque—The original owner, Henri Soulé, gave the place cachet, and Truman Capote immortalized it in his wicked tale of life among Manhattan's thin-and-rich set. The menu is studded with French classics served amid a series of clubby, romantic rooms, painted with scenes from the Riviera. *5 E. 55th St. (688-6525). (E) AE, MC, V.*

La Mangeoire—A Côte d'Azur native son, chef Patrik Bruot delivers the Mediterranean flavors of southern France to a rustic room in midtown. *1008 Second Ave., at 53rd St. (759-7086). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Montebello—Shifting gears between neighborhood dinners and business lunches, the room transports patrons from their bustling environs to Northern Italy. *120 E. 56th St. (753-1447). AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Otabe—Customers are ministered to by personal chefs in the private teppan grill rooms. The cool, contemporary décor—beige tones and wood paneling—in the main dining room brings serenity to midtown. *68 E. 56th St. (223-7575). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Royal Canadian Pancake House—Big, big, big. Are those chocolate chips in the corn bread? You bet. Oversize and proud of it. *1004 Second Ave., nr. 53rd St. (980-4131). (I–M) MC, TM, V.*

San Martin's—Continental cuisine with big, squishy booths. Eurocafé feel bolstered by a selection of foreign dailies on the tables out front. *143 E. 49th St. (832-0888). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

Smith & Wollensky—Carnivores keep this popular steakhouse jumping. All wood and brass, it has the look of a private men's club, the noise of a locker room, and a serious wine cellar. *Third Ave. and 49th St. (753-1530). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Tatou—Gilded-plaster satyrs, bubble-toting cherubs, jazz onstage, and American fare with Continental touches. The dinner crowd comes to people-watch and dance. Wednesdays through Saturdays, there's a carnival-inspired cabaret. *151 E. 50th St. (753-1144). (M–E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

Tropica—Always packed at lunch, but squeeze in at the bar and order the salmon and a glass of tropical iced tea. The dining room serves the most imaginative seafood in town. *200 Park Ave., nr. 45th St. (867-6767). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

Tse Yang—Food from Beijing and Shanghai served in an opulent dining room. Aquariums abound, so you can preview your dish before you order. *34 E. 51st St. (688-5447). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

Vong—Wow! This is Thai to die for. Chef Jean-Georges Vongerichten's little Third Avenue–by–way–of–Bangkok palace was designed by architect David Rockwell, and it's a showy temple indeed—there's gold leaf on those walls. The menu's full of wonders, starting with the crab rolls and coconut-milk-and-galangal soup. *200 E. 54th St. (486-9592). (E) AE, CB, MC, V.*

43rd–56th Streets, West Side

Adrienne—The Art Nouveau elegance and hush make this a perfect spot for an illicit tryst or a business lunch. A United Nations of flavors. *700 Fifth Ave., at 55th St., in the Peninsula. (247-2200). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Algonquin—Draws on its history as the fabled stomping ground of literary giants. The wood-paneled sitting-room–like lobby still holds many imaginations captive. *59 W. 44th St. (840-6800). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

American Festival—Lunch inside this glamorized eatery with rotating American folk art. Skaters in winter and a garden in the summer and early fall make for fierce window-seat competition. Seven hours' free parking after 5:30 P.M. *Rockefeller Plaza, 20 W. 50th St. (246-6699). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

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trict favorite has space, with a regal dining room and a romantic garden. Serving Northern Italian food. *321 W. 46th St. (246-9171). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

Broadway Joe—Located in a townhouse on Restaurant Row, this steakhouse serves a fourteen-ounce prime rib but also delivers fresh seafood and pasta for the omnivore. Hirschfeld caricatures cover the walls, so come and find your NINAs while you dine. Free dinner parking. Private parties. *315 W. 46th St. (246-6513). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Cafe Un, Deux, Trois—This casual French bistro has all the hustle and bustle of its Parisian cousins. Good, hearty regional food at moderate prices. *123 W. 44th St. (354-4148). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Charlotte—Offers a refuge from the hubbub of Times Square. Consistent American cuisine in a postmodern setting. *145 W. 44th St., in the Hotel Macklowe (789-7508). (M–E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Ciao Europa—Because of its muraled walls and abundant greenery, many feel as if they're walking into a castle when they enter this Italian restaurant. But this is no monolithic Italian: Each week, a regional dish from a specific European country is served as the special. *63 W. 54th St. (247-1200). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Cité—An extravagant French steakhouse—all marble and pewter, with blazing chandeliers—and a more affordable grill next door. *120 W. 51st St. (956-7100/7262). (M–E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Darbar—Indian cuisine fit for a king and an affordable all-you-can-eat buffet lunch seven days a week. *44 W. 56th St. (432-7227). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Dish of Salt—Dependable Cantonese cuisine for the nine-to-fivers who gather at the bar under this vaulted cieling after work. A piano player bangs out show tunes every night. *133 W. 47th St. (921-4242). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Frankie and Johnnie's Steakhouse—The oldest speakeasy in the city. In the same location in the theater district since 1926. Try the steaks and the chops. Yes, that was Tom Selleck. *269 W. 45th St. (997-9494). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Halcyon—Elegant setting and carefully presented food. Pretheater dinner is a bargain. *151 W. 54th St., in the Rihga Royal Hotel (468-8888). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, TM, V.*

Jewel of India—A spicy bargain at lunch. Mother-of-pearl and gold-leaf trimming give this room an elegant appeal. *15 W. 44th St. (869-5544). AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

Koyote Kate's—A Tex-Mex restaurant complete with tables hand-painted with a Native American theme. Lots of steak and chops, pasta, and fresh seafood; caters to a twentysomething crowd with a live band every night. *307 W. 47th St. (956-1091). (M) AE, DS, MC, V.*

La Bonne Soupe—Checked tablecloths, steak frites, onion soup, and crème caramel to fall in love with. Twenty years ago, long before New Yorkers knew they loved casual French dining, this midtown mainstay set the pace. *48 W. 55th St. (586-7650). (I) AE, MC, V.*

Langan's—American food ranges from steaks to crab cakes and seafood. A trendy, well-heeled crowd at the much-frequented bar mixes with theatergoers in the dining room. *150 W. 47th St. (869-5482). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

La Reserve—Justifiably crowded during precurtain times; stop by during odd hours for sophisticated French offerings and surroundings. *4 W. 49th St. (247-2993/2995). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Talent

East Side's First

Morning is the worst time of day in the East Village, says chef Sam DeMarco, who opened First restaurant (87 First Avenue) in July but maintains a slightly aloof attitude toward the very neighborhood that has made his place a success. "Mornings are when the junkies start scavenging," he says. "After we first opened, some nights I used to just sleep in the banquettes. One morning, I heard bottles clinking and woke up just in time to watch some guy run out the front door with half my wine rack in his arms." DeMarco, who was trained at the River Cafe under David Burke and the Peninsula under Gray Kunz in the late eighties' gilded age of dining out, wanted to open an affordable restaurant good enough to leave one's neighborhood for. And he and his two partners were by no means dead set on the East Village. "Frankly," he says, "the rent was right."

First has been walking the line between a foodie focus and a boho East Village sensibility for just over nine months, during which time it has begun to eclipse more established neighborhood quasi-haute spots like Miracle Grill and Jules. And, while the late-night service—available until 2 A.M. every night of the week—is still not where DeMarco wants it, the dining room is already looking comfortably worn. Dinner on the weekend teems until all hours with the sort of customer who orders a second bottle of wine and lives in fear of the upcoming smoking ban.

DeMarco, 30, who was born in Bensonhurst and attended New York Tech's cooking program in Central Islip, Long Island, remembers his days in New York's celebrated high-end kitchens fondly. But he happily embraces the practical concerns (food costs, storage space) that dictate the limits of the lively brand of cooking he calls inner-city flavor—a mix of Moroccan, Indian, Colombian, Greek, and Italian fare. "It's a little frustrating having a menu with only eight entrées on it, but it makes you creative in other ways. It's easy to make a great dish with white truffles," he boasts. "Try it with a hangar steak."

MANNY HOWARD

Lattanzi—Reliable Italian in a romantic garden. Go when there's no danger of a curtain rising or falling soon for special attention. *361 W. 49th St. (315-0980). (M) AE only.*

La Veranda—Northern Italian food. Traditional music in the background. A quiet place with two private rooms for parties. *163 W. 47th St. (391-0905). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, TM, V.*

Le Patio—Tapas bar and light fare for hotel guests and after-work diners. *119 W. 56th St., in the Parker Meridien (245-5000). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Les Pyrenées—French Provençal cuisine. Cassoulet from Toulouse recommended, as well as filet mignon and frogs' legs. A rustic atmosphere. A lot of theatergoers. *251 W. 51st St. (246-0044; 246-0373). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Le Rivage—Pretheater bistro, reasonable prices, efficient service, and satisfying fare. *340 W. 46th St. (765-7374). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Marlowe—A little cultural mêlée: an American bistro that looks like a French country inn. Oak-plank floors and low, romantic lighting are soothing. *328 W. 46th St. (765-3815) (M) AE, MC, TM, V.*

Nakagawa—Elegant Japanese in the heart of the theater district. Come feast on some sushi pre- or post-show. *7 W. 44th St. (869-8077). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Palio—Authentic Italian cuisine served in a formal atmosphere. The crowd is occasionally très international. Tourists and natives agree that the breadsticks are unreal. *151 W. 51st St. (245-4850). (E) AE, MC, V.*

Patsy's—If it's good enough for Frank, it's good enough for you. Upscale Italian eatery rooted in the glorious fifties. *236 W. 56th St. (247-3491/3492). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Pierre au Tunnel—French the way it used to be (the place is 41 years old), and thoroughly charming; reliable and comforting. *250 W. 47th St. (575-1220). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Pig and Whistle—This is midtown's answer to an Irish bar. A business clientele and a coming-and-going-to-the-theater crowd can find Irish specialties—both solid and liquid—here. *165 W. 47th St. (302-0112). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Rainbow Room—"Where troubles melt like raindrops," boasts this perch in the sky. The restaurant is 65 stories up and more than 60 years old, and its stellar views of New York give it reason to gloat. Romantic, with a solid Continental menu. Jacket and tie required. *30 Rockefeller Plaza (632-5000). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

René Pujol—The rustic French food and service are careful and heartfelt. *321 W. 51st St. (246-3023). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Restaurant Raphael—Chef Jean Michel Bergougnoux redefines contemporary French country cuisine for the nineties in a châteaulike setting. The stenciled floral beams, the fireplace, and the outdoor rear garden set the tone for an intimate, romantic dining experience or a business meal. Near MOMA. *33 W. 54th St. (582-8993). (E) AE, DC.*

Ruth's Chris Steak House—A steak cooked in butter is the centerpiece of this successful upscale chain's take-no-prisoners march east across the country. Steak served in a series of connected, muted, and wood-paneled dining rooms. *148 W. 51st St. (245-9600). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Sam's—Solid Continental food served up pub-style in the heart of the theater district. *263 W. 45th St. (719-5416). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Samplings—Cheerful family-style dining for hotel guests and local business lunches. *1605 Broadway, at 49th St., in the Crowne Plaza Hotel (977-4000). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

The Sea Grill—Plush, cozy dining room that's open to garden tables in the summer and offers a view of the Rockefeller Center skating rink in winter. The serving team does cartwheels toting crab cakes with two sauces, mint-touched carpaccio of yellowfin-tuna mignon, and swordfish steak at premium prices. *Rockefeller Plaza, 19 W. 49th St. (246-9201). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Siam Inn—Traditional Thai food served in a Thai-style dining room that is cozy and candlelit. A perfect neighborhood spot when you can make it only as far as the corner for dinner. *916 Eighth Ave., at 54th St., and 854 Eighth Ave., nr. 51st St. (489-5237). (M AE, DC, MC, V.*

Stage Delicatessen—A landmark deli that serves gigantic sandwiches, every one of which is worth returning for. *834 Seventh Ave., bet. 53rd and 54th Sts. (245-7850). (I) AE, MC, V.*

Top of the Sixes—A beautiful view and a restaurant to boot. Perched atop the office that houses Universal Pictures's offices American-Continental food. *66 Fifth Ave., at 53rd St., 39th floor (757-6662). (M–E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Trionfo—Good Italian food in a pleasant setting close to Broadway theaters. *224 W. 51st St. (262-6660). (M–E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

'21' Club—The new, old, younger '21' has lost its hauteur at the door but not its toys in the artfully restored saloon. Club classics alongside contemporary whimsy at prices that stagger, but from 10:30

Photograph by Steve Freeman

supper is a bargain. *21 W. 52nd St. (582-7200). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Victor's Cafe 52—Until the inevitable fall, this is as close to Cuba as you can get—at least in this neighborhood. *236 W. 52nd St. (586-7714). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, TM, V.*

57th–60th Streets

Bruno Ristorante—Attracting regulars for sixteen years, a Northern Italian kitchen and an Art Deco dining room with two fireplaces that will make anyone feel welcome. *240 E. 58th St. (688-4190). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Caviarteria—Right now! That was the cry from customers of this austere, modernist undersea-egg-monger. So a café was built and now serves the impatient crowd a variety of Russian and American caviar and other adventurous fare (smoked wild boar) right on the premises. *502 Park Ave., nr. 59th St. (759-7410). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Contrapunto—Join the queue in this good-looking, second-story pastaria for slightly Americanized Italian classics. *200 E. 60th St. (751-8616). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Dawat—The Indian actress and cooking authority Madhur Jaffrey is a consultant here. You can't miss with tandoori—cooked before your eyes in the big ovens in the back—or any of the more unusual regional specials. *210 E. 58th St. (355-7555). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, TM, V.*

Fantino—Where else but in New York can you be served your Northern Italian fare on china by Gianni Versace? Serving in a luxurious dining room, Fantino delivers as an Italian restaurant should. Try the tuna or the lamb. *112 Central Park So., in the Ritz-Carlton Hotel (664-7700). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Fifty Seven Fifty Seven—The county's entertainment-industry glitterati make themselves right at home at I. M. Pei's monumental dining room. Susan Weaver is one of the only working chefs to combine contemporary presentation and technique with classic Provençal on one plate. The weekend bar scene puts the concept-hotel bar scene to shame *57 E. 57th St. (758-5700). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Gauguin—White-hot scene. Tahitian theme park: living palm trees, recorded birdsong, and the artist's murals. Tropical Asian cuisine and casks of cleverly named knockout drops. *The Plaza Hotel, Fifth Ave. at Central Park West (319-0404). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, TM, V.*

Le Bar Bat—They crowd five deep at the bar, stalking one another; young melting-pot faces with briefcases and the curious come to eat. *311 W. 57th St. (307-7228). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Le Taxi—Chef Frederic Feufeu has made a bistro authentic enough to be mistaken for the real thing. *37 E. 60th St. (832-5500). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Le Train Bleu—A port in the retail storm. A French railroad dining car of old, with a view of the 59th Street Bridge. Bloomingdale's, sixth floor, *1000 Third Ave., at 59th St. (705-2100). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Le Veau d'or—A proud tradition in the neighborhood, this bistro-style eatery hasn't changed in years, and almost everyone agrees that that's just fine. *129 E. 60th St. (838-8133). (M) AE, DS, MC, V.*

Les Célébrités—Plush and old-fashioned, this imposing dining room in the Essex House on Central Park South also happens to have a very fine kitchen. Dinner only. *160 Central Park So. (484-5113). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

The Manhattan Ocean Club—Savor your seafood in an elegant dining room decorated with Picasso ceramics and Brazilian-red-cherry floors. *57 W. 58th St. (371-7777). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

March—This small townhouse feels homey and romantic. Try confit and grilled duck touched with sweet and savory chutneys or Atlantic salmon with Middle Eastern spices and aïoli. *405 E. 58th St. (754-6272). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Pamir on 58th Street—Upscale Afghan food (that's delicate blends of saffron, cardamom, raisins, and pistachios) in—surprise!—a tentlike setting. *1065 First Ave., at 58th St. (644-9258). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Petrossian—Fast food for the very rich in an Art Deco setting with carved frosted glass, mink-trimmed banquettes, and period bronzes—lean flappers with leaner wolfhounds. *182 W. 58th St. (245-2214). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Pierro's on the Park—Italian with a twist of art history. This parkside restaurant features Art Deco furnishings from the thirties: frosted glass, black lacquer, and original lighting. *150 Central Park So. (541-4090). (M) AE, MC, TM, V.*

Rosa Mexicano—Did someone say "fresh-pomegranate margarita"? Yes, someone did. What's more, this spot prepares your guacamole tableside (a south-of-the-border hibachi?). Some of the tastier gourmet Mexican in the city. *1063 First Ave., at 58th St. (753-7407). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

San Domenico—Toques off to owner Tony May, who may have done more for the cause of serious Italian cooking in New York than any other single restaurateur. His dining room is formal, and the food is wonderful. *240 Central Park So. (265-5959). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Above 60th Street, East Side

Alexis—Provençal food delivered in a cozy dining room. Look up and you'll see what's written in the stars: The ceiling features a painting of the astrological signs. *140 E. 63rd St., in the Barbizon Hotel (838-5700). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Arizona 206—Innovative southwestern perfectly executed by wunderkind chef David Walzog. Situated amid a cluster of movie theaters, within spitting distance of Bloomingdale's. Adobelike setting with fireplace and active sort-of-singles bar. Ideal spot for a drink or a feast. *206 E. 60th St. (838-0440). (M) AE, MC, V.*

The Boat House Cafe—Rent a rowboat or ride the Venetian gondola before or after dining at this glorious oasis in Central Park. This is the kind of Italian food found only in America, some of it pretty good. There's a new menu for grazers at the waterside bar. *Central Park nr. 72nd St. and Fifth Ave. (517-2233). (M) AE, MC, TM, V.*

Cafe Chopin—Very casual spot, often warm and candlelit. Featuring Eastern European fare—lots of roasts, goulash, and stuffed cabbage. With live piano music. *339 E. 75th St. (628-7171). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

Cafe Metairie—Country French in a rustic farmhouse setting. Blazing fireplace and all . . . mon cheri. And, *sans blague,* they have cooing doves. *1442 Third Ave., at 82nd St. (988-1800). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Cafe Nosidam—Italian-American fare; a people watcher's paradise. *768 Madison Ave., bet. 65th and 66th Sts. (717-5633). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Campagnola—Country-style Italian fare for the neighborhood—the whole neighborhood. *1382 First Ave., at 74th St. (861-1102). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Ci Vediamo—Almost like two restaurants in one, this Northern Italian has a modern downstairs that caters to a younger crowd and a cozy upstairs where the older crowd likes to linger. Good-size portions and reliable food make this an Upper East Side staple. *1431 Third Ave., at 81st St. (650-0850) (M) AE only.*

Demarchelier—Feels French and tastes French; on this restaurant-parched turf, that's good enough to draw a crowd. *50 E. 86th St. (249-6300). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Demi—This brownstone turned restaurant is one of the cozier spots along Madison Avenue. Candles and roses abound. And there's a fireplace for chilly winter eves and an outdoor terrace for balmy summer nights. *1316 Madison Ave., at 93rd St. (534-3475) (M) AE, MC, V.*

Ferrier—Neighborhood hot spot. People-watching, but be prepared to get what you give at this bistro. *29 E. 65th St. (772-9000). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Girasole—Regional Italian food. Elegant, medium-size space with private rooms upstairs. Wood floors with girasoles (sunflowers to you, bub) throughout. A neighborhood haunt for the subdued set. *151 E. 82nd St. (772-6690). (M) AE only.*

Hi Life—A seamless fusion of a steakhouse and an ocean-liner lounge. The dining room's landscape is speckled with round booths so big and luxurious that they seem structural. This place has two gears: As the evening wears on, the young-moms-with-strollers eatery gives way to an East Side hot spot complete with a sushi bar. *1340 First Ave., at 72nd St. (249-3600). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

JoJo—The grilled chicken with chick-pea frites is a great dish. But then, Jean-Georges Vongerichten

Object of Desire

Flowering Chives

Be sure to ask for the special mini-menu at Kam Chueh, the late-night Chinese kitchen at 40 Bowery, where the sauces are rich and intense, and the flowering chives are possibly the best greens dish at any Chinese restaurant in all five boroughs.

Photograph by Steve Freeman.

doesn't make many mistakes in this elegant, jewel-like dining room situated on two floors of an East Sixties townhouse. Lunch upstairs, overlooking the street, is especially lovely. *160 E. 64th St. (223-5656). (E) AE, MC, V.*

Le Bistro de Maxim's—It ain't Paris, but . . . This elegant French bistro features a menu that fuses French and Asian flavors. Nouvelle, with lovely murals on the walls. *680 Madison Ave., at 61st St. (980-6988). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Lusardi's—Vintage Italian . . . good pastas and risottos make this spot a trusted local haunt. People keep coming back because it manages to be cozy and elegant. *1494 Second Ave., at 78th St. (249-2020). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

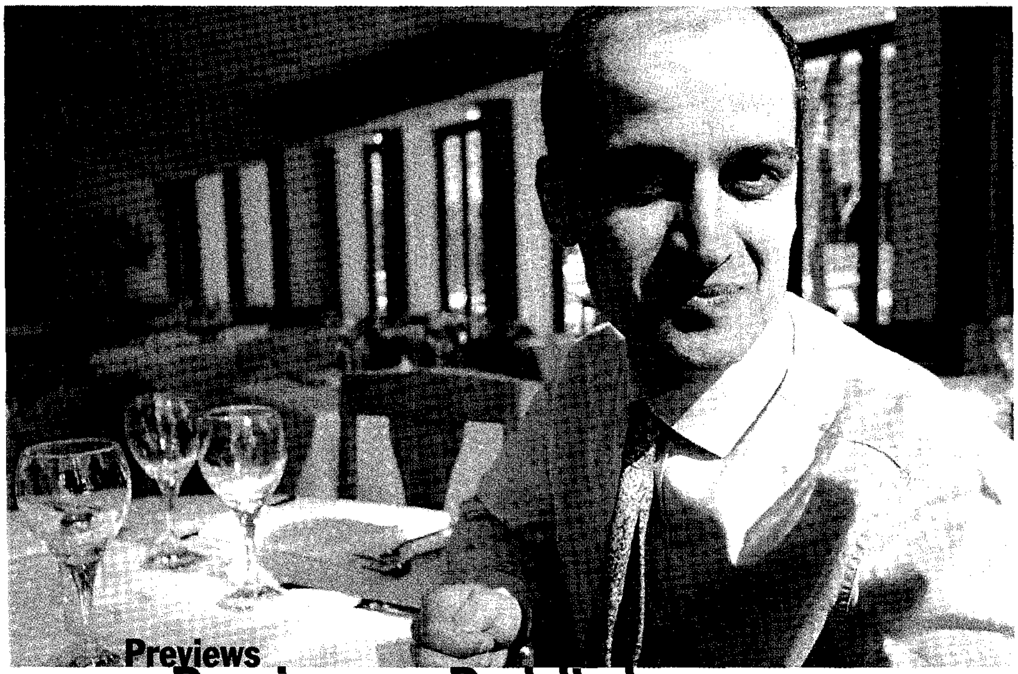
Mad Hatter—A landmark American pub divided into enough spaces to suit almost any mood. *1485 Second Ave., bet. 77th and 78th Sts. (628-4917). (M) AE, MC, TM, V.*

Mark's—Decked out like an English library, with plump, tasseled pillows to nest against. Fine East-West cooking and first-rate desserts. *25 E. 77th St., in the Mark Hotel (879-1864). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Marti Turkish Restaurant—Kebabs 'R' Us, and the stuffed cabbage is good, too. A dining room that seats 200 people, complete with live music and wandering belly dancers. There is also a "special party room." *1269 First Ave., nr. 68th St. (737-5922). (I) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Mo's Caribbean—Pack your bags, sweetie; we're going to the islands. . . . Close enough. This festive spot serves Caribbean fare such as jerk chicken and coconut shrimp—all in a dining room with real palm trees and reggae music. There's American food for your timid country cousin too. Leave with a suntan. *1454 Second Ave., at 76th St. (650-0561). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Moscow on the Hudson—Authentic Russian fare. After that, there's live entertainment with music, dancing, and a live gypsy show. *803 Second Ave., at 93rd St. (534-4866). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*



Previews

Renaissance Revisited

Last week, Paolo Alavian, the veteran host at Mezzogiorno, moved right across Spring Street to open his own place, Savore—named for a staple sauce of Renaissance-era Florentine tables. 200 Spring Street.

Mulholland Drive Cafe—A very single bar scene that breeds a room full of regulars who stay for Italian-accented American meals with a California feel. Yes, that was Patrick Swayze; but that figures, he owns the place. *1059 Third Ave., at 63rd St. (319-7740). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Park Avenue Cafe—A polished, countrified American café for business lunches and off-duty get-to-know-yous in the evening. Chef David Burke makes the tired catchall "American fare" sing, and keeps the *haute* neighbors rapt with signature dishes like rack of lamb and his swordfish chop. *100 E. 63rd St. (644-1900). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

The Polo—Clubby atmospherics, dark wood paneling, and contemporary American cuisine. Try the seafood special, whatever it is. Local haute-boutique owners conducting business and pleasure at lunch. Yes, that was Al Pacino ducking out the side door. *840 Madison Ave., at 69th St. (439-4835). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Post House—Clubby and comfortable, this handsome dining room specializes in good quality and big portions. The peppery Cajun-style steak is a favorite, especially with a side order of French fries or onion rings. There are dishes with decidedly less cholesterol—poached salmon, say, or lemon chicken—but this isn't a place to watch your waistline. Seriously. *28 E. 63rd St., in the Lowell Hotel (935-2888). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Sel & Poivre—Stanching the flow downtown for bistro fare. Regulars find what they are looking for in this elegant, muted space. *853 Lexington Ave., bet. 64th and 65th Sts. (517-5780). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

The Restaurant at the Stanhope—You're standing on the steps of the Metropolitan Museum, parched, exhausted, and in search of that perfect watering hole. The Stanhope is back, serving tasty American fare. *995 Fifth Ave., at 81st St. (288-5800). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Tony Di Napoli's—Family-style means big, big, big. Be prepared to loosen your belt buckle a notch or two after feasting on some serious Italian. Bring a family that likes to eat. *1606 Second Ave., at 83rd St. (861-8686). (M) AE, DS, MC, V.*

Toraya—The purveyor to the Japanese imperial family for 450 years, this teahouse offers an enticing assortment of confections, green teas, and desserts. *17 E. 71st St. (861-1700). (I) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Above 60th Street, West Side

Bella Luna—Consistently good neighborhood Northern Italian. *584 Columbus Ave., nr. 88th St. (877-2267). (M) AE only.*

Cafe des Artistes—A smartly run, wonderfully romantic bistro with frolicking nudes on the walls. Open and serving all the time. Stop in before or after a jaunt to Lincoln Center. *1 W. 67th St. (877-3500). (M–E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Cafe Luxembourg—After all these years, the joint still looks smart and sexy and gets a good-looking Upper West Side crowd. The fare's upscale bistro. Perfect before or after the cultural goings-on at Lincoln Center. *200 W. 70th St. (873-7411). (M–E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Fishin Eddies—Another homey spot from the Vince & Eddie guys, with live-fish tanks. Not all the grilled fish is as spectacular as the impressive cioppino for two. Patio dining. *73 W. 71st St. (874-3474). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Fujiyama Mama—Look up "fine cuisine" in the yuppie handbook, and you'll find this spot listed as No. 1. Good sushi, funky décor, and a D.J. make this Japanese restaurant a local favorite among upper west siders. *467 Columbus Ave., bet. 82nd and 83rd Sts. (769-1144). (M) AE only.*

Hi Life—Big-city brasserie with retro feel. During the week, the mahogany French doors, an overstuffed banquette, and the oversize goldfish tanks provides a refuge. Fine food that ranges from steamed dumplings to creamed spinach. After dinner every weekend, a D.J. tilts the place toward a party. *477 Amsterdam Ave., at 83rd St. (787-7199). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Hunan Park—A standard Chinese restaurant on the Upper West Side, but when you have the craving, get your fix here. Yes, that was Woody Allen. *235 Columbus Ave., nr. 71st St. (724-4411).* Also *Hunan Park Two, 721 Columbus Ave., at 95th St. (222-6511). (I) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Iridium—Amid every restaurant's struggle for uniqueness, this unusual American bistro has found its own. Its award-winning décor has been described as "Dalí meets Disney" and is based on musical movements. Late-night jazz and Sunday-brunch specials make it a welcome complement to Lincoln Center. *44 W. 63rd St. (582-2121). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Main Street—American comfort food, and lots of it. Feel at home even in a party of ten. A fireplace and brick walls make this popular, giant space seem cozy. *446 Columbus Ave., nr. 81st St. (873-5025). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Picholine—Mediterranean-style French food near Lincoln Center. The fabric-covered walls add to the cozy feel of this charming spot. *35 W. 64th St. (724-8585). (M) AE ,DC, MC, V.*

Restaurant 222—Cozy and romantic, with the feel of a townhouse. Frank Valenza runs a tight ship at this neighborhood American dinner spot. *222 W. 79th St. (799-0400). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Royal Canadian Pancake House—Big, big, big. Are those chocolate chips in the corn bread? You bet. Oversize and proud of it. *2286 Broadway, at 82nd St. (873-6052). (I–M) MC, TM, V.*

Santa Fe—If it's not the margaritas, then it's the pink *faux*-adobe walls and desert tones that give this southwestern spot such a soothing feel. One of the quietest Tex-Mex places in the city. *72 W. 69th St (724-0822). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Sidewalkers—A smash-and-grab crab feast, but don' come alone. The mood in this place requires a friend or ten to share it with. *12 W. 72nd St. (799-6070) (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

Tavern on the Green—A must for your country cousin This mazelike collection of dining rooms, each with a view of the park better than the previous one's, i worth cutting the hansom-cab ride short for. *Centra Park at 67th St. (873-3200). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS MC, V.*

West 63rd Street Steakhouse—Mahogany tables and red-suede walls make this nice-ified steakhouse les stultifying than its midtown brethren. Twenty-foo ceilings allow for spectacular views of Lincoln Center, and there's seafood and pasta for those who enjoy the company of a meat eater. Monday nights ar cigar nights. *44 W. 63rd St. (246-6363). (M) AE, DC MC, V.*

Queens

Ralph's Italian Restaurant—Solid, hearty Italian food in a conventional restaurant setting. Dine unde the chandeliers and try the osso buco, one o Ralph's specialties. *75–61 31st Ave., Jackson Heights (718-899-2555). (I) AE, DC, TM, V.*

Water's Edge—East River views, floor-to-ceiling windows; every table has a view of Manhattan Quiet and elegant. Complimentary ferry leave from Manhattan Tues.-Sat. 6–11 P.M. *44th Driv at the East River. (718-482-0033). (E) AE, CB DC, MC, V.*

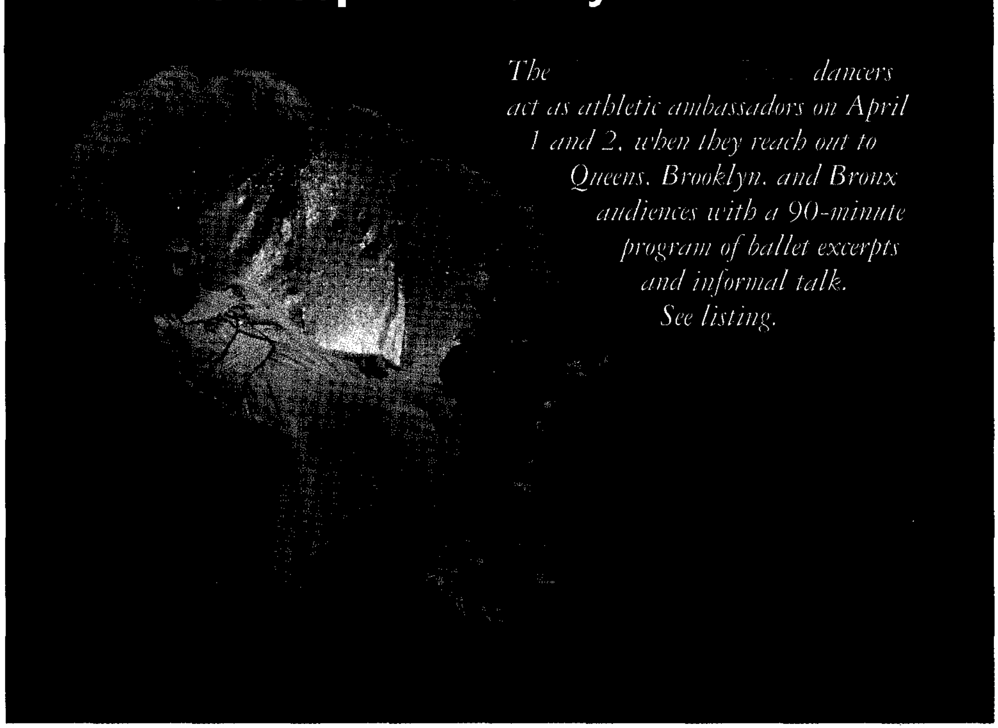
Photograph by Richard Mitchel

in concert

ng *Arthur* Appears…Elly Ameling Disappears

Previews

No Sleep Till Brooklyn



The dancers act as athletic ambassadors on April 1 and 2, when they reach out to Queens, Brooklyn, and Bronx audiences with a 90-minute program of ballet excerpts and informal talk. See listing.

Classical Music

Monday, March 27

onathan Helton and Patrick Sinozich—The saxophonist and pianist perform works by Desenclos and others. *New York Public Library for the Performing Arts at Lincoln Center (870-1630), at 3; free.*

Tuesday, March 28

laroque Music Festival—William Christie and Les Arts Florissants perform secular works by Charpentier. *BAM Carey Playhouse, 30 Lafayette Ave., at 7; $20–$45.*

Wednesday, March 29

lew York Philharmonic—Kurt Masur conducts choral music by Brahms. *Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center (721-6500), at 8; $15–$60.*

laroque Music Festival—William Christie and Les Arts Florissants perform sacred works by Charpentier and others. *BAM Carey Playhouse, 30 Lafayette Ave., at 8; $20–$45.*

laniel Comegys—The baritone performs Schubert. *Federal Hall, 26 Wall Street (866-2086), at 12:30; free.*

Thursday, March 30

lew York Philharmonic—See 3/29.

Inly Heaven—The poems of Langston Hughes scored for a four-piece orchestra by Ricky Ian Gordon and sung by Sherry Boone, Theresa Hamm-Smith, and Michael Lofton. Through 4/9. Tues.–Sat. at 8; Sat. and Sun. at 3. *Theatre Row, 424 W. 42nd St. (279-4200); $27.50.*

Friday, March 31

laroque Music Festival—William Christie and Les Arts Florissants perform the rarely seen *King Arthur* by Henry Purcell at the Brooklyn Academy of Music. *BAM Opera House, 30 Lafayette Ave., Brooklyn (718-636-4100), at 7; $25–$50.*

ark Quartet—Performs Schoenberg, Mozart, and others. *Carnegie Hall, 881 Seventh Ave., at 57th St. (247-7800), at 8; $25.*

lew York Philharmonic—See 3/29.

Saturday, April 1

aroque Music Festival—See 3/31. This performance at 8.

ew York Philharmonic—See 3/29.

rancis Heilbut—Heilbut and others perform in honor of Ferruccio Busoni's birthday. *Theodore Roosevelt Birthplace, 28 E. 20th St., at 2; $2.*

Ground Rules:

This section emphasizes classical concerts, recitals, and ıublic square/park performances (but only the premediated ones), and includes the occasional jazz concert if it s held, say, outdoors or in a public space. For rock con:erts and club information, see "Nightlife."

Sunday, April 2

Elly Ameling—The Dutch soprano gives her final New York concerts this month, here performing an all-Schubert program. *Alice Tully Hall, Lincoln Center Plaza (721-6500), at 8; $25–$35.*

Baroque Music Festival—William Christie and Christophe Rousset perform harpsichord duets. *BAM Carey Playhouse, 30 Lafayette Ave., at 8; $20–$45.*

Royal Concertgebouw Orchestra—Riccardo Chailly conducts pieces by Bartók and Strauss. *Carnegie Hall, 881 Seventh Ave., at 57th St. (247-7800), at 3; $14–$35.*

Opera

Amato Opera—4/1 at 7:30 and 4/2 at 2:30: Giordano's *Andrea Chénier. Amato Opera House, 319 Bowery (228-8200); $18.*

Brooklyn Academy of Music—Peter Brook's *The Man Who*. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 3. Through 4/9. *BAM, 651 Fulton St. (718-636-4100); $35–$50.*

Metropolitan Opera—3/27 and 4/1 at 8: Debussy's *Pelléas et Mélisande*. 3/28 and 3/31 at 8: Puccini's *Madama Butterfly*. 3/29 at 8 and 4/1 at 1:30: Puccini's *Tosca*. 3/30 at 8: Verdi's *La Traviata*. 3/21 at 8 and 3/25 at 1:30: Mozart's *Idomeneo*. 4/3 at 8: Corigliano's *The Ghosts of Versailles. Metropolitan Opera House, Lincoln Center (362-6000); $22–$110.*

New York City Opera—3/28 at 8 and 4/1 at 1:30: Verdi's *La Traviata*. 3/29 at 8: Bizet's *Carmen*. 3/31 at 8: Puccini's *Madama Butterfly*. 4/1 at 8 and 4/2 at at 1:30: Lehár's *The Merry Widow. New York State Theater, Lincoln Center Plaza (870-5570); $15–$63.*

New York Gilbert & Sullivan Players—4/2 at 3: Spring gala featuring numerous G&S excerpts, as well as *Cox and Box*, written by Sullivan with F. C. Burnand before he teamed with Sullivan. *Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. (864-5400); $20–$40.*

Dance

Alvin Ailey Repertory Ensemble—Highlighted by the world premiere of Kathryn Posin's *The Rain Forest* and the company premiere of Eleo Pomare's *Plague*. 3/30–4/1 at 8; 4/1 at 2; 4/2 at 3. *Aaron Davis Hall at the City College of New York, West 135th St. and Convent Ave. (650-7100); $12–$15.*

Enjoy Japan at Carnegie Hall—4/1: A daylong festival of dance and traditional music featuring nearly 1,000 artists—including the Osaka Joshi Gakuen Mandolin Club of Osaka and the Nakanishi and Nakagawa Ballet—performed in three seperate programs at 11:30 A.M., 3:30, and 7:30. *Carnegie Hall, 881 Seventh Ave., at 57th St. (247-7800), $5 for each program.*

Feld Ballets/NY—Performs several premieres based on the piano music of Satie and Reich. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 2 and 7:30. Through 4/9. *Joyce Theater, 175 Eighth Ave., at 19th St. (242-0800); $30.*

Lar Lubovitch Dance Company—Performs four pieces, including his newest work, *So In Love*, built around a suite of Cole Porter tunes. 3/30–4/1 at 8 and 4/2 at 3. *Queens Theatre in the Park, Flushing Meadows Corona Park (718-760-0064); $18.*

New York City Ballet—4/1 and 4/2: Performs a 90-minute piece of excerpts and talk designed for the uninitiated. 4/1 at 11 at Queens College, Colden Center for the Performing Arts, 65-30 Kissena Blvd., Flushing, Queens (718-793-8080). 4/1 at 3 at John Dewey High School, 50 Ave. X, Brooklyn. 4/2 at 3: Lehman College Concert Hall, 250 Bedford Blvd. West, Bronx (718-960-8833); $5.

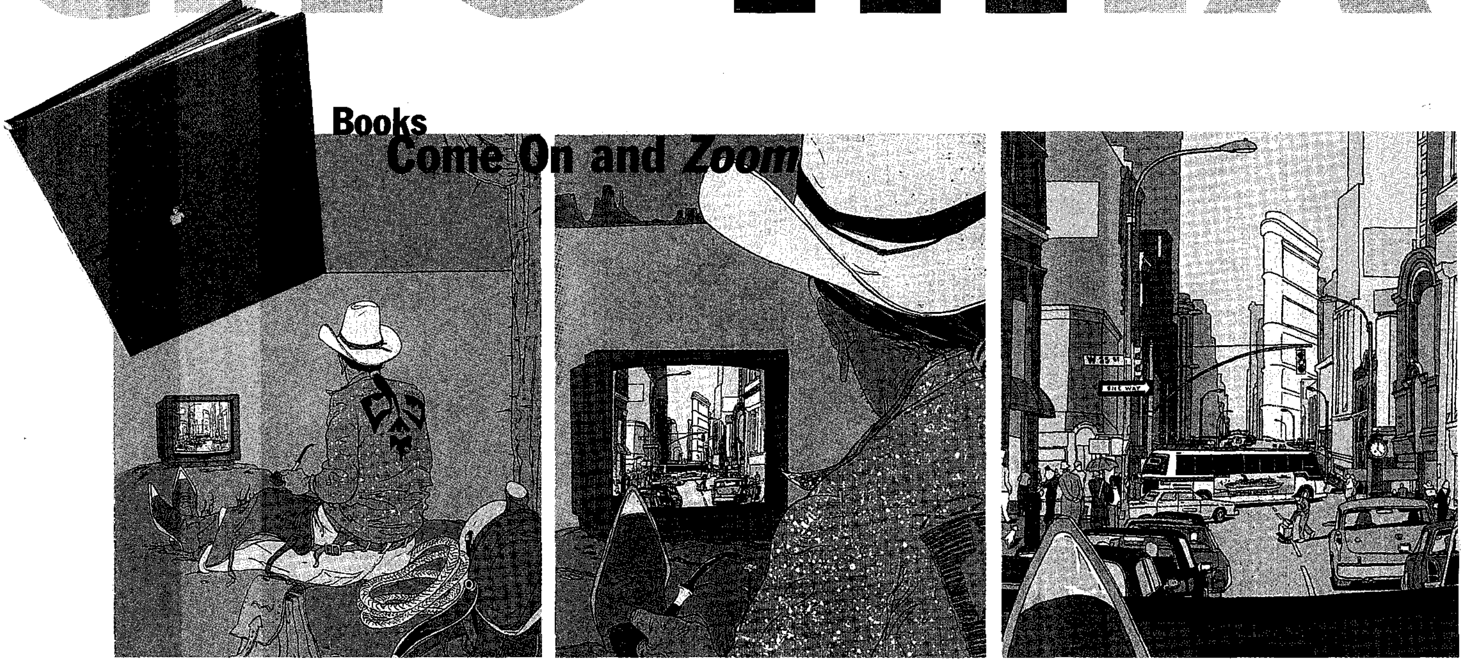
hotograph by Costas.

the mix

Titanic Mania...Radicalism Revisited

Books

Come On and Zoom



Istvan Banyai's innovative new picture book, 'Zoom,' purports to be for kids, but his wordless, trippy worlds-within-worlds-within-worlds are marvelous enough to fetch even the most blasé adult. (Viking Children's Books; $13.99.)

John Leonard's TV Notes

Bringing Up Jack (premiering Tuesday, 3/28; Wednesdays thereafter, 9:30 to 10 P.M.; ABC) is yet another sitcom built around yet another stand-up comic, this time Jack Gallagher, set in yet another radio station, this time in Philadelphia with a call-in sports-yak program. Jack, when he isn't doing "voices," is married to the exceedingly agreeable and just as pregnant Harley Jane Kozak, who was a schoolmarm widow with two children already before she met him, so there are multiple occasions for semi-amusing jokes about sports, sex, children, basketball and middle-age fantasies about teenage cheerleaders.

Discovering Women (3/29, 4/5, 4/12; 9 to 11 P.M.; Channel 13) is a six-part series on women scientists, narrated by Michelle Pfeiffer, devoting an hour each to a particle physicist, a geophysicist, a biochemist, a molecular biologist, an archeologist, and a computational neuroscientist. Start off with Melissa Franklin, a Canadian at Harvard because Toronto turned her down, as much at home in the music of Frank Zappa as she is in the world of supercolliders, and equally funny about both. You'll be hooked.

A Stranger in Town (3/29; 9 to 11 P.M.; CBS) lands a menacing Gregory Hines at the door and in the kitchen of the Texas cabin of a distraught Jean Smart, on a dark and stormy night, when a 6-months-old "preemie" baby desperately needs his medicine. At issue is what will happen to this baby when Hines and Smart stop lying to each other about who they are and what they want. From two fine performances, director Peter Levin mounts a moderately thrilling thriller.

The Inspector Alleyn Mysteries (3/30 and 4/6; 9 to 11 P.M.; Channel 13) brings back Patrick Malahide as Ngaio Marsh's Scotland Yard gentleman-detective for two new cases, the first of which, involving blackmail and murder among London's ever-so-horsey set at the height of the coming-out season, is more interesting than the second, all about darts and cyanide and fisherfolk, plus a homosexual love affair, mainly because the first mystery has a lot of Belinda Lang in it, as Alleyn's beguiling inamorata Agatha Troy, and the second has none of her.

People in Motion (3/31, 4/7, and 4/14; 9 to 10 P.M.; Channel 13) is an inspiring three-part look at how a handful of determined and inventive people cope with rotten luck by making art, science, and even politics out of their disabilities. Almost as much attention is paid to the technology they've devised to assist them as to their personal stories, but those personal stories are, of course, the more compelling. No crybabies need apply.

Family Reunion: A Relative Nightmare (4/1; 8 to 10 P.M.; ABC) lumps a bunch of overly familiar TV faces—Norman Fell, Dodie Goodman, David Lander, Jo Anne Worley, Joe Flaherty, Alley Mills, etc.—together at a one hundredth birthday party for the Dooley matriarch, where they behave abominably at various sporting competitions, act out generations of resentments, go up in a hot-air balloon, come down in a nudist colony, and end up in jail.

Eyewitness (Sundays, 4/2 through 6/25; 7 to 7:30 P.M.; Channel 13) is a thirteen-part spin-off from the Dorling Kindersley wildlife book series, a nifty mix of live-action sequences, nuts-and-bolts chitchat, animation, morphing, and computer graphics, with each half-hour devoted to a different species of something or other—elephant, insect, amphibian, and so on—and all of them bullied breathlessly by Martin Sheen. First up is "Cat," from the tombs of the Egyptian pharaohs to the snow-leopard lairs of East Asia to the "designer cats" at the prize shows. It will be followed by "Horse"—winged, polo, zebra, cavalry, rocking-chair, and merry-go-round.

Danielle Steel's "Vanished" (4/3; 9 to 11 P.M.; NBC) is a sort of trash version of the Lindbergh-kidnapping story. But you have to sit still through Paris, Switzerland, Rome, New York, the Great Depression, and the Spanish Civil War prepared to believe that Lisa Rinna is not in the least to blame for the bad habit she has of misplacing her little-boy children, in marriages both to Maurice Godin and to George Hamilton—yes, that George Hamilton, as an American tycoon/art collector with a German mistress and, perhaps, Nazi sympathies—while Robert Hays, a love-crazed FBI agent, races to save our guilt-stricken heroine from the loony bin and Maurice from a fate as dire as Bruno Hauptmann's. Of its sort, quite dreadful.

Radio Highlights

"A Woman's Journey Through Enormous Changes: Grace Paley"—This 3/28 program features an interview with the author and activist as well as readings from her work. At 1; WBAI, 99.5 FM.

"Soundprint"—The effects of long-term alcohol abuse on a 61-year-old man are examined in this documentary. 4/3 at 7:30; WFUV; 90.7 FM.

"The First Art"—WQXR presents the finest choral performances in this weekly series. 4/2 at 8 A.M.; 96.3 FM.

"Tax the Rich!"—A special 3/30 joint broadcast on WBAI's "Building Bridges" and "Worldview" focuses on what Labor Secretary Reich has called "corporate welfare as we know it" and "Aid to Dependent Corporations." Guests are *Left Business Observer* editor Doug Hendwood, *Maximum Wage* author Sam Pizzigati, Clean Air Campaign representative Mary Benstock, Fiscal Policy Institute director Frank Mauro, and *Assassination o New York* author Bob Fitch. At 7:30; 99.5 FM.

"Around New York With Steve Sullivan"—4/3: Pianis Gerson Silber plays live in WNYC's studio. 4/6 cellist Nathanial Rosen, also performing live. A 2; 93.9 FM.

"Iwo Jima, Part Two"—Spurred on by the controversy over the Enola Gay exhibit at the Smithsonian WBAI's "Weaponry" program will spend the nex six months exploring the issues associated with the dropping of the atomic bombs on Hiroshima and Nagasaki. On 3/28 at 11:45 P.M., producers analyze the campaign to seize the island of Iwo Jima, an operation that resulted in the highes United States Marine Corps casualties in a single action. The political, diplomatic, social, economic

Photograph by Steven Freeman; illustrations by Istvan Banyai

and cultural issues that swept Asia in the spring of 1945 will be discussed, and Ted and Haruko Cook, authors of *Japan at War: An Oral History,* will be consulted throughout the series. 99.5 FM.

“An Hour With the New York Philharmonic”—4/2 at 1, with comments by music director Kurt Masur. WQXR, 96.3 FM.

“Lurid Details”—An examination of Anne Rice’s *Interview With the Vampire* and other fiction. 3/27 at 1:30 A.M.; WBAI; 99.5 FM.

On A-I-R”—Artists-in-Radio, hosted by Thomas Bartunek, features the Bachmann-Klibonoff-Friedman trio (WQXR’s resident ensemble since 1993) and the trio’s guests. The program includes conversations with the musicians as well as selections from their performances. 4/2 at 6; 96.3 FM.

Symphony Hall”—3/27: Tartini’s Cello Concerto in D and Shostakovich’s Symphony No. 9 in E-flat. 3/28: Marschner’s *Der Babu Overture* and Beethoven’s Piano Concerto No. 1 in C. 3/29: Walton’s *Crown Imperial*; *Major Barbara: A Shavian Sequence for Orchestra*; and Cello Concerto (performed by Yo-Yo Ma). 3/30: Vivaldi’s *La Stravaganza* and Prokofiev’s Symphony No. 2 in d. 4/3: Castelnuovo-Tedesco’s Guitar Concerto No. 1 in D and Scriabin’s Piano Concerto in F-sharp. 4/4: Heinichen’s *Serenata di Moritzburg* and Tchaikovsky’s Symphony No. 5 in e. 4/5: Spohr’s Violin Concerto No. 5 in E-flat and Roussel’s Symphony No. 4 in A. 4/6: Beethoven’s *Fidelio Overture* and Rachmaninoff’s Symphony No. 3 in a. Each weeknight at 8, except for 3/28 when it is broadcast at 7; WQXR, 96.3 FM.

Weekend Music”—4/1 at 11 A.M.: Tchaikovsky’s *April*; Keillor’s *Beethoven Chased by Rossini*; Haydn’s *Surprise Symphony*; Francaix’s *Variations on Haydn*; Moore’s *Semi-Procrastination*; Satie’s *Bureaucratic Sonatina*; Villa-Lobos’s *Harmonica Concerto*; Johnson’s *The Bee Stomp*; Ibert’s *Capriccio*; Schulhoff’s *Hot Sonata*; Abe’s *Frogs*; Stalling’s *Porky in Wackyland*. Fred Child hosts; 93.9 FM.

Live From Lincoln Center: The New York City Opera”—3/28 at 8: Verdi’s *La Traviata,* featuring Janice Hall, Stephen Mark Brown, and Louis Otey. Yves Abel conducts. 96.3 FM.

xaco/Metropolitan Opera Broadcast—4/1 at 1:30: Puccini’s *Tosca.* With Elizabeth Holleque, Luciano Pavarotti, Juan Pons, and Francois Loup. Conducted by Daniel Oren. WQXR, 96.3 FM.

Recorded Music

imee Mann *I’m With Stupid* (Imago)—No one knows bitterness like Aimee Mann. Ever since “Voices Carry” in 1985, Mann—then the leader of the Pretenderesque ’Til Tuesday—has been busy telling us the worst elements of relationships. In Aimee’s world, breaking up is easy to do. Now on her second solo recording, *I’m With Stupid,* the message continues. The difference is that Mann, certainly a McCartney aficionado, has learned to craft perfect pop gems. No punk she: ballads like “You Could Make a Killing” and “Ray” are lush and succinct; she knows how to force a bitter pill down our throats. She managed to spin the F-word into inoffensiveness on “Long Shot” as a kind of hooky mantra—more evidence of melodic control. When she rocks out, on “Sugarcoated” and “That’s Just What You Are” (with Squeeze), Mann is more Chrissie Hynde than Melissa Etheridge. She may try for the raw sound, but there’s no escaping the polish. Is there room in the world for a sophisticated thirtysomething female version of Elvis Costello? There’d better be. The bigger question is: Will Aimee Mann ever be happy? Let’s hope not. (Roger Friedman)

Duran Duran *Thank You* (Capitol)—Nostalgic, rejuvenated, or perhaps just hungry like the wolf, the original videogenic glamsters are back. And why not? As everyone from Rhino records to VH1 feeds our eighties fever, it’s about time a bona fide “Big 80s” vet stepped forward to cash in on the nascent pull of the Capezio decade. Here, on this covers-only record, the Durans toast their inspirations, reveal (in linear notes) their approval of “punk rock” and “open mindedness,” and show the building blocks for the preteen-friendly mix of Chic and the Sex Pistols that made them huge. They score pseudo-cool points by referencing Iggy Pop (“Success”), Lou Reed (“Perfect Day”), and Elvis Costello (a quite lovely, dub-style “Watching the Detectives”) and lay out a fairly authoritative funk grounding with a not-totally-embarrassing go at Sly Stone and the Temptations. There is, of course, true dreck—Simon LeBon aping Flavor Flav (“911 Is a Joke”) is about as unbearable as you’d expect—but along with the bizarre, belated bids for hipness, there is one gem: a savvy, rockingly techno-ish reconstruction of the Grandmaster Flash cocaine odyssey “White Lines.” Picking one of the last rap songs whose lyrics are simple enough to croon, they enlist original MC Melle Melle to hype the choruses, and hint at the decadent jerks behind the teeny-bopper façade. Giggly snorting begins the cut, and the video shows a haggard LeBon, black-clad and leering, a Dorian Grey singing his way through the decidedly ambiguous eroticization/damnation of *the* eighties drug. It’s a little like the recasting of Rob Lowe, post-sex-tape scandal, as an edgier, sullied, and ultimately more nineties-worthy film presence. Post–New Wave repeats itself, the first time as farce, the second time as punk, or something. (Chris Norris)

The Written Word

Dorothy West—Reading from *The Wedding* on 3/27 at 7:30. Writers in Performance, Manhattan Theatre Club, City Center, 131 W. 55th St. (645-5848); $10.

Dubravka Ugresic and Ivan Klima—Reading from their work at the 92nd St. Y (at Lexington Ave., 996-1100) on 3/27 at 8; $8.

“Selected Shorts”—Roy Blount Jr. hosts a sampling of southern humor on 3/29 at 6:30. Symphony Space, 2537 Broadway, at 95th St. (864-5400); $14.

Jayne Anne Phillips—Reading from her recent work on 3/28 at 7 in the Rosenthal Library of Queens College (second-floor auditorium—call 718-997-4646 for further information); $3.

Grace Paley and Sandra Cisneros—A joint reading at the 92nd St. Y on 4/3 at 8. At Lexington Ave. (996-1100); $10.

Short Pieces from *Straight to Hell*—Read by Gary Indiana, David Sedaris, Terence Sellars, Taylor Mean, Glennda Orgasm, Bruce Benderson, Lady Bunny, and Hudson and Brian Baltin. 3/31 at 8. A Different Light, 151 W. 19th St. (989-4850); free.

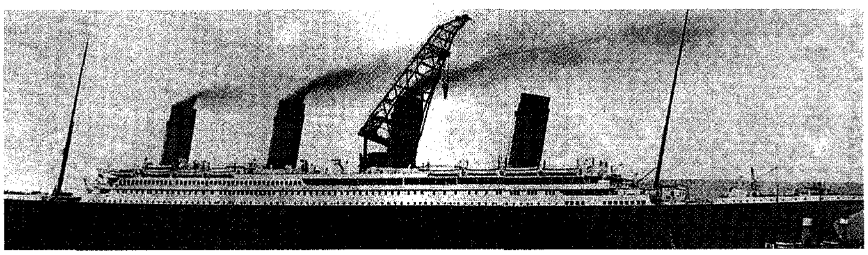
Amiri Baraka and Gwendolyn Brooks—A reading presented on 4/3 at 7:30 as part of the Manhattan Theatre Club’s Writers in Performance series. 131 W. 55th St. (645-5848); $10.

“The Poet Tree”—Sunday-afternoon readings by poets, as well as occasional open readings and book raffles. Jane’s Cafe, 254 Greene St., bet. 8th St. and

Comeback

Raising the *Titanic*

The White Star liner *Titanic* vanished into the 28-degree North Atlantic on the moonless night of April 15, 1912, and now it has surfaced as a minor media eruption—two books, a documentary, and an avant-garde musical composition, all but the latter of which incorporate tales from Robert Ballard’s 1985 discovery of the wreck two miles beneath the ocean’s surface. In an age of video-instant chaos, perhaps we yearn for a slow-motion disaster, Irwin Allen as three-act tragedy. We presume to draw lessons about hubris from the demise of the gilded-age Babylonians inside their gargantuan industrial-age folly (think of Benjamin Guggenheim trading his life belt for his dinner jacket as his fate becomes clear). The



***Titanic*’s plunge was a birth trauma of the modern age, with its 1,523 deaths—the end of the assumption that we could engineer our way past nature. The deaths were proportioned in pyramid shape, from the poorest to the richest; subsequent public outrage shook the very Edwardian class assumptions that shuffled the ladies of First Class onto those twenty lifeboats as hundreds of immigrants were trapped—or physically restrained by crew members—below. The *Titanic* was the news story supreme of an (other) era characterized by journalistic half-truth and innuendo, in 120-point type; every broadcast report of the sinking came in on the Marconi set, sketchily, each seeming to contradict the last. So we’re intrigued: The *Titanic* was the last developed-world disaster to take place solely *out there,* out of all view but the clearest one, deep inside our imagination.**

Required new texts: *Titanic—Triumph and Tragedy,* by John P. Eaton and Charles A. Haas (W. W. Norton, $45); *Explorations,* by Robert D. Ballard (Hyperion, $24.95); *Titanic* (A & E Home Video, $59.95); *The Sinking of the Titanic,* a rerecording of the musical composition from 1969 by British composer Gavin Bryars (Point Music, $14.98).

Alex Williams

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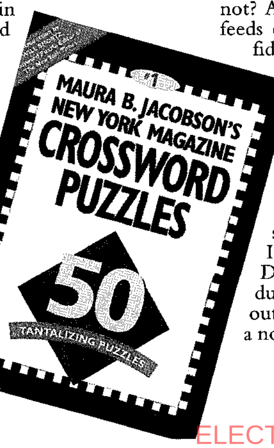

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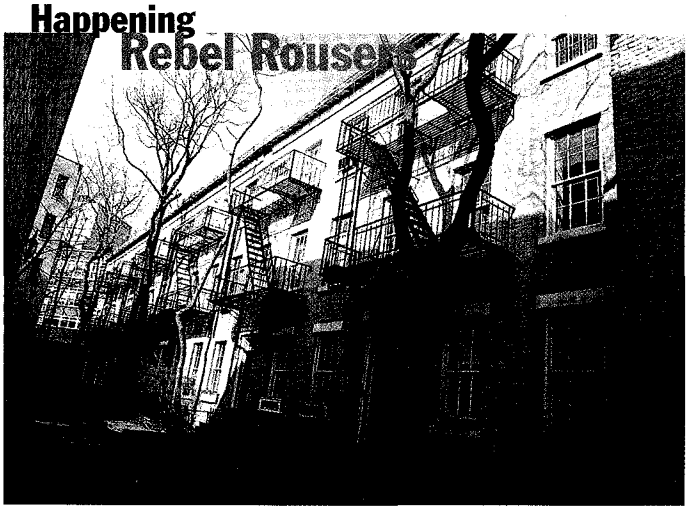
Waverly Pl. (475-JANE), at 3; $6, plus $3 minimum purchase.

Lectures and Panels

"Wallace Stevens and Modern Art"—A symposium with Harold Bloom, Dore Ashton, Francis V. O'Connor, and Glen MacLeod. 3/30 at 5:30, Mishkin Gallery of Baruch College, 135 E. 22nd St.; free.

Happening Rebel Rousers



The literary history of Patchin Place has been duly celebrated—Vassar and Smith women serenaded e e cummings there, and Djuna Barnes, trailing a cape, brandished her cane at noisy neighbors. On its April 2 visit to Greenwich Village, Radical Walking Tours stops at the little enclave of brick houses to investigate its equally rich political past. (See listing.)

"The Café: Coffee, Culture, Communication, Conviviality"—The Municipal Art Society presents a lecture and discussion on the role of cafés in daily life. The 4/6 talk will include a comparison of cafés around the world (as well as an exploration of how the café's organization and activity reflect a nation's culture) by New York scholars. Jonathan Morr Barr, SoHo. Reservations are required; call 935-3960. $9.

"The Covenant and the *Contract*"—Writer Norman Podhoretz and Rabbi David Saperstein, a political activist, debate Jewish values and the new Congressional agenda at Central Synagogue's 1995 Steinhardt Forum on 4/2 at 4:30. The synagogue is located at Lexington Ave. and 55th St. (838-5122); free.

Charlie Rose Interviews Mike Wallace—One Emmy winner talks to another on 4/2 at 8. 92nd St. Y, at Lexington Ave. (996-1100); $16.

"Art in the Real World: Lecture at Lunch With Mel Chin"—4/6 at noon: Chin, who uses water, plants, and animal matter in his sculptures and installations, will discuss his working methods at the Brooklyn Museum, 200 Eastern Parkway. The lecture is free with museum admission. The lunch portion of the program, which is available by reservation only, costs $15. Call 718-789-2493 to reserve.

Fairs and Festivals

1995 International Vintage Poster Fair—Posters from 1890 to the present will be displayed at the Park Central Hotel Ballroom and Forum on April 1-2. The exhibition includes a selection of Absolut Vodka posters, some of which feature work by Andy Warhol and Keith Haring, and advertising prints from the Art Nouveau and Art Deco periods, the First and Second World Wars, the Belle Epoque, and the entertainment and travel industries. Seventh Ave. and 56th St. Call 206-0499 for further information. Early buying is on 4/1 from 9 to 11 A.M.; regular hours are 11 A.M. to 7. 4/2 buying is from 11 A.M. to 6. Admission is $8 per day and $12 for the weekend. Early buying is $20.

Tours

"Beekman Place, Sutton Place"—4/2 at 3:30: A walk through these two quiet enclaves on the eastern edge of midtown, and the story of their development from a neighborhood of factories, meatpacking plants, and tenements to one of social prominence. Call 265-2663 for meeting plac and reservations; $5.

"All in the Family"—See Little Italy on this guide tour of *Godfather* lan Meet on 4/1 at 2 i front of Old S Patrick's Cathedra on the corner c Prince and Mott St Call 517-0201 fo more informatio $10.

"Brooklyn's Victoria Necropolis"—Tou the 478-acre Green wood cemetery, rest ing site of Horac Greeley, Boss Twee Samuel F. B. Mors Leonard Bernstei and Currier and Ive with its historia John J. Cashman. Th walk lasts approxi mately two hours an takes place on 4/2 1. Call 718-46 5277; $5.

"Radical Walking Tour Greenwich Village I"– Stop at Patchin Plac the Provincetow Playhouse, and Wash ington Square. Lear about John Ree Emma Goldman, Ma Eastman, Alexand Berkman, and Louise Bryant. Remember th Stonewall Riots, the NYU student takeovers, an the Weather Underground. Meet on 4/2 at next to the Washington Square Arch, at the bo tom of Fifth Ave. Call 718-492-0069 for mo information. The tour lasts three hours an costs $6.

"A Tribute to Jackie"—A two-hour stroll throug the late Mrs. Onassis's neighborhood, with sto at many of her haunts. Meet on 4/2 at 2 in fro of the Cooper-Hewitt Museum, 91st St. an Fifth Ave. Call 662-5300 for more inform tion; $10.

Sports

Basketball

Everybody who's paid for an opinion predicted that this would be the year the Mavs began their climb out of the Western Conference cellar. The young guns (Mashburn and Kidd) have held up their end of the bargain, but when the Knicks host Dallas on 3/31 at 7:30 in Madison Square Garden, the visiting team still won't have very far to fall in the Central Division. Reggie Miller will just have stopped smiling about beating Michael Jordan during his debut when New York welcomes Indiana on 4/4 at 7:30. Having Anthony Mason back from his five game spanking will only be a benefit to the world-weary Knicks if Mase can shrug off his contretemps with Coach Riley and hit the floor rebounding.

C U

Kim France
Editor

Barbara Ensor
Kids

Michael Giltz
Movies
In Concert
Dance

Randall Short
Theater
Cabaret

Linda Hall
The Mix

Manny Howard
Restaurants & Ba
Sports

John Leonard
Television

Edith Newhall
Art

Chris Norris
Nightlife
Popular Music

Photograph by Steven Freem

Kids

Foolish Me...

Children's Events

'Radio City Easter Show"—Tickets are on sale to see the Rockettes high-kicking on an enormous revolving turntable to unbeatable tunes like "Put a Little Spring in Your Step" and Irving Berlin's "Easter Parade." Shows are 4/8 through 4/22. Call for schedule. 1260 Sixth Ave.; call 247-4777 for information, 307-7171 for tickets. Tickets are $25 to $38.

ig Top—**Ringling Bros. and Barnum & Bailey**'s razzle-dazzle "Greatest Show on Earth" is back in town, with Gunther Gebel-Williams sprung from retirement. Through 4/30 at Madison Square Garden, 2 Penn Plaza (465-6741); call for times. Ticket prices at all performances are $9.50 to $32.50.

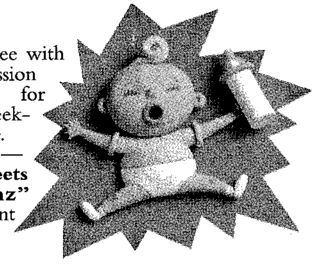
'Cirque du Soleil"—Bring children who are ready for contortionists, and clowns with a hint of macabre. This year's circus **Alegría,** Spanish for "jubilation." begins its New York run March 30, for at least four weeks. Tues., Wed., and Thurs. at 8; Fri. at 6 and 9:30 (except 3/31, when one performance is scheduled at 8); Sat. at 4:30 and 8:30; and Sun. at 1 and 5. Look for the big yellow-and-blue tent at Battery Park City, near the World Financial Center (952-1200). $8.75–$33.50 for children, $17.50–$48.50 for adults.

'oolishness— April Fool's Day is license for an entire weekend of clowning, face painting, and random silliness at the **Children's Museum of Manhattan**. Informal performances by I Giullari di Piazza and Al the Clown, are offered, along with clowning and art workshops. 212 W. 83rd St. (721-1234). Museum admission $5. Look at fools and medieval entertainers in the **Cloisters'** tapestries and sculptures, and find out how April Fool's Day got started. Then make jesters to take home. Fort Tryon Park, (923-3700, ext. 126)◉

YZ —All nineteen Ys in the five boroughs hold free open houses, to finish off "healthy kids week." Workshops on offer include hip-hop classes from 10 to 4 at the McBurney Y, 215 W. 23rd St. (741-9210); baby-safety-awareness classes from 2 to 4, at the Bronx Y, 2 Castle Hill Ave. (718-792-9737); a street-hockey clinic with the NHL Street Rangers from 5 to 7 at the Vanderbilt Y, 224 E. 47th St. (756-9600). For questions about events at any of the Ys, call 630-9600. ◉

lusical Notes—A bonanza of classical concerts for young children this week: Pick up a cassette tape so that tots can listen beforehand to pieces they'll hear at **Haydn Seeks Concerts**. (The cost of the cassette is included in the ticket price.) The chamber music concerts are specifically for children five and under. Children can hug their teddies to Haydn's *London Trio No. 1*, Quantz's Trio Sonata in C minor, Mozart's Divertimento, and Granados's *Orientale*. 4/4 at 10:30 at West-Park Presbyterian Church at 86th St. and Amsterdam Ave., and 4/5 at 10:30 at Turtle Bay Music School, 244 East 52nd St. (877-4475). Tickets are $15; children under 5 are admitted free. Third Street Music School Settlement's 100th-anniversary concert boasts more than a hundred child violinists playing *The Twinkle Twinkle Variations* for the first time on the **Alice Tully Hall** stage; *Tea for Two* will be performed by pianist and singer Bobby Short and musicians from the school, while the piece's 100-year-old composer, Irving Caesar, an alumnus of the school, looks on. Ellington, Elgar, Bach, and Schumann compositions are also on the program. 4/3, concert at 7:30, reception at 9:15. Lincoln Center, Broadway at 65th St. Tickets must be purchased in advance (777-3240). Tickets which benefit the Music School are $10 for children, $25-$100 for adults. In **The Little Orchestra Society**'s Lolli-Pop concert Dino Anangost introduces the sections of the orchestra to an audience of 3- to 5-year-old children. Gershwin, Tchaikovsky, Sousa, and traditional songs will be performed. 4/1 at 10:30 and 11:45; 4/2 at 12:30 and 1:45. Florence Gould Hall, French/Institute/Alliance Française, 55 E. 59th St. (704-2100). Individual tickets are $30; tickets for the three concert series of which this is the first, are $84.◉

Curtain Calls—A sampling of the live shows around town: Roald Dahl's outlandish **Charlie and the Chocolate Factory**, adapted for the stage, is performed by The Heights Players, 4/7 and 4/14 at 8; Saturdays and Sundays through 4/16 at 2. 26 Willow Place, Brooklyn (237-2752). $6 for children, $8 for adults. **Attention Earthlings**, a marionette multimedia show, is at the Metropolis Cafe Sundays at 1 and 3 through April 30. 31 Union Square W. (741-1646). $7.50. Reserve. L. Frank Baum's *The Wonderful Wizard of Oz*, retold simply as **OZ** with the Kansas farm girl clicking her heels to a reggae, jazz, and R&B beat at **City Children's Theater,** Playhouse 91, 316 E. 91st St. (289-2900). (Performances are at different times each weekend through April 23, except April 8 and 9, when there are no shows.) Tickets are $10 for children, $12 for adults. Reserve. *The Sleeping Beauty Musical* is director Bill Solly's latest. The story is seen from suitor Patchwork Prince's point of view. Oublietta, the popular forgetful fairy from a previous show, makes an encore appearance. Sat. and Sun. at 1. Through 4/2. **Wings Theatre**, 154 Christopher St. (627-2961). $6. Reserve. Starfish Theatreworks, a group of New York City high school students, perform **Where I'm Coming From,** a group of short pieces about growing up here and finding one's own place to dream. 4/1 and 4/2 at noon and 3. The Children's Museum of Manhattan, 212 W. 83rd St. (721-1223). Free with $5 museum admission (reduced to $1 for teenagers this weekend only.) Reserve.



Big Apple Circus—**"Grandma Meets Mummenschanz"** introduces elephant comedy routines and the sly humor of soft shapes careening through sawdust. The tent is pitched in Brooklyn's Prospect Park May 11 to 17; in the Bronx's Van Cortlandt Park, May 19 to 23 ; May 25 to 31 in Staten Island's Wolfe's Pond Park; and June 2 to 11 in Brookville, New York, at Long Island University. For tickets call 307-4100. For information call 268-0055. Ticket prices range from $10 to $28.

Shall We Dance?—Two family dance performances of note: **Taylor 2**, billed as "the next generation of Paul Taylor Dancers," performs *3 Epitaphs* and *Company B* in a "Just Kidding" program for families. 4/1 at 11. Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. (864-5400). $1 for children, $5 for adults. Thirty-five young dancers from the tuition-free **New Ballet School** perform "Kids Dance," a lively series of dance pieces, choreographed by Eliot Feld, including *23 Skidoo, Sleep Study,* and *The Jig is Up*. The Joyce Theater, 175 Eighth Ave., at 19th St. (242-0800). Tickets are $10 for children, $18 for adults. 4/1, 4/8. and 4/9 at 2.◉

Worldwide Web—**International House** hosts a day-long festival with food from all over, French hopscotch, Japanese calligraphy, games from Brazil, and lots of other offerings for children. 500 Riverside Drive, at 122nd St. (316-8495). Admission is $5, free for children under 12.◉

"Out of This World"—A revival of the 1950 hit musical with a memorable Cole Porter score stars Ken Page as the philandering Jupiter and Andrea Martin as Juno, his not-going-to-take-it wife. 3/30, 3/31, 4/1, and 4/2 at 8, with a matinee on 4/1 at 2. **City Center**, W. 55th St. (581-1212). Tickets are $25 and $45. ◉

Ground Rules:

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◉ = now or never (one-shot deal or final week)

otograph by Photofest; illustration by Richard McNeel.

Institutions

Batman 101

Among the parents at the Museum of Television & Radio's third-floor television/radio console room, the sense that we are getting away with something is palpable. We've brought the kids to a museum—how virtuous. And yet we're all lounging around *watching television.* And not didactic films about art or ethnology, either. Adults in headphones, reclining in swivel chairs, exchange amused glances as the real Charles Van Doren goes head to head with Herbert Stempel in 1957, followed by the Beatles singing "I Want to Hold Your Hand" on *The Ed Sullivan Show.* A few feet away, the offspring are glued to episodes of *Batman,* followed by *The Soupy Sales Show* and *Hot Dog,* a Peabody Award–winning show from the early seventies in which Woody Allen and Jonathan Winters, among others, explain to kids how everyday objects are made. Earlier, we'd made our viewing selections in the museum's cross-indexed library of 60,000 audio- and videotapes, which includes children's programming from around the world. Kids also routinely crack up to hokey "You wonder where the yellow went"–type commercials hawking toothpaste, cigarettes, soap, and another way of life. Open Tuesdays through Sundays from noon to 6, and until 8 on Thursdays; on Fridays, the theaters remain open until 9. 25 West 52nd Street (621-6800). Admission is $3 for children, $4 for students and seniors, $6 for adults. BARBARA ENSOR

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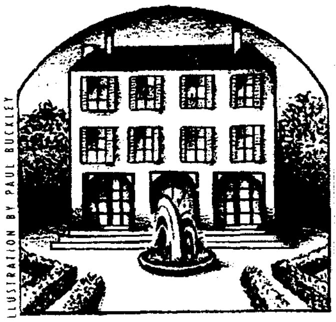
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Strictly Personals

Hamptonite/Manhattanite—Pretty, adventurous Jewish woman of substance and style, who relishes the senses and serendipity, seeking an intelligent, successful, romantic man, 45 plus, who loves to laugh, to share and to linger over kisses. If you are a man with a slow hand and a gentle touch, who will take the time so that we can find those special places, please respond with note/photo/phone. 6437 ✉

Hip Latin MD—36, NJ based, single mom, very attractive, energetic, good shape and sense of humor. Loves travel, working out, dancing, cinema and the fine things in life. Searching for serious relationship with a professional man, 35-50, emotionally and financially stable, with soul and wit, who can handle and savor a woman like me. Good looks a plus. Good shape a must. Photo/note please. 6338 ✉

Top Priority Missing—By gentle, handsome CEO of major corporation with high level of humor, charm, warmth - a dynamic, romantic guy, tall, 38, fun. Seeks caring, down-to-earth, stimulating, tall woman under 36, to share life, family, laughter. Reply requires photo. 6479 ✉

Looking To Fall In Love Again—Are you the one? I am a tall, blond, successful professional in her 40s, looking for that special Jewish man who believes in traditional values, is a super success in his chosen field and is ready to meet the woman of his dreams. So, if you are out there, respond please. I still believe in love, romance, etc. 6396 ✉

Long-Legged Stunner—Lawyer, former model, 5'11", sensitive, sincere, sensual, caring and romantic. Seeks single, white professional male, 6' plus, 40-50, for romance and relationship. Note/photo/phone. 6414 ✉

Let's Have Fun—On a moonlight cruise in the Caribbean, trying to find that right piece of art in Soho, dinner for two in the most romantic setting imaginable, or just getting out of the best city in the world whenever you want, wherever you want. But it takes two, doesn't it? That's what I'm looking for - the other half. Someone who is fun, adventurous, loves to laugh and who wants and expects to have fun. I'm 49, slim, 5'11', nonsmoking, lots of hair but some gray, not bad-looking, live and work in Manhattan. Hobbies are boating and traveling. Spending Sunday reading the NY Times and going to museums isn't my thing. Who are you? To start, you live in Manhattan and love it, but getting out to travel and explore (your definition) are fun, too. You're between the ages of 28 and 35. Physical attractiveness is important, but who you are and what your expectations are is vital. Also, hopefully you've never answered one of these, even though we all know finding the right person is next to impossible. On the theory that "if you don't try, how will you know?" ...why not answer? If you live in Manhattan and want to have fun, please send me the best of your Kodak moments, and let's have lunch and talk. Who knows? Maybe it could be fun! 6378 ✉

Romantic Getaway—Warm, handsome man (6', 37) wants marriage with focus on life style. Kids not a priority. Seeks a compatible, thin Jewish woman, 27 plus. Calls preferred. 6442 ✉ ☎

Shiksa Seeks Mensch—White, sexy professional seeks Jewish MD/DDS, 42 plus. 6397 ✉ ☎

Spring Fever Hit!—Sizzling, shapely, feminine, beautiful, playful woman seeks man in 40s. Note/phone. 6393 ✉

Winter Is Gone—Springtime is coming/I want a woman whose hormones are humming/You're about 45, I'm a man 10 years older/You're smarter, you're funnier, stronger and bolder/kinder, more caring, beautiful, stellar/It's strange that you think I'm the same sort of fella/You love travel, love art, love to camp, love to ski/love your friends, love your work, oh - of course - you love me/And the thing you now know, about which you most care/is - don't nuthin' mean nuthin' if I'm here and you're there. 6443 ✉

VT Man With Long Blond Hair—And two young sons, seeks dark-haired woman, approximately 5'4", to be my baby and lead a sober life in her beautiful home. POB 345, Waitsfield, VT 05673

Adorable Cardiologist—Jewish male of 30 who is searching for a petite and slender Jewish female, 20-29, with a goofy sense of humor. Photo please. 6327 ✉

Exceptional Woman Of Substance—An accomplished, slim, vivacious blond beauty who possesses intelligence, talent, class, family values, warmth and compassion for others - she exudes great style in every aspect of her life, whether wearing jeans or a couture gown, cooking a romantic dinner or organizing formal, extravagant dinner parties. She is soft-spoken, socially adept, a true friend and financially independent. She's in search of a successful, dynamic, professional, financially secure American/European male, 45-55 plus, with rugged good looks, well-groomed, mannerly and warm, who possesses a sense of humor, totally unaffected and down-to-earth, family values, sensitive but, most importantly, a kind, generous heart - to be her equal partner. All replies will be answered with a recent photo and short note. 6411 ✉

Two Arms, Two Legs—A head on her shoulders. After 42 years, this China doll's mind, body and soul are miraculously still intact. You don't believe? Come see for yourself. 6347 ✉

Blond Beauty With Brains—30-something Wasp, 5'9", elegant, feminine, slender and athletic, Harvard graduate, very successful and financially secure professional woman - with a sense of humor, great style and a warm, easygoing nature. Seeking a white male, 35-47, who is secure, kind, supportive, playful, honest and sincere - to share romance, confidences and good life. Nonsmoker. Note/recent photo/phone. 6183 ✉

Smart, Sexy, Very Pretty Blond—Vivacious, petite, 40s, unencumbered, upscale, varied lifestyle, whose mission is to seek out and find a man, 50-60s, smart, polished, funny, very successful, who enjoys laughter, travel, for... whatever happens. 6189 ✉

Seeking Brighter Dawns—And a woman of passion and humor to share with. Jazz/pop record producer/lyricist, 48, Jewish, has this song/prayer: May the wonder of our living dreams grow like songs little children sing when they feel their first Spring... 6405 ✉ ☎

Beautiful Brunette—38, 5'7", Jewish, athletic, affectionate and loyal. Seeks sincere man for romance and family. You're a tall Jewish professional, 38-48, nonsmoker, and looking to build a future with a best friend. Let's meet. Note and photo please. 6395 ✉

Bright, Honest Chinese Lady—5'6", pretty, seeks a tall, sincere, successful male, 42-52, to share romance, adventure and love. Photo a must. 6348 ✉

Cost is $35.50 per line. 36 characters equal 1 line. Limited abbreviations. Add $30.00 for NYM Box Numbers. Leave 12 spaces at the end of your ad for box number. Check or credit card information must accompany ad order (no cash or money orders accepted). First-page placements: $50.00. **Mail responses are forwarded continuously for 6 weeks and phone response line is open for 3 weeks.** To place an ad with credit card (VI, MC, AMEX) call 212-779-7500 or send personal check or credit card information with advertisement to: **Strictly Personals, New York Magazine, 2 Park Ave., 11th Fl., NY, NY 10016. Advertisers must include home address and daytime phone.**

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Recent Widow, Very Wealthy—Healthy and wise. Looks, feels and acts young in all ways that count. Active in business, petite, curvy, very pretty, Jewish - have everything except a gentle man, 5'10"plus, financially able to join me in the good life. Prefer widower, 55-70, who is as perfect as I am. Distance no problem, have chauffeur and airline miles. Hurry! 6480 ✉ ☎

Chicken Soup—For the heart and soul. Beautiful, intelligent, refined, gracious, loving NYC woman seeks single Jewish male counterpart, 60-69, financially secure, for delicious taste of life together. 6476 ✉

Ex-Trophy Wife—I-dream-of-Jeannie look-alike grants three wishes to superior, confident, generous gentleman who is not intimidated by a stunningly pretty, 40-plus, 5'7", size 10, nonreligious Jewish blond who owns her own business, is savvy and strong-willed, opinionated, sassy and sensitive. I am a sophisticated world traveler, impeccably attired and manicured, with aloof exterior and mushy interior. You are 42-65, 5'11" plus, *sociable, successful, chivalrous, slightly* arrogant, and your eyes crinkle when you laugh. This is my first ad and perhaps this will be the first time you answer one. You won't be disappointed. Photo. 6332 ✉

Eligible Bachelor Desires Ineligibility—Tall, athletic Jewish attorney, 39, who is tired of searching, seeks love, marriage and family (in that order) with a special woman, 29-36, who shares urge to merge. Photo/phone a must for reply. 6382 ✉

Sensuous, Creative, Romantic—By day, I am the president of a Madison Avenue company that demands all of my attention. At night, I like to shed my corporate skins, slip into something sensuous and enjoy the evening. This very attractive blond Manhattanite, early 40s, slender yet curvaceous, with interests that range from the culinary to Camus, city nightlife to country wildlife, seeks an earthy yet sophisticated man, 45 plus, with passion, humor and insight, not afraid of romance or commitment. Note/photo/phone. 6403 ✉ ☎

Sparkling—Vivacious, bright, striking, genuine, fit and playful, family-oriented Jewish professional, 39, is presently the greatest aunt in the world - looking to be the greatest wife and mother. You: a handsome, athletic, accomplished Jewish man, 35-48, 5'8" plus, nonsmoker, with traditional values, a positive outlook and a great sense of humor. Note/photo, please. 6376 ✉ ☎

Instant Family—Widowed dad with very young, terrific kids, seeking warm, bright female. I'm 6', reasonably good-looking, youthful mid 50s, in-shape, gentle, with rock-solid values - enjoy sailing, skiing, music, theater and more. You should cherish children (although we have a full-time nanny), relish a secure, upscale life style, be your own person (yet my best friend), mid 30s-mid 40s and extremely attractive. Since you may not have answered an ad before, a photo is appreciated - not required. Note/phone number are. 6343 ✉ ☎

Commitment-Minded—Divorced Jewish male, 55, 5'8", seeks an affectionate, good-natured female to love for a lifetime. Note/photo/phone. 6431 ✉ ☎

Beautiful, Athletic, Warm—Fun-loving, 42-year-old Jewish professional, blond, 5'8", with good sense of humor, looking for nonsmoking, caring, in-shape professional guy in 40s. 6419 ✉ ☎

Recovering Alcoholic?—Recovering white male attorney, 31, 5'7", 140, seeks recovering white female professional, 25-31, spiritual, slim, attractive, to enjoy life with. (212) only. 6390 ✉ ☎

Attractive Brown-Eyed Brunette—43 (pass for 36, honest), 5'5", slim and fit, bright, curious, classy and spicy, strong yet sensitive, serious yet playful, logical yet passionate and romantic. Seeking an independent man with integrity and intelligence, who wishes to share in fun, creative conversation and exploring new places and ideas with one unique partner. Note/photo/phone. 6308 ✉ ☎

Male—31 years old, financially secure, college graduate, seeks down-to-earth, white Jewish female, 20-30 years old. Likes movies, skiing and fun times. Recent photo, note and phone please. 6330 ✉

Top Three Reasons—A 40-52-year-old, Jewish, successful man would want to respond to this ad: 3.) I'm a 42-year-old Ivy League grad. 2.) Longing for serious relationship. 1.) Three words: blond, slim and sexy. Note/photo. 6335 ✉

Beautiful, Accomplished Designer—Athletic, slim, warm, seeks an attractive, successful man, 39-50, to share passion and the best of life. Note/photo. 6398 ✉

Playful, Well-Traveled, Educated—Athletic, 50-year-old Jewish businessman, with passion for movies, sushi, comedy and people, desires relationship leading to marriage with a woman, preferably but not necessarily African-American, 32-45, who values communication, spontaneity, friendship...and herself. Photo. 6410 ✉

Sweet, Very Pretty—Jewish female, 29, 5'8", MBA, skier/skater, seeks tall, handsome, athletic counterpart, for fun, friendship and potential for more. Sense of humor. Note/photo/please. 6363 ✉ ☎

Jewish Male—39, seeks Jewish female, 28-36, from Nassau or western Suffolk County, for friendship, marriage and family. 6474 ✉ ☎

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Are you someone special who isn't meeting that special someone? Don't be discouraged. If you are successful, sincere, emotionally mature and ready for a permanent relationship, please consult with me. In the most confidential, personal way, I will introduce you to the someone special you've been looking for.

The traditional ways of meeting someone are gone. Today, quality people prefer to meet through introductions. My clients are extremely attractive, educated, accomplished people. In the most dignified manner, allow me to introduce you to each other. I make meaningful introductions that can lead to long-lasting relationships.

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Wildlife Photographer—And entrepreneur. Energetic, attractive woman, 42, *seeks emotionally mature man* (35-50) of comparable accomplishments. Must be curious, cultured, financially independent and ready for adventure. I enjoy a flexible life style that includes NYC's good jazz, theater and intimate dining as well as traveling to exotic photo locations. Looking for best friend with flexible life style and interest in a committed relationship with *shared values and enjoyment of the best* in life. Healthy, athletic nonsmoker preferred. Photo/phone requested. 6470 ✉ ☎

LI Lady—55, very attractive, glamorous, classy, successful, energetic, 5'5", 118 lbs, loves tennis, seeks attractive, successful, romantic male for long-term relationship. Photo preferred. 6385 ✉

Lady Looking—For a gentleman - Jewish, 39-45, over 5'9", happy, healthy, honest and kind. No children. I'm 40, 5'6", educated, independent, pretty - work in NYC. I enjoy reading, travel, dining, theater, movies and friends. Nonsmoker. LI a plus. Photo please. 6374 ✉

Manhattan Man—Mid 40s, successful, attractive, athletic, seeking single, beautiful Hispanic, black or Asian female under 35, for relationship. Photo a must. 6354 ✉

Pretty Latin Lady—38, slim, sincere, well-educated, diverse interests - seeks handsome, successful, commitment-minded, 35-42, tall, fit. Photo. 6454 ✉

NYPD Sergeant—Good-looking white male, 39, 5'9", fit. Enjoys travel, scuba, film, romantic walks on the beach. Seeks sincere, intelligent, thin, pretty woman, 29-39, with slightly offbeat sense of humor, for possible long-term commitment. Note/photo/phone. 6445 ✉

Sunday In The Park—Attractive blond West Sider seeks 50-plus man. 6408 ✉ ☎

Italian Male—6'3", 190, physically fit, model looks, seeks similar, 28-38, for love *and relationship. Send photo.* 6415 ✉ ☎

Very Handsome—Jewish male, 32, 6'2". Successful professional with great body and great sense of humor - loves to dance, ski, play tennis and travel. Seeking relationship with Jewish girl, 23-28, nonsmoker, who is beautiful, has warm personality, likes to laugh and shares same interests. Photo/note. 6367 ✉

Pretty Author—49, seeks passionate male traveler, for adventures at home and abroad in Third World. Be 38-46, funny, accomplished, with strong ego. 6448 ✉ ☎

Handsome Exec—47, CT resident, Westchester business, down-to-earth, nonsmoking Jewish gentleman - seeks lovely lady, 30-45, to share the future. Enjoys movies, tennis, golf and fine dining. Looking forward to your response. Note, phone and photo. 6320 ✉

Musical Attorney—Female, 29, seeks interesting man. 6391 ✉

I Won't Travel Anywhere Twice—Until I've been everywhere once. I've built quite an impressive publishing business, and the punchline to the funniest joke is: "You got me out of the shower for that?" I'm 35, female, attractive, stylish and I assure you - you'll never be bored. Looking for someone who knows Brooklyn and who's made it - a best friend who gets the joke. 5893 ✉

Woman Of Substance—Worldly, independent businesswoman, with a sharp sense of humor, sultry good looks, sexy figure and affectionate style, wishes to meet soul mate. He is a confident, intelligent, attractive, expressive and romantic gentleman in his 40s-mid 50s, who enjoys an active, fun life style. Let's share springtime in NY. Photo/phone. 6436 ✉ ☎

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Attractive, Intellectual, Warm—European lady, loving mom, enjoying arts, music, travel, languages...seeks intelligent, creative professional man, 42-52, over 5'7", for committed, caring relationship. Note/photo/phone. 6331 ✉

Attractive, Adventurous, Affectionate—Professional Jewish woman - enjoys travel, skiing, tennis, boating and the arts. Seeks spontaneous man, 40 plus, with similar interests, who can be best friend... more. NYC/LI. Note/photo. 6358 ✉ ☎

Heart Of Gold—Greek beauty, professional, seeks mensch, to 55. 6399 ✉ ☎

Beautiful Mom—Of three, seeking: warm, humorous, open-hearted, handsome, tall, successful gentleman. I'm 5'6", 37, big brown-eyed brunette, Jewish Modern Orthodox, glamorous, fit professional. Letter/photo desired. 6465 ✉ ☎

Philosopher, Artist, Scholar, Explorer—Nonreligious Jewish male, 30, tall, fit, very handsome. Strong/sensitive; serious/playful and adventurous; rational/passionate and romantic. Values humor, knowledge, creativity, integrity. Self- and other-aware, worldly, street-smart. An encyclopedic and kaleidoscopic mind. Seeks a dynamic, cerebral, sexy, slender counterpart. Note/photo. 6312 ✉

Very Handsome—Single white male, 37, long brown hair and eyes, 6', 170, professionally successful, also adjunct NYU professor, certified personal trainer - with athletic, muscular build, seeks very pretty, slim, athletic, down-to-earth, creative, single white female, 22-37. Enjoy the arts, travel, athletics, work, working out, adventure and outdoors. Be tolerant and compassionate for others and self, independent, confident, intelligent, openly communicative, honest, sensual and fun. Nonsmoker/nondrinker. Manhattan/Brooklyn only. Phone/photo. 6455 ✉ ☎

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THE GODMOTHERS is conducting a search on behalf of the perfect husband for a woman looking for a handsome, athletically built, very successful executive who believes in both loyalty and fidelity; and at 42, wants a wife, not just a girlfriend. If you possess model good looks, are between 28-38 years old, 5'4"-5'8", have a bubbly personality, a Jewish heritage and probably have never answered an ad before, THE GODMOTHERS has a first-class, gift-wrapped romantic hunk waiting to meet you.

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Strong, Warm, Funny—Jewish guy, 37, 6', fit, seeks Jewish woman, 30-35, to enjoy romance, beach, theater, sports. Note and photo please. 6418 ✉

Interracially Inclined—Beautiful brunette, 40, slim, fit, warm, active professional, looking to fall in love with professional man of color, 34-48, tall and fit, who is kind and affectionate. Children welcome. No smokers, heavy drinkers. It helps if you like the arts, ocean, film. Photo preferred. 6433 ✉ ☎

Second Time Will Be Sweeter!—Dynamic/accomplished woman, 40, smart/pretty, 5'8"/in-shape, sensual/sophisticated and down-to-earth, who enjoys tennis, skiing, sailing, gardening, walks on beach in winter...and will make you laugh. You are secure, honest, wise, romantic - a kind/strong leader. Note/phone/photo, please. 6447 ✉ ☎

Glamorous And Brainy CA Brunette—Jeans-with-mink type - wishes to meet very cool executive who likes Bach and blues. 40s. Jewish. 6336 ✉ ☎

How Are You At Chopping Onions?—Happy, good-natured, slightly offbeat CT woman, 43, from a loving family, amicably divorced, no kids, MBA, ex-corporate drone now taking risks in creative ventures, middling sailor and skier, loves cooking spicy food for eclectic groups of good friends - seeks a warmhearted kitchen compadre. If you have good manners, an unconventional streak, talent and smarts...and the notion of tying the knot (kids?) doesn't send you screaming (and you're as aghast at doing this as I am), please write. 6394 ✉

Jewish Clark Kent—Suit by day, comic by night. I'm 37, an Ivy-educated explorer of life, looking for my Lois - an unpretentious, spirited conversationalist, who likes kids and manages to stay sane with her own special mix of humor, creativity and sense of adventure. 6417 ✉ ☎

Warm, Tall, Handsome Man—41, low-key, varied interests, professional, smoker, seeks woman with complementary qualities, to share life. 6430 ✉ ☎

Pretty, Slim, Bright—Jewish woman seeks Jewish gentleman, 65 plus. 6337 ✉

Sophisticated Beauty—Seeks handsome, successful male counterpart with active, gracious lifestyle. Blond, blue-eyed, 5'7", alluring 41-year-old awaits your note and recent photo. 6429 ✉

Remarkable Redheaded Attorney—36, attractive, slim, athletic, Jewish, warm, sincere, motivated and healthy. Seeks Jewish professional, committed man, 35-45, 5'7" plus, with same qualities. Photo. 6318 ✉

Tall, Dark, Handsome Attorney—47, 6'2" 185 lbs, full head of hair, ex-model, divorced (no children), seeks tall, slim, attractive female professional with no dependents, for possible long-term relationship. Animal lover and/or sports fan a plus. Note/phone/photo a must for reply. 6260 ✉

Professional, Single Jewish Male—6', good-looking, late 30s, secure, seeking pretty, sweet, single Jewish female, to early 30s, who has a ready smile and loves to laugh. Letter/phone. 6440 ✉ ☎

Yes, It's Me You're Looking For—A very handsome, single white male, athletic and defined, 40s - seeks a pretty woman, 25-40, for commitment. 6432 ✉ ☎

Single, White Catholic Female—Seeks single, white Catholic professional male, 40-45, to enjoy sports and cultural events. Photo/phone. 6451 ✉ ☎

Good-Looking Guy—Successful business owner, trim, witty, spiritual, with an artist's eye and keen sense of style, 53, 5'9", divorced, grown kids, full head of hair and no gold chains. You're pretty, know it and feel it, trim, fun, eclectic, financially secure and definitely under 45. Moms welcome. Photo/note. 6333 ✉

Too Busy To Find You—Strikingly attractive, very financially independent, divorced female physician, 40 years, with Midwest values, seeking white male to enter a committed relationship as a lover and best friend. I'm looking for someone who is successful, attractive, compassionate and simpatico. An ability to laugh at oneself is a must. Please send photo. 6351 ✉

Slender, Leggy Jewish Chocoholic—Savvy, 34, 5'5", seeks bright, energetic Jewish man, 31-42, to share city and suburban adventures. Photo? 6386 ✉

Attractive, Shapely Blond—44, sense of humor, bright, interesting, divorced, sensitive, good company, great cook and baker, fun, financials comfy - has lots of free time to do stuff and enjoy man, friend, lover, who knows? 6434 ✉ ☎

Cholent Versus Sushi—How does a tall, handsome, eclectic, blue-eyed, Waspy Jewish professional, 31, all Ivy-educated, extremely athletic, generous and warm, find a simple yet elegant, down-to-earth, adventurous and outdoorsy, naturally pretty, savvy and non-commitment-phobic Jewish girl, 21-32, to share his terrific life with? Note/photo please. 6475 ✉

Attracted To Men Older Than You?—Successful JD/executive, very attractive, young at heart, romantic, perceptive, smart, 50. Loves travel, sports, humor, novels, seeks extremely pretty lady, 30s, with similar loves and attributes. Object: feeling, fun, future, (f)appiness. Letter/recent photo please. 6315 ✉

A Full Set Of Marbles—Some of them colorful. Very bright, pretty woman with a lively spirit and infectious good humor, seeks warm, worldly, intelligent man for all seasons (50 plus). 6449 ✉

Pretty Parisian—Warm spirit, humor - seeks kind, intelligent, sensual 45-55 man. Kids welcome. 6334 ✉

Wanted:—One pretty, casual, unencumbered, size 6 kind of lady - by handsome, athletic, tall, fit, Jewish, young 55-year-old company president. Nonsmoker and photo a must. 6473 ✉

E-Mail Just Isn't Enough—Professional woman, 40-something, thin and striking - appreciates wit, subtlety, spontaneity. Loves theater, books, art, movies, great food and exercise. Seeks man who enjoys same, age 40-55. 6438 ✉ ☎

Spring Is Here - Why Wait?—Adventurous single man, young 48, MBA, 6', likes jazz, travel. Seeks romantic, trim Christian lady, nonsmoker, for mate and family. Note/photo. 6416 ✉

Handsome, Fit And Available—Christian professional, very successful, seeks model-type woman, age 20-35, with multiple interests, for friendship and romance. Expect the best! Note/photo. 5952 ✉

Best Of All Worlds!—Beautiful (mind and body) yet unpretentious. Classy yet down-to-earth. Caring, creative female, 32, wants it all, too! ... A great-looking, established, genuine man, 30-40, for love, for romance, forever! Note photo please. 6483 ✉ ☎

Charming, Witty, Playful—Warm, elegant, classic, cultured, blue-eyed beauty, brunette, Jewish, 33, degreed professional. An uncommon woman of inner beauty, a head-turner, slender, feminine, tall, sexy. Love the arts, cooking, skiing, fireplaces, travel, the finer things. Seeks outstanding Jewish man, 31-40, marriage-minded super-mensch with brilliant mind, beautiful heart, caring soul. Gentleman of integrity and sensitivity, who's funny, good-natured, magnetic, lovable, romantic, successful, polished, literate, mature, handsome. 6407 ✉

Bottle And Sell My Enthusiasm—Captivating, funny, glamorous, Jewish professional woman, 40s, seeks a man to marry - who can travel on the Concorde with me, dance in the dark, socialize, appreciate art and slow down on the Sabbath. 6444 ✉ ☎

To Be Friends—To love, to share life. Pretty, slim Jewish professional, 42, loves classical music, arts, outdoors, quiet evenings. Seeks warm, secure man, 40-50, who values integrity and wants to meet a special lady. Photo appreciated. 5749 ✉

Wasp Gentleman—Slim 6', age 53, seeks chic, educated Wasp lady for companionship. Note/photo. 6346 ✉

Herpes. Truly Beautiful—Artistic, spiritual/sensual, Jewish, 49, for loving, handsome, normal weight. Photo. 6469 ✉

You Are A Gentleman—44-54. Please describe yourself, values, goals, woman of your dreams. I'll reciprocate. 6478 ✉

Gay Wife Wanted—Good-looking, successful, 100-percent closeted, 34, gay, white Jewish male seeks feminine, closeted wife. Please be pretty, sweet, mentally very fit. Marriage and family. Religion not important. Photo preferred and will be returned if requested. Age 25-32. 6364 ✉☎

Handsome College Professor—But not the nerdy academic type. Catholic, very good-looking, an A+ personality. Seeking wholesome, caring, pretty and romantic (516) woman, 28-33, to spend plenty of time with. Note/photo. 6371 ✉

What You See Is What You Get—Spunky, high-energy, fit Jewish mom, 36, seeks Jewish man, 35-50, who's proud of his Judaism and knows what he wants when he sees it. 6368 ✉

Affectionate Wasp—Share love, travel, 56-plus acres, private lake, indoor pool or leave? Buy kangaroo? Widow, 70, 5'2", 110 lbs, nonsmoker. Ad pro - Clio. 6446 ✉ ☎

Dive Buddy Wanted—Please be, 32-42, fearless, fun, fit, successful. I'm 33, exotic good looks, slim, athletic, creative, and ready to share something deep. Note/photo optional. 6392 ✉ ☎

Flowers, Picnics, Walks, Stars—And the two of us. Interested? Contact this gentleman, 43. Photo appreciated. 6422 ✉

Ready To Remarry—Pretty, bright, professional Jewish female, young 40s - affectionate, kind, fit, down-to-earth, upbeat. Loves NYC life, hiking, x-country skiing, dining out, music, travel. Seeking intelligent, adventurous, warm and caring professional, divorced or widowed Jewish male, 39-50, to joyously share life. 6265 ✉

Are You Looking For—Stevie Nicks or Catherine Deneuve? Well, I'm a little of both. Blond, brown-eyed, statuesque 5'10", 28 years old, single, white career woman, well-traveled, college grad and exciting. Love dining out and dancing, skiing and skating, movies and concerts. Dress me up to meet the Queen or dress me down for a picnic in the park. I'm seeking a single white male, 38 years plus, who's an intelligent, compatible counterpart. Health and body conscious (not body obsessive!), outgoing and financially secure. Religion unimportant. So, if you love to laugh, then life would never be boring! Note/photo/phone, please. 6387 ✉

Energetic, Attractive—60-plus Jewish widow - enjoys hiking, the arts, travel. Would like to become acquainted with male with similar interests. 6384 ✉

I'll Take Just One—Beautiful, bright, fit and funny woman of substance in her early 40s. I'm a tall, good-looking, athletic, fit nonsmoker. Very interested in photography, art, music, Italian language and the Rangers. Not interested in attitude. Photo and note a must. 6310 ✉

If You're 50-Something (Early 60s?)—And like the idea of a generationally correct, blue-eyed, dark-haired, natural beauty who can relate to you (and looks younger)...I'm a creative, physically fit lover of the arts, travel, almost anything outdoors, food, mornings and more. Jewish, divorced, grown children. If you're bright, real, attractive, financially secure, live healthy and like yourself and others, please send note/optional photo. 6366 ✉

Man With Integrity—*Project manager,* tall, handsome, seeks a good-looking, perceptive woman, 31-38, who is giving, reliable, with humor. Photo. 6453 ✉ ☎

Grow Old Along With Me—The best is yet to be. Warm, caring, very attractive, 43-year-old professional man seeks his kindred spirit. Note/photo. 6452 ✉

High-Profile Jewish Professional—Humorous and dynamic, native New Yorker, residing in major city of U.S. Southwest - 55, 6'. Seeks: attractive, tall, educated, secure Jewish woman with sense of humor - enjoys dancing and travel, nonsmoker, 38-45. Please send photo/letter/phone. 6471 ✉

Pretty And Successful, 37-Year-Old—Single white female - looking to date a fabulous, fun guy! Note/photo. 6420✉

Attractive Black Female—32, attorney Esq., marathoner, travels. Seeks guy with similar interests. Photo a must. 6341 ✉

Spirited, Sexy, Witty—Beautifully proportioned, undeniably pretty, with a mane of curly honey-blond hair - this 38-year-old health professional is an avid skier and outdoor enthusiast, yet delights in all NYC offers. Seeking handsome, athletic, accomplished and down-to-earth man for all seasons, 35-50. Note/photo/phone. 6324 ✉

Free For Lunch—Attractive, 32, Jewish ad exec who looks great in jeans, seeks single, handsome, down-to-earth man who has his act together. Note/photo. 6388 ✉

Tired Of The Scene—Jewish woman, 33, seeks man, 30-40, who is as surprised to be reading this as I am to be writing this. Photo preferred. 6369 ✉

Italian Pianist/Banker—37, financially stable, seeks romance and marriage. Down-to-earth romantic - loves Italian opera, Sinatra, Bennett. You: Italian female, 27-33, warm, intelligent and sensuous. Note/phone. 6481 ✉ ☎

WANTED!!!

A FEW GOOD MEN

Barbara K. Roberts

Barbra K. Roberts, Inc. is conducting a search on behalf of a female client extrodinaire. My client is an extremely intelligent, successful individual who possesses beauty, warmth and sincerity. Her interests are quite diversified ranging from sports to the arts with many in between. You will never have the opportunity to meet her in a bar, at a singles party or through a personal ad. She is searching for a mature man, over 40. He should be successful, attractive, healthy in body, mind and spirit and looking for that special someone to enjoy life with.

If you think this may be the woman you have been searching for call me for an appointment and afford me the opportunity to make this introduction. With my help, you can...

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Professional Matchmaking Service

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Distinguished Gay Man—55, successful and well-traveled, seeks well-adjusted masculine friend. Note/photo. 6389 ✉

I Need A Lawyer—Or other professional for serious relationship. Sexy lady and football maven seeks handsome man - 43-49 and Jewish. Photo. 6373 ✉ ☎

Attractive Male—31, 6', 165 lbs, easy-going, looking for one woman friend, 22-37, to share intimacy at home. 6380✉☎

Artistic Man—Economically right, morally left, shy, 45 years old, 5'11", brown hair, green eyes, low six-figure income making jewelry. Loves horses, art, movies and dogs. In search of beautiful woman, 30-40. 6321 ✉ ☎

Successful, Attractive Blond—Green eyes, Jewish, 5'9", slim, 35 - loves skiing, cycling, running, travel and culture. Seeks male counterpart. Note/photo. 6468 ✉ ☎

Vibrant Mind, Scintillating Soul—Independent, Jewish, hazel-eyed beauty with head-turning body, in search of accomplished man, 35-45, who laughs easily, loves honestly and is open to the possibility of a lasting relationship. I am a down-to-earth free-spirit with many interests and no baggage. Let's meet and compare passions. Note/photo/phone. 6362✉

Very Handsome Attorney—6'2", super-fit ex-model, 36, Jewish, seeks slim, beautiful lady, 21-35, as soul mate. Photo a must. 6464 ✉

Where Are You?—I'm a European female who loves life and people. I'm *humorous, vivacious, educated,* etc., (43, 5'7"). Seeking a wonderful, refined, Jewish professional male who's bright, fun and lovable (42-52). Hurry! 6400 ✉

Picasso And Gershwin—The greats were bald and so am I: composer/JD, 36, with athletic build, blue eyes, financially secure. Seeks lithe single female (28-40), with jazz in her veins, lightning in her eyes and warmth in her heart. Photo please. 6441 ✉

Alien Sighting—An attractive, slim, vivacious brunette Jewish female, 26, 5'6", killer smile, is on a mission to seek out and find a professional Jewish male nonsmoker, 28-33. Note/photo. 6274 ✉

Lovely, Slender Divorcee—Master's in music - seeks sensitive man, 50-62, with heart, ears, etc. 6463 ✉ ☎

Big Blue Eyes—I am a pretty blond with a warm personality and a nice shape. You are a 45-55-year-young professional or businessman with charm and a twinkle in his eye. Let's discover each other and see what develops. 6322 ✉

A Touch Of Class—Slender, very attractive, 5'7", former model, warm, sincere, good sense of humor, Master's degree, Jewish, mid 50s - seeks gentleman of quality. 6342 ✉

Continued on page 123

The Best Way To Meet People Is Through Friends.

Andrea McGinty & Nancy Kirsch, Founders.

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If you've met all your friends' friends, it's time you made some new ones. At It's Just Lunch, we understand the best way to meet people is through people. Not computers. Not the personals. But through your circle of friends. Or a service that works the same way.

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We can't wait to meet you.

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New York, 120 E. 56th St.
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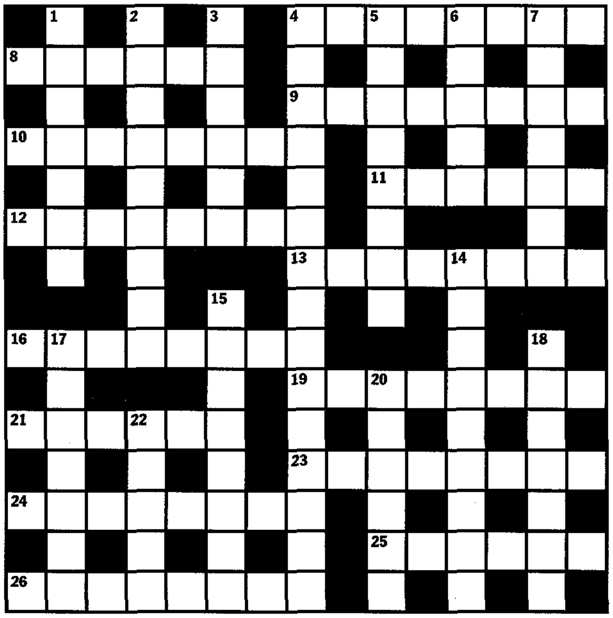
'Sunday Times' of London Crossword

ACROSS

4 Admitting defeat would be soft. (8)
8 Casual shirt, a faux pas causing consternation. (6)
9 Raised by dock—blow! (8)
10 He produces notedly original work. (8)
11 Point and linger when the night sky's clear. (6)
12 Slows down like conductor after the concert. (5, 3)
13 A toper in distress due to poison. (8)
16 Money commonly goes on fruit cake. (8)
19 Listen to the bank that's friendlier. (8)
21 A little mediocre cheaply-equipped place for youngsters. (6)
23 No drudge maybe, though in lowly position. (8)
24 Hazard about a sovereign. (8)
25 Banked the rest, being in the red. (6)
26 To munch in a doorway has appeal. (8)



DOWN

1 Drug which has no right turning up in meat. (7)
2 Weakening—caught waving. (9)
3 Forces variation in a style of painting. (6)
4 Business subscription. (5, 10)
5 The photographer's concern is revealing. (8)
6 The German scholar's skin. (5)
7 To operate one, turn just a tiny bit. (7)
14 Such music can drive a minister to drink! (9)
15 Woman sounds as though she has swallowed explosive for another. (8)
17 Sporting individuals who never look ahead. (7)
18 Cut up about a medico, so withdraws. (7)
20 They're cold-blooded and they're calculating. (6)
22 Many change here for comfort. (5)

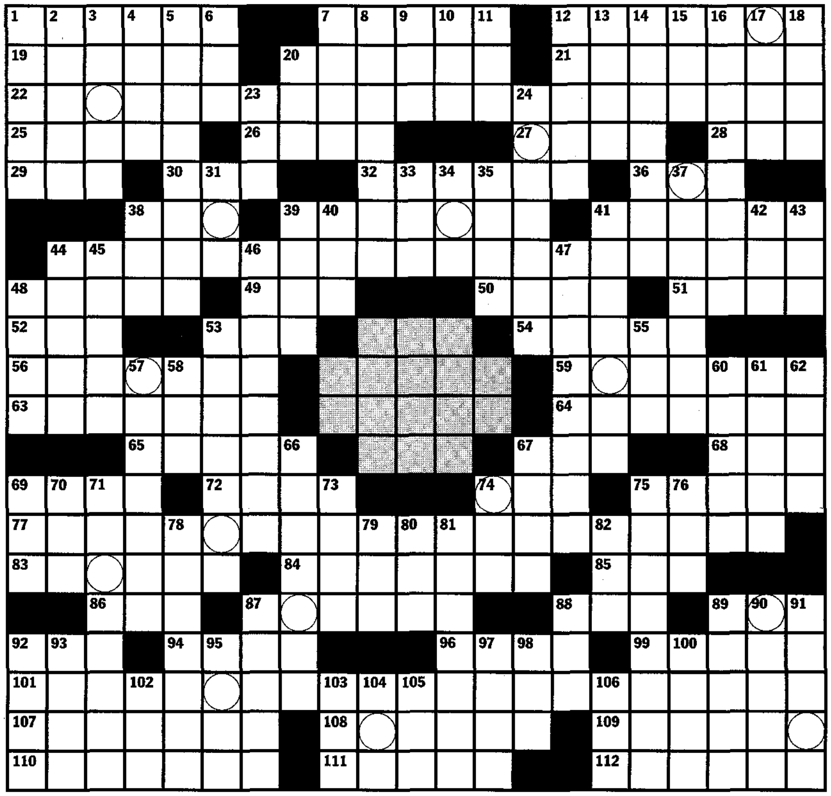
'The Message Goes Across': 'Cue' Crossword • By Maura B. Jacobson

ACROSS

1 Sand or Sanders
7 Doubled quartet
12 Baby sheep
19 Burning
20 Parthenon goddess
21 Yellowhammer State
22 DIRECTION: I
25 Shut-eye fantasy
26 Fast Eddie's game
27 Erogenous
28 —— standstill
29 Chip off the old block
30 Install, as linoleum
32 Hayes and Asimov
36 ——-di-dah
38 "Great Expectations" hero
39 Actress Yvonne
41 "Moonlight," for one
44 DIRECTION: II
48 What rookies must learn
49 Comic-strip shriek
50 Rebuke to Brutus
51 Hayseed
52 Wolfed down
53 Aswan structure
54 Physical form
56 Ambitious one
59 Famed Big Apple bistro
63 Iturbi, e.g.
64 At the very bottom
65 Moving about
67 —— se
68 Numbered rd.
69 Prejudice
72 Enlist again, to G.I.'s
74 Air-conditioner alternative
75 ". . . a tide in the affairs ——"
77 DIRECTION: III
83 Hoity-toity
84 Smelly
85 Wine choice
86 Born as
87 Engineless aircraft
88 Start of a Hemingway title
89 Rockies clock setting: abbr.
92 Crackerjack pilot
94 Use the harvester
96 Words in the Elba palindrome
99 ". . . partridge in —— tree"
101 DIRECTION: IV
107 Period of civilization
108 Steamy mists
109 Not good-looking
110 Frees conditionally
111 Rod Stewart's ex
112 Makes a dele

DOWN

1 Olympics medals
2 Juan's January
3 Frequently
4 Beatles' meter maid
5 Imps
6 Ending for profit or racket
7 Galba's successor
8 Sacramental cup
9 Vietnam offensive
10 Alfonso XIII's queen
11 Paver's goo
12 Shoestrings
13 Fashion designer Grès
14 Gymnast Retton
15 London TV letters
16 South African desert
17 "—— a man with seven wives"
18 Nothing, in Nogales
20 —— Z (the whole alphabet)
23 Undercover agent
24 Acts as usher
31 Likely
33 Part of S.F.
34 "Honeymooner" Carney
35 Opposite of aweather
37 Disneyland city
38 Pizza
39 Consider to be
40 Foe of Luther
41 Grubby living conditions
42 Gumshoe
43 Pop a question
44 "The Teflon Don"
45 La Scala presentation
46 More vigorous
47 Isl. of Napoleon's second exile
48 Sound laryngitic
53 Raze
55 Fido's offering
57 Where the old woman of rhyme lived
58 Strength: Lat.
60 Talmadge of the silents
61 Poly follower
62 British carbine
66 New York's Giuliani
67 Remits
69 Twice, in music
70 Pub
71 Expiate
73 Foot: prefix
74 Pot-au-—— (French stew)
75 O on the phone dial
76 T-man
78 Everlasting
79 Curtain support
80 Numero for Trevi
81 James Hilton's was lost
82 Money player
87 Heaven's are pearly
88 Lawyer's retainer
89 Portions out
90 Room in a maison
91 Better than deuces
92 "Take —— from me'
93 Bil Baird's wife
95 Margin
97 Poetic Pound
98 Monogram of Hyde's creator
100 Kind of cotton
102 Daughter of Cadmus
103 Zsa Zsa's sister
104 Chum
105 "—— Lazy River"
106 Pronoun for a ship



Solutions to last week's puzzles appear on page 1

Continued from page 121

A Devil And Angel—In the right proportion. Cute, bright, fit and passionate lady, early 30s, loves music, loves to dance, seeks smart, funny, responsible Jewish man with boyish twinkle in his eyes for... whatever happens. Letter/photo. 6323 ✉

Knockout - Elegant, Sensuous—Andie MacDowell look-alike, Ivy MA, super-successful, warm, honest, seeks male equal, 44 plus. Photo a must. 6406 ✉

Natalie Wood's Looks—With Meg Ryan's mannerisms - seeks "Brian" from Wings' looks and personality. Intelligent woman, 29, 5'5 1/2", honest and real, seeks a very fun, sharp, witty and sincere man for captivating conversations and good times. No drugs. 6340 ✉ ☎

Creative, Successful, Jewish—Businesswoman, turned 40, carefree, relaxed mom seeks Jewish, successful man with a great soul, sense of humor and a little haimish, to be wild about me and my babe. Photo and note, please. 6413 ✉

Outdoorsy Man—48, writer and wilderness guide, tall and thin, grey-bearded, nice-looking, warm, eco-concerned, seeks attractive, self-aware, loving, spiritual woman who's passionate about nature, for lasting relationship. Photo, please. 6409 ✉

A Smile To Beguile—Radiant, shapely, down-to-earth woman with diverse interests and Jewish background, seeks mature/fun, warm, intelligent man, 33-43. Woo me with a letter or call. 6435 ✉ ☎

Gay, Very Handsome—Young-looking male, early 60s, great shape, looking for that someone special, mid 30s-mid 40s, for serious relationship. Photo/letter. 6375 ✉

Playful Intellectual—I think, teach, read and write for a living; play and listen to jazz; get to the heart of the matter; laugh easily. Smart, funny, kind, good-looking, single Jewish male, 34, 5'6", seeks playful, enchanting single female, 25-36, who cares about ideas. Note/photo. 6317 ✉

Cleopatra—Seeks her tall, dark, lean and loving Mediterranean prince, 30-40, who is as good inside as he looks outside. You won't be disappointed. You'll be my one and only! Photo. 6404 ✉ ☎

Offbeat Spirit In A Business Suit—Handsome, successful, strong trim build, 5'10", blue eyes, good dancer. Loves music, theater, quick-witted repartee and sense of humor. Appreciates Buddhist thought and art. Seeks arts-oriented, particularly beautiful woman with strong character, 33-39. Looking for true love, frankly intimate conversation, hand-holding and chemistry. Send photo. 6314 ✉

Sweet, Cute—Appealing Jewish widow - professional, who is *trim, petite* - seeks wonderful man for everything. 60s. 6325 ✉

Pretty, Slender Blond—Christian Manhattanite, 31, seeks special man (30-35) who enjoys dining out, theater, traveling and, most of all, fun and romance. Note/photo. 6412 ✉ ☎

Black, Successful Female—39, seeks black, educated male, 38-43. 6372 ✉ ☎

Playful, Sensitive, Down-To-Earth—A man of average looks, above-average brains, 41, 5'7", fit and health-conscious. Never married, but would make a kind and faithful husband to the right woman. Very respectful of cultural diversity and capable of love with great passion and commitment. Ambivalent about kids. A consultant on public-policy issues, with Ivy League graduate degree. Strives to lead a life that is constructive and good. Thirsts for a love relationship that is enduring. Seeks woman who is gentle, unpretentious, expressive and giving. 6482 ✉

The Warmth Of A Smile—Feminine, energetic, single white female, 34, professional, outgoing, warm, adventurous. Loves travel, bicycling, beach, animals. Seeking a rare, special, single white male with intelligence, humor, warmth and integrity. 6339 ✉ ☎

Perfect Male—Famous 39-year-old American with *Kevin Costner looks*, lives the American dream. Indulge my fascination for beauty and I'll show you the perfect male. Model or actress favored. Photo. 6201 ✉

Serendipity!—You have just found a charming Jewish female, 26, with class, beauty and intelligence, who wants to discover you - a tall, ambitious, family-oriented Jewish man with passion for life and heart of gold. Note/photo. 6326 ✉

Couch Potato Seeks Spud—Gregarious, generous, hard-working nonworkaholic, slightly neurotic professional woman, hopes to meet playful thinking man, 35-50, *who wants to share life's fun*, frustrations and the remote control. 6319 ✉

Mr. Wonderful—That's me! Why this feeling, why this glow? When you write me, you'll know. Personality plus, great wit, tall, athletic, looking for a beautiful, fit, well-dressed lady who likes to laugh, travel, dine, dance, is sensual, and is looking for that special partner, 30s-50. Note/phone/picture a must. 6423 ✉

Carpe Diem!—Pretty, romantic, sincere, personable Jewish professional, positive, good listener, into fitness. Let's laugh and hold hands together. You're a gentleman, 48-58ish. Note/photo. 6427 ✉

Assortments

BEST SERVICE IN TOWN—Largest selection of attractive Asian/Latin & American Prof'ls. **L.O.A. Intros: 212-986-8590/91**

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OIN 1,000 YOUNG JEWISH PROF'LS)n 3/29, as **Utopia Events** takes over all f **Le Bar Bat.** See our ad on page 149!

IY TRAVEL & SPORTS CLUB Meet ew sports partners at All-Club Mixer, 'hurs, 3/30, 6-9, $30. Execs/Prof'ls nly. Golf days start 4/1. **718-852-4181**

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NJ's Largest & Best Dances
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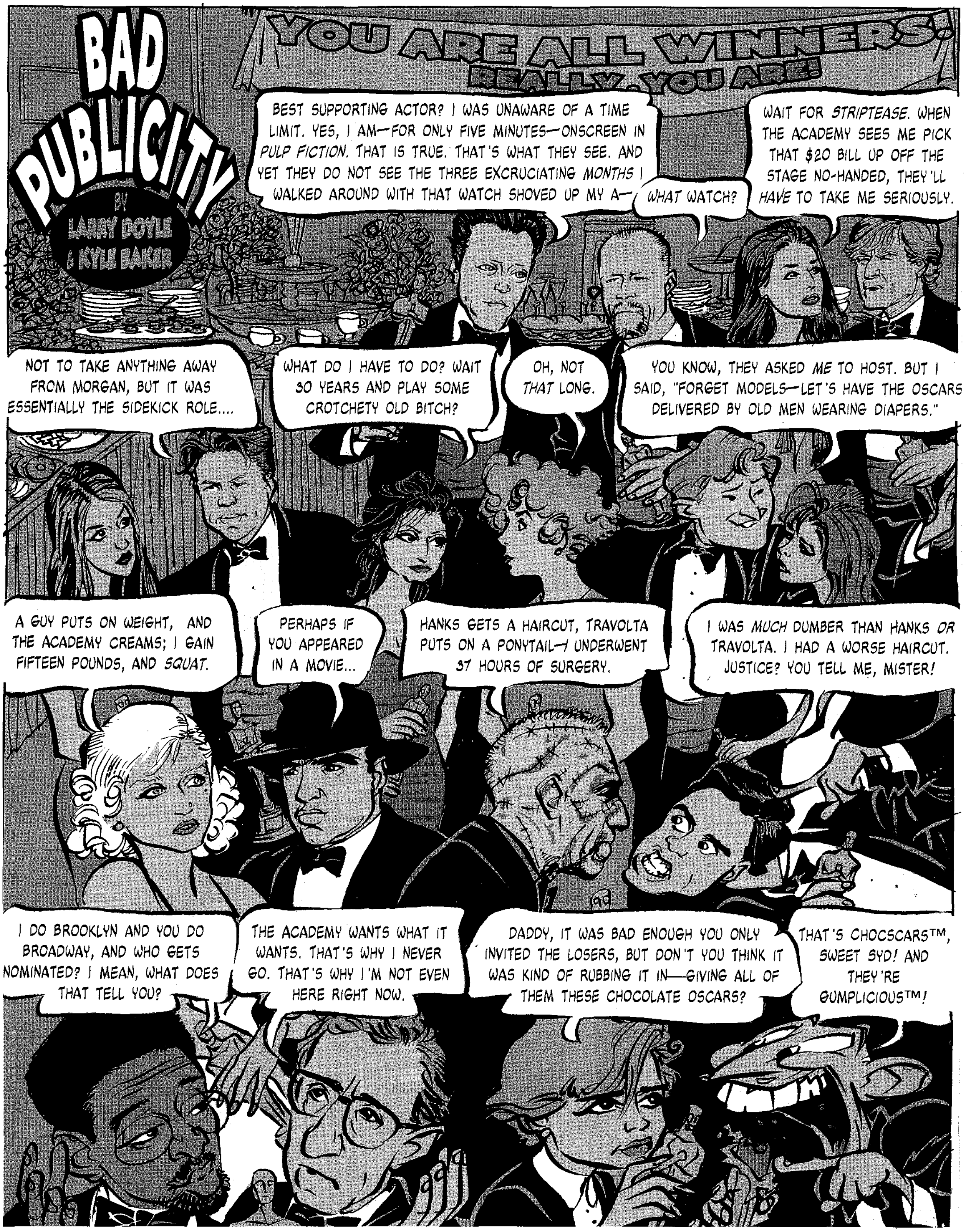
That *Other* Oscar Party

Nobody does after-party like the Flaccos—this year, everybody (else) was there.


BAD PUBLICITY
BY LARRY DOYLE & KYLE BAKER
YOU ARE ALL WINNERS! REALLY, YOU ARE!
BEST SUPPORTING ACTOR? I WAS UNAWARE OF A TIME LIMIT. YES, I AM—FOR ONLY FIVE MINUTES—ONSCREEN IN *PULP FICTION*. THAT IS TRUE. THAT'S WHAT THEY SEE. AND YET THEY DO NOT SEE THE THREE EXCRUCIATING *MONTHS* I WALKED AROUND WITH THAT WATCH SHOVED UP MY A—
WHAT WATCH?
WAIT FOR *STRIPTEASE*. WHEN THE ACADEMY SEES ME PICK THAT $20 BILL UP OFF THE STAGE NO-HANDED, THEY'LL *HAVE* TO TAKE ME SERIOUSLY.
NOT TO TAKE ANYTHING AWAY FROM MORGAN, BUT IT WAS ESSENTIALLY THE SIDEKICK ROLE....
WHAT DO I HAVE TO DO? WAIT 30 YEARS AND PLAY SOME CROTCHETY OLD BITCH?
OH, NOT *THAT* LONG.
YOU KNOW, THEY ASKED *ME* TO HOST. BUT I SAID, "FORGET MODELS—LET'S HAVE THE OSCARS DELIVERED BY OLD MEN WEARING DIAPERS."
A GUY PUTS ON WEIGHT, AND THE ACADEMY CREAMS; I GAIN FIFTEEN POUNDS, AND *SQUAT*.
PERHAPS IF YOU APPEARED IN A MOVIE...
HANKS GETS A HAIRCUT, TRAVOLTA PUTS ON A PONYTAIL—I UNDERWENT 37 HOURS OF SURGERY.
I WAS *MUCH* DUMBER THAN HANKS *OR* TRAVOLTA. I HAD A WORSE HAIRCUT. JUSTICE? YOU TELL ME, MISTER!
I DO BROOKLYN AND YOU DO BROADWAY, AND WHO GETS NOMINATED? I MEAN, WHAT DOES THAT TELL YOU?
THE ACADEMY WANTS WHAT IT WANTS. THAT'S WHY I NEVER GO. THAT'S WHY I'M NOT EVEN HERE RIGHT NOW.
DADDY, IT WAS BAD ENOUGH YOU ONLY INVITED THE LOSERS, BUT DON'T YOU THINK IT WAS KIND OF RUBBING IT IN—GIVING ALL OF THEM THESE CHOCOLATE OSCARS?
THAT'S CHOCSCARS™, SWEET SYD! AND THEY'RE GUMPLICIOUS™!

THERE **ARE**

TWO KINDS

OF **PEOPLE** IN **N.Y.**

THOSE

WHO **BELONG** TO

THE **CLUB** AND

THOSE WHO **DON'T.**

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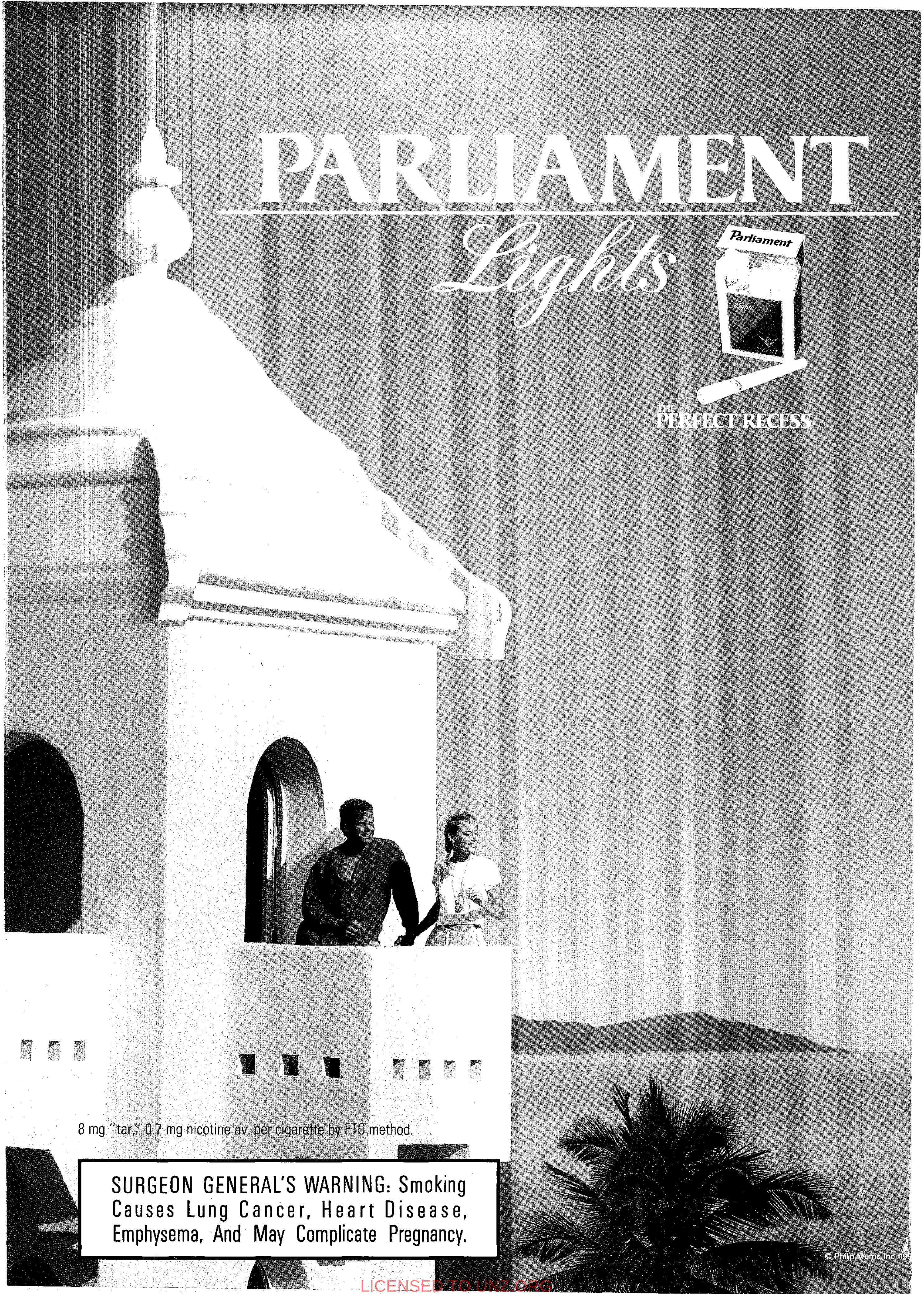

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